THE

BEGGAR GIRL

AND

HER BENEFACTORS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF WELCH HEIRESS, JUVENILE INDISCRETIONS, AGNES DE COURCI, AND ELLEN COUNTESS OF CASTLE HOWELL.

A poem, a drama, a novel, which repreſents virtue in lively colours, models the reader on the virtuous characters, who act without his perceiving it; they become intereſting, and the author inculcates morality without ſeeming to mention it.

LE MERCIER.

VOL. I.

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1797.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

DUCHESS OF YORK.

MADAM,

IN preſuming to inſcribe a production ſo humble as the *Beggar and her Benefactors* to your ROYAL HIGHNESS, I am anxious to prove myſelf not actuated either by vanity or ſelf-intereſt.

The amiable woman, whoſe virtues I would hold up to the little world, may probably never read a line of the Beggar, as I have not bound her in Morocco, to ſolicit either a douceur or a place in the Royal Library.

I have happened to reſide ſome time in the neighbourhood of that retreat, where, while the mad world of faſhion are rapidly deſtroying their fortunes, honour and character, the Ducheſs of York, eſcaping the general contagion, avoided the public eye, and lived, while her Royal huſband was employed in the defence of his country abroad, as well

as ſince his return, in the active practice of every female endearing private virtue.

I have traced the morning, noon and evening of her guiltleſs days; the occupations, amuſements and connexions of her delicate mind, which God himſelf might witneſs, and approve *as good.*

I have heard her eulogium from the high, and her bleſſings from the low.

I have ſeen infants crowd into the road, to give the liſping information to each other, when the good Ducheſs of York was coming by.

I have followed her to the humble roof, where ſickneſs and penury groaned; and I have ſeen her modeſt dignity adorn a Court.

I have met her, where the whole hoſt of Faro, and all the train of unblushing faſhion would faint—even in the plain vault, where, when life's fitful fever is over, the ſoul, diſtinguiſhed only by its virtue, ſhall leave her pure clay to moulder into common duſt;—even there has the eye of obſervation followed the daughter of a King.

In a private ſepulchre, far from the pomp of Royalty, built under her own directions in a country church, the young and amiable Ducheſs of York was heard to give particular orders for the future diſpoſition of her own coffin, in a voice ſo firm, and in a manner ſo collected, as proved, that ſhe who knows how to diſtinguiſh between the uſe and abuſe of the bleſſings ſhe poſſeſſes, always remembers, that to live without guilt, is to die without fear.

Having

Having actually witneſſed ſuch living excellence, it is a principle ſuperior to vanity or intereſt, which impels the Author of the Beggar to reſpect in the *Princeſs*, the virtues of the *woman*; and to honour high rank, by ſelecting from it an example ſo perfect, for the imitation and reſpect of that younger part of the Female World who are ſuppoſed to be the ſupport of Novel Writers.

In the moſt ardent hope that the Ducheſs of York may long enjoy the bleſſings ſhe ſo eminently deſerves,

I have the honour to remain,

Madam,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt reſpectful and devoted ſervant,

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

VOL. I.

CHAP. I.

Page

Shewing how, give ſome folks an inch, they will take an ell; and how great bodies may manage little ones, 1

CHAP. II.

A country village, - - - - 13

" It is common to old age
" To caſt beyond itſelf in its opinion,
" As it is common for the younger ſort
" To lack diſcretion."

CHAP. III.

The beggar out of her rags, and a leſſon for female ſervants to ſingle gentlemen, - - 29

CHAP. IV.

Shewing how a village Doctor may riſe, and how a modern wife may ſink into notoriety, - 43

CHAP. V.

Shewing the public the bleſſing of an active magiſtrate, and how a bloody, barbarous, and inhuman murder, had like to have been found out, - - 56

CHAP. VI.

Shewing what we wiſh could be always ſhewn, a good reaſon for a ſimple action, - - 70

CHAP. *VII.

A ſecret, a journey to Bath, and a new acquaintance, 75

CHAP. VII.

" What is the life of man? is it not to ſhift from ſorrow to
" ſorrow? to button up one cauſe of vexation and unbutton
" another?" - - - - 96

Page

CHAP. VIII.

Shewing the difference between parting with, and getting rid of a friend, - - - 112

CHAP. IX.

Shewing three perſons in their proper elements: A proud man in proſperity; a humble one in diſtreſs; and a waiting maid collecting her perquiſites, - 129

CHAP. X.

The boarding-ſchool, - - - 141

CHAP. XI.

A way to get married, and an agreeable ſurpriſe, - 147

CHAP. XII.

The boarding-ſchool Miſſes, - - - 160

CHAP. XIII.

Shewing Sir Solomon Muſtroom's generous mode of proving himſelf a "friend in need," and how the Beggar is in danger of being the object of his compaſſion, - - - 165

CHAP. XIV.

A return to the boarding-ſchool, - - 170

CHAP. XV.

Great news from beyond ſea,—the beggar's downfall, and Landlady Brown at her wits end, - 178

CHAP. XVI.

Shewing the beggar buoyant, and Landlady Brown's affairs finally ſettled by the aſſiſtance of a friendly attorney, - - - 187

CHAP. XVII.

Shews the author has never ſeen Lords, Ladies or Modern Miſſes, and that ſhe is totally ignorant of what is underſtood by the phraſe, "Quality binding." - - - 197

CHAP. XVIII.

Traits of the Buhanun Family. - - 211

Page

CHAP. XIX.

More traits of the Buhanun family; ſhewing how old men who marry young wives, and young wives who marry old men, may happen to miſunderſtand each other, - - - 220

CHAP. XX.

The order of things reverſed; the plot diſcovered; a young wife jealous; an old huſband indifferent; with ſome amazing inſtances of wiſdom and penetration, in Miſs Elinor Bawſky, - - 230

CHAP. XXI.

Shewing the wonderful penetration of Miſs Elinor Bawſky, with proof of her ſurpriſing knowledge of the world, and how the beggar goes to a ſtrange country, and ſees ſtrange ſights, - - 236

CHAP. XXII.

The ſecrets of the Caſtle, - - 245

CHAP. XXIII.

The ſtorm, - - - 259

CHAP. XXIV.

The Major proved mortal, his wife politic, and the Beggar in a new character, among new acquaintances of different diſpoſitions, - - 267

CHAP. XXV.

Shewing how ſoon a man in love may become jealous, and how ſoon a jealous man may, if he pleaſe, become rational; together with a new old woman's ſong, and a lady's wonderful penetration into providential cauſes and effects, - - - - 278

CHAP. XXVI.

" But though the fate which ſnatch'd thee from our eyes,
" Thy earthly ſuccour to our cauſe denies,
" Elected one of heaven's immortal train,
" Thy ſoul can yet celeſtial aids obtain." - 294

Page

CHAP. XXVII.

The handſome widow and bonny Kattie in their glory; the beggar grows older and poorer, but not wiſer; rejects one lover before ſhe is ſure of another, and improves very little from the polite example of the widow Buhanun, - - - 301

CHAP. XXVIII.

A diſcuſſion on ways and means; a widow's policy; a loan; a conqueſt; a new way of making love; and a diſcovery, - - 314

CHAP. XXIX.

" Celeſtial Happineſs, whene'er ſhe ſtoops,
" To viſit earth, one ſhrine the goddeſs finds,
" And one alone, to make her ſweet amends
" For abſent heaven—the boſom of a friend." 334

CHAP. XXX.

In which the Beggar begins to look like what ſhe is, " The heroine of a novel," as her diſtreſſes encreaſe, and her lovers multiply, - - 350

CHAP. XXXI.

" My lord comes forward,—forward let him come!
" Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room;
" He ſtands for fame on his forefather's feet,
" By heraldry prov'd valiant and diſcreet;
" With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
" Above the man, by three deſcents leſs wiſe!
" If virtues at his noble hand you crave,
" You bid him raiſe his father's from his grave:
" Men ſhould preſs forwards in fame's glorious chace,
" Nobles look backwards, and ſo loſe the race." - 359

THE

BEGGAR GIRL.

CHAP. I.

Shewing how, give ſome folks an inch, they will take an ell; and how great bodies may manage little ones.

ONE mild ſpring morning, in the year of our Lord one thouſand ſeven hundred and whatever the reader pleaſes, a tall, thin, diſagreeable, ſickly looking perſon, then reſident at a ſmall village in Surrey, rang for his ſervant, to attend him on a promenade he was in the cuſtom of taking under the ſouth wall of an adjacent park.

Deſcending the white ſteps from his houſe, his irritable temper was ſet in a flame, by the appearance of a little female mendicant, who neither ſtanding, lying, ſitting, or kneeling, contrived ſo to impede his ſteps, that it was impoſſible for him to paſs, without her changing her poſture, or being trod on.

"Get out of my way, you little Jezebel," ſaid he. "This creature, (turning to his ſervant, who followed him) is more plague to me than the curſed ague that has tormented me the whole winter."

From a ſmall feeble voice now iſſued,—" One halfpenny, your good honour, to buy a bit of bread."

" Bread, you jade! you devour more bread than any three ploughmen in the pariſh, if you lay out all you get from me, in bread. Get out of my way!"

" Oh, pray, your honour," cried the beggar girl, getting off the ſtep, " give me one halfpenny, I am very hungry, and my mammy will beat me if you don't."

" Your mammy is a drunken huſſy, and you will be like her; begone I tell you; if I catch you near my houſe again, tell your mammy, I'll have her whipped, with you tied to her back, from pariſh to pariſh, like vagabonds as you are; d——n my heart if I don't."

When by any extraordinary chance it ſo happened, that Col. Buhanun uttered a harſh expreſſion, he was in the preciſe ſituation of many of thoſe ſmart clever beings of the higher order, who conſcious that the aſſeverations, promiſes, profeſſions, and threats which intereſt, appetite, caprice, or reſentment tempt them to uſher into an incredulous world, are all in the yahoo ſtyle of ſaying the thing that is not, fancy a round oath, fiercely delivered, will enforce belief, and inſpire confidence; and the greater indeed in theſe caſes the fiction, the more tremendous the oath. The leaſt harſhneſs from Col. Buhanun was really fiction; and although we ſhall not have many occaſions to find out ſimilarities between him and the beforeſaid higher order of clever, ſmart beings, yet in inſtances like theſe, when feeling and judgment were at variance, the Colonel was under the neceſſity of blunting the one, and acceding to the other by an hearty oath.

Col. Buhanun had a weak habit of making the diſtreſs of every human being his own; and a certain defect of utterance, which ever accompanied his ſympathetic feelings, when judgment retreated from impoſition, rendered auxiliaries of ſome kind abſolutely neceſſary. If indeed the Colonel could have temporiſed with the unfortunate tremor on his voice, by aſſuming a ſtern, deciſive countenance, the oath might have been ſome times ſpared; but though his mind was endowed with every attribute of true heroiſm,—though he feared nothing in heaven or on earth, but him that created both, he was ſub-

ject

ject to another unfortunate defect, as hoſtile to terrific looks, as the tremor on his voice to harſh utterance: This was a ſwimming fluid, which often ſprang involuntarily to his eyes, and at this moment prevented his looking directly at the little object, who, with her mammy, he devoutly damned his heart if he would not have whipped from pariſh to pariſh.

Whether it were that this threat had been too often repeated;—whether the little beggar poſſeſſed an incorrigible degree of boldneſs;—or whether, under the excellent tutorage of her mammy, ſhe had already learned, that a threat uttered with ſwimming eyes, in broken ſentences, was far leſs dreadful than returning to cold and famine, without means to alleviate either, we will not ſay; but certain it is, that notwithſtanding the Colonel continued not only to threaten, but to ſwear he would ſeverely puniſh both mother and child, the little ragged petitioner continued to follow his long ſtrides, as faſt as chilblains on every toe, kibed heels, large ſhoes tied on with dirty liſt, tattered petticoat, and part of an old red cloak half a yard longer than her ſelf would permit, ſtill repeating, in a ſoft plaintive tone, "One halfpenny for God's ſake, to buy me a bit of bread."

"A halfpenny! well," ſaid the Colonel, half turning, "give her a halfpenny, John."

John obeyed without ſpeaking.

The little beggar looked at the halfpenny; a faint bluſh coloured her pallid cheek; tears filled her eyes.

"Well," ſaid the Colonel, "and why don't you carry the money to your mammy?"

"This is not a *white* halfpenny; mammy bid me get a *white* halfpenny."

"Ah-ha! do you hear the little brat? I'll give you no more white money."

"Don't put his honour in a paſſion," ſaid John.

The Colonel and his man John walked on; the beggar ſtill followed in ſilence, 'drinking her own ſalt tears' at every ſtep; when they were met by a middle-aged man, in fleecy hoſiery wig, gloves, and ſtockings; a warm ſurtout; his neck wrapped in thick ſilk handkerchiefs, and his roſy countenance fenced from the keen north wind by an enormous white hat.

This gentleman was one of thoſe fortunate mortals on whom the Almighty, for ends inſcrutable to mortal ken, ſhowered down innumerable bleſſings: To his immenſe riches were added almoſt every enviable concomitant to worldly happineſs; and he was equally renowned for health, ſtrength, and ſaving knowledge. He could look proudly round; few objects met his eye in the vicinity of the ſmall village of Penry, in which he had not intereſt, or over whom he had not power; and his boaſt of the one, and exertion of the other, were undiſturbed by the impertinence of a ſingle intruſive recollection, that for an accumulation of bleſſings ſo uncommon, a little was on his part due to the beneficent Being from whom he received ſo much. He had obſerved the perſeverance of the little beggar, and joined the Colonel juſt as his patience was expiring.

"Good-morrow, Colonel," ſaid Sir Solomon Muſhroom; "I hope I have the pleaſure to ſee you well this morning."

"No, Sir, I never was worſe. You ſee that creeping bundle of filth ſweeping the path with rags after me."

Sir Solomon ſmiled; he had joined his good neighbour, for the expreſs purpoſe of giving him both information and advice. "Give me leave to aſſure you, my good Sir," ſaid he; "your indiſcriminate charity ſubjects *you* to impoſition, and is of real injury to the *neighbourhood:* All the lazy and idle in the pariſh, who will half ſtarve rather than work, find an eaſy road to your purſe, and——"

As Colonel Buhanun wanted penetration to diſcover how the road to his purſe, be it ever ſo eaſy or much frequented, could injure any perſon but himſelf; his eyes were more than uſually expanded, quite free from the troubleſome rheum that had ſo lately affected them, and he uttered, "Well, Sir!!" in an accent free from tremor.

Sir Solomon proceeded. "And this, my good Sir, in a pariſh already over-burthened with poor, is as I before ſaid, a public injury; I am ſorry—I am grieved."

Sir Solomon did not ſwear; he could ſpeak ſufficiently ſtentorial; he could make himſelf heard from one end of

of the village to the other; and though he had no tremor on his own nerves, could at any time affright thoſe of his humble neighbours who had, without the aid of oaths, which to be ſure, would have been highly indecorous in him to uſe, inaſmuch as he was a juſtice of the peace, and ſo great an advocate for morality, that he was in the conſtant habit of *encouraging*, as well as *receiving informations*, againſt ſuch of the ſimple villagers, as did ſometimes over their ale, take licence to imitate their betters; if however, when the tongue ſpeaks what the look denies, an oath was ever neceſſary to enforce belief, it was in this inſtance, for no man ever carried the evidence of leſs ſorrow, or leſs grief in his countenance, than Sir Solomon Muſhroom, when he repeated, I am ſorry and grieved to ſay, charity, noble and unbounded like yours, is in moſt inſtances a ſignal for impoſition, and *ecce homo.*

An elderly man paſſed, bowing to both gentlemen.

" That fellow," continued Sir Solomon, " is one of your penſioners; look at him; does he appear to be an object of charity?"

So ſmooth and forcible was Sir Solomon's ſpeech, that the Colonel, as his eye followed the firm ſtep of the man, whoſe appearance was really decent, felt a momentary mortification in recollecting, he actually had allowed that identical decent clad perſon, a weekly penſion durring the laſt ſevere froſt. He turned his head round, and directed a kind of ſide glance to his man John. It was not a glance of anger or reproach, but a ſort of interrogative glance, which ſaid, how is this? why have I acted ſo unwiſe? John advanced, putting the back of his right hand to his hat; a mode of reſpect he could not break himſelf of, although continually reminded by his maſter of his brown coat. " Pleaſe your honour," ſaid John, " he has a large family."

" All able to work, honeſt John," ſaid Sir Solomon, in a poſitive tone of voice.

" His wife, your honour, lay in, in the middle of the froſt, and he is ſubject to fits."

" Good John, (Sir Solomon now both lowered and ſoftened his voice) I love thee for thy humanity; but I know the fellow; he has no fits but drunken ones."

John bowed and fell back to his ſtation behind his maſter.

"But," ſaid the Colonel, willing to palliate the injury his charity had done the neighbourhood, "it has been a very hard winter, and they tell me people of his trade can't work in froſty weather."

"A hard winter! there again," quoth the wife Sir Solomon; "why don't ſuch fellows lay up in ſummer againſt the hardneſs of the winter? Ah Colonel! if *you* and *I* had not been more provident, *we* ſhould not now have it in our power to be *charitable*."

The little acquaintance ſubſiſting between Colonel Buhanun and Sir Solomon Muſhroom, was the reſult of advances all on one ſide; no man living had leſs curioſity reſpecting others, or leſs deſire to increaſe the very ſmall number of his friends than the Colonel; and no man in the world a more inſatiable deſire to know every particular concerning all the rich men in his neighbourhood, and to add them to the liſt of his numerous acquaintance, than Sir Solomon.

But notwithſtanding the reſerved turn of the former, and the great privileges, which, as being lord of the manor of Penry, a Colonel in the militia, one of his majeſty's juſtices of the peace, member of parliament; and above all, the richeſt man within twenty miles round was aſſumed by the latter; notwithſtanding there were very few inhabitants of the village of Penry, whom fear or intereſt had not rendered blind and dumb, in reſpect to the diſpoſition of the great man; ſomething like character had reached John, and through him his maſter, that rendered the conjunctive part of Sir Solomon's laſt ſpeech rather unpleaſant: The *you* and *I*, with the concluding inference, did not reſt quite eaſy on the mind of the Colonel; it was not, however, wholly inapplicable, as both the gentlemen had commenced the career of life, totally free from the burthen of any of the good things that blunt the edge of induſtry; and as to family, Sir Solomon Muſhroom might, if he pleaſed, claim great precedence in that reſpect; for Col. Buhanun's deſcent was only from a Scotch Laird, whas gude blede and ſtract entagrite was aimailt hes aw, and wha having leetle elſe of warldly eſtimation, tuke eſpecial care tul preſarve

preſarve aw the documents of hes alliance to every noble famely in North Breeton: whereas the parentage of Sir Solomon Muſhroom, was either too high, or too low, to be traced at all, with any degree of certainty; he was therefore at full liberty to aſcribe his origin to the firſt branch of the numerous family of the Muſhrooms in England, Ireland, Scotland, or his majeſty's town of Berwick on Tweed,—of which liberty he was by no means ſparing.

"And then," continued Sir Solomon, after a pauſe, "you ſee a ſecond inſtance of depraved cunning in this young beggar: her mother and herſelf are caſualties here; yet out of reſpect to a gentleman in the village, who on account of ſome former knowledge of her or her connexions, allowed her a ſmall weekly penſion, no corporeal puniſhment has hitherto been inflicted on them; although they have been ſeveral times cloathed, and ſent from the pariſh on promiſe of never returning; but I am reſolved, coſt what it will——"

Sir Solomon was proceeding with no ſmall degree of fermentation both in his looks and voice, when he was ſuddenly interrupted by the Colonel's ſervant, who advanced in a quick march to an exact level with him, then having clapped the back of his right hand to the left angle of his cocked hat, he whiſpered in the ear of the knight:

"No ceremony that to great ones 'long;
"Not the king's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
"The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
"Become them with one half ſo good a grace
"As mercy does."

John then dropped his hand and fell back.

The knight's ſurpriſe had actually carried him off the foot path, and as great a ſtranger to the author of the quotation as the divine quality ſo beautifully delineated; after a long and aſtoniſhed gaze he returned to the path, and half turning to the ſervant, aſked, if he was a methodiſt.

"A methodiſt, your honour! what is that?"

"One who talks about what he does not underſtand, as thou doſt."

"Then pleaſe your honour, I am no methodiſt; I am only a man."

Whether Sir Solomon recollected how much beneath his dignity it was to talk to a fellow, who, from his own report, was only a man; whether the matter or manner of the interruption had any thing in it particularly obnoxious; whether—but the why or wherefore does not ſignify,—he looked ſo angry, and ſpoke ſo loud, that the little beggar, who ſtill dragged her rags after the Colonel, made an involuntary ſtop.

"The old huſſy has found you out; ſhe ſets the young one to watch; you are inceſſantly worried by her cry for bread; you ſee a loathſome object, and give money to get rid of her. Well, let us ſee what good end this charity anſwers: It ſupplies the abominable mother with means to get intoxicated, and abuſe the whole village. She adminiſters, at your coſt, a ſmall portion of ſpirits to the girl, who, by help of this ſlow poiſon, gets the ſickly look that is a tax on the feelings of thoſe ſhe is taught to follow with infant ſupplications."

Sir Solomon Muſhroom could talk,—Gods! how he could talk;—the whole Britiſh ſenate had often been, as the Colonel now was, run down by his volubility; they had been confounded at his mixture of ſenſe, folly, truth, and falſehood, and aſtoniſhed at the undaunted perſeverance of this diſtinguiſhed orator, who now perceiving the advantage he had gained, turned himſelf round, ſo as to front, not only the champion of mercy, but the object againſt whom his heart was ſhut, and bawling with an authoritative tone of voice, demanded how many drams her mother had drank that morning?

The child loſt in an inſtant all trait of incorrigibility; her little face betrayed, through the dirt that covered it, every ſymptom of fear; ſhe turned with as much haſte, but leſs power, than the ſtern enquirer; her large ſhoes got entangled in the long piece of a cloak, and ſhe fell on her face with ſuch force againſt a ſtone that the blood guſhed from her noſe, mouth, and ears on the path.

The Colonel, on ſeeing the blood, exclaimed, looking interrogatively at his man, "What has ſhe done now?"

John looked piteouſly, but ſpoke not.

"Shall

"Shall we croſs, Colonel?" ſaid Sir Solomon; "the gravel is more dry on the other ſide."

Inſtead of croſſing, the Colonel faced about; John mechanically did the ſame.

The mendicant had in the mean time riſen, and glancing her flowing eye at the object of her terror, attempted to fly,—it was but an attempt,—having got on a few tottering ſteps, ſhe ſunk in the midſt of her rags, without motion, and John no longer waited for orders.

"Very fine, Miſs," ſaid Sir Solomon; "very fine! ay. ay, you jade, you are well taught; you have all your tricks."

"Tricks," Sir," ſaid John, raiſing her up with one hand, and drawing the back of the other acroſs his eyes; "here are no tricks, the poor child is dead."

"So much the better," ſaid Sir Solomon.

"God forbid!" ſolemnly ejaculated the Colonel.

Juſt then a chariot, in which a luſty elderly woman, in whoſe large forbidding eyes, and ſtrong features no trait of feminine weakneſs was ever ſeen, ſat by the ſide of a middle aged man, whoſe pallid countenance, on the contrary, betrayed nothing elſe. As if afraid the wind would totally demoliſh his weak frame, he ſcarce dropped the glaſs long enough to anſwer Sir Solomon's "How d'ye, Doctor Croak?" with three hems to clear his utterance, and "I hope you are well, Sir Solomon?" before it was drawn cloſe again, and the chariot going on.

The Colonel, had by this time joined his man and the little beggar; and perceiving, notwithſtanding the latter's decided declaration, that, "the poor child was dead," ſigns of exiſtence, though nearly ſuffocated by the blood that had filled her mouth and throat, on hearing the appellation of Doctor, bid the coachman ſtop, and deſired the maſter to alight.

Doctor Croak pulled the check, and put his glaſs to his eye; he ſaw the child; nor was it truth to ſay, the firſt time by many he had ſeen her; he ſaw too, by her appearance, ſome accident had happened; he ſuppoſed curioſity had attracted the Colonel, whoſe perſon he alſo knew; but, from that ſort of curioſity that lead people

into an obligation to aſſiſt the unfortunate, both the Doctor and his companion were wholly free.

"What are you ſpying at, Doctor?" ſaid the Colonel; "alight and give your aſſiſtance to this poor child."

The Doctor's companion pulled his ſleeve, and gave her head a toſs; he was in the habit of comprehending all the dumb motions of this lady; he hemmed twice louder than common, and anſwered, that he never attended paupers.

John, well acquainted with every chord that vibrated on the Colonel's heart, read diſappointment in his looks.

"Pleaſe your honour," ſaid he, "a Doctor, that is, if he be a right Doctor, is obliged to aſſiſt all."

"Who can pay for aſſiſtance, friend John," interrupted Sir Solomon; "the Doctor's chariot wheels do not roll by attending ſuch patients as theſe;" and Sir Solomon winked at his friend the Doctor.

"Pleaſe your honour," replied John, a little diſconcerted, "God will pay him, if this poor child cannot."

"No doubt," anſwered the Knight, with a ſecond wink; "but that is rather giving too long credit, hay, Doctor?"

"Sir," interrupted the Colonel, ſternly, "he ſhall have prompt payment. John, go and——"

The ſervant knew the purport, and therefore did not wait the finiſh of his maſter's ſentence. He was opening the door of the carriage, but the Doctor begged to be excuſed; he hemmed, complained of gouty ſymptoms, and could not bear the air.

"Well," ſaid John, "if the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet muſt be brought to the mountain; I will bring the child to the carriage."

The Doctor's companion ſhrieked, and began to gather in her flounces. "Bring her here! do if you dare, fellow; what do you mean with your Momets and mountain;—how dare you, Sir, take ſuch liberties with me?"

The Doctor, as we have ſaid, comprehended the lady's dumb motions, and he was quite as familiar with all the mild movements of the mind that gave ſhrillneſs to her tongue; he, therefore, to end her agitation for the

the preſent, got out, and hobbled to the place, where the Colonel had, by the aid of his cambric handkerchief, and a running ſtream, cleared the dirt and blood from the beggar's face.

" This poor child has had a bad accident, Doctor."

The chief ornament of Dr. Croak's eloquence, like that of his great predeceſſor, the renowned Dr. Pantofles, was hem.

" He—hem,—yes, Sir."

" Poor little animal, I thought it had been quite gone."

" He—hem,—yes, Sir."

" You ſee what a quantity of blood ſhe has loſt."

" He—hem,—yes, Sir."

" I don't think ſhe has any bones broke."

" He—hem,—no, Sir."

" I wiſh you would examine her head; I am afraid of a fracture. Give me a knife, John; cut this ſtring; do examine it, Doctor."

" He—hem,—yes, Sir."

The ' he hem, yes, Sir,' not being followed by any movement of his body, preparatory to ſuch examination, the Colonel became rather impatient, and repeating his requeſt in a voice that grated on the ears of the Doctor, his yellow phiz turned to a ſort of cream coloured white, and he trembled every limb.

" The gout," ſaid the Colonel; " why, Doctor, you have got an ague."

" He—hem—ye—yes, Sir," replied the Doctor; and drawing on his beaver gloves, he proceeded to remove the matted locks of the little beggar, and after a few moments pronounced his belief that there was no fracture.

" Believe!" repeated the Colonel; " if you only believe, take a little more time—remove her rags, and examine her again."

That the Doctor would moſt readily do, but really ſhe was in ſuch a filthy condition, ſhe turned him ſick.

This declaration, after a tremulous hem, iſſuing through two black rows of half teeth, from lungs whoſe noxious vapour appeared to have blaſted the natural hue of his parched blue and brown lips, ill accorded with the

the Colonel's humanity, who, at the ſame moment that he ſhot a glance of contempt into his ſoul, by ſlipping a couple of guineas into his hand, got over all difficulties; and the child recovering, John took her in his arms, and went on, followed by the Colonel, Sir Plauſible Muſhroom, and Doctor Croak; the lady and the chariot, keeping their pace.

During the very ſhort walk to the village, Doctor Croak gave the Colonel ſo many anecdotes of the wickedneſs of the little beggar and her mother, that for the firſt time in his life he bluſhed at the retroſpect of an act of his own: It was not that the plauſibility of one of his preſent companions, nor the very exact memory of the other, had power to change an iota of his ſentiments, had theſe not accorded with the tenor of their diſcourſe; for he had himſelf no doubt but the innumerable white halfpence, and more than once a yellow farthing, as the girl deſcribed ſhillings and half guineas, which he had given her, were expended, as the knight ſaid, by the mother in the vileſt manner.

At his return home, he found the girl in her old corner and poſition at his door, and John waiting for orders.

Out of humour with his company, the beggar, and himſelf, he gave his prime miniſter orders to take the girl to her mother; give her a couple of guineas, on condition ſhe never troubled him more; and then uttering heavy denunciations, confirmed by a few hearty oaths, if ſhe did, ſtalked into his own houſe, ſcarce deigning to return the parting compliments of the civil gentlemen, who expreſſed themſelves, and really were, eager to cultivate his acquaintance.

The adventure of the morning gave the Colonel a nervous head-ach, to which he was ſubject. He threw himſelf into his arm-chair; there was ſomething in the plaintive tones of the young mendicant, which particularly affected him; and by one of thoſe ſtrange concatenations of ideas, that ſometimes in waking as well as ſleeping dreams, jumble the moſt remote circumſtances, perſons, and events into one confuſed maſs, a ſeries of recollections, not calculated to eaſe an aching head, ruſhed on his mind, till anguiſh, mental and external, rouſed

him

him from a painful reverie; and he was having recourſe to his cephalic ſnuff, when John entered with a countenance full of meaning, and before he could give that meaning words, having in his haſte left the door on the jar, the Colonel's ire and aſtoniſhment were equally raiſed, at ſeeing the little beggar follow, with as much eaſe in her manner, and confidence in her looks, nay perhaps more, than if ſhe was entering the ruined hovel, which had, during the laſt winter, given her mammy and ſelf a miſerable ſhelter.

But before we proceed with the adventures of our beggar, it will be paying a decent regard to precedence, to make our readers acquainted with the village of Penry, and ſuch of its inhabitants as will be introduced in the courſe of this hiſtory.

CHAP. II.

A Country Village.

" It is common to old age
" To caſt beyond itſelf in its opinion;
" As it is common for the younger ſort
" To lack diſcretion."

THE village of Penry is the Montpellier of Surrey; it ſtands on a half eminence, with uplands behind, to ſhelter it from the north wind, and low lands in front, to amuſe the eye of fancy, and delight the ſoul of meditation; to the right of the village, through two thick plantations of underwood, too humble in its growth to obſtruct the view of a ſmall market town, at four miles diſtance, runs a clear ſtream, juſt deep and wide enough to afford ſmall freſh water fiſh to the neighbourhood; the banks of which are undiſturbed by any thing but anglers, and unadorned by any thing but nature's own embroidery, if we except a ſmall green boat, which, by the large gilt letters on the ſtern, the curious paſſer-by is informed belongs to *Sir Solomon Muſhroom, lord of the manor*

manor of Penry; a rough and ancient ſtone bridge peeps through the foliage of the wood, that ſlopes on each ſide the river; and the diſtant ſpires of three or four other village ſteeples, between the horizon and the level land, terminate the proſpect.

Penry is twenty-ſeven miles diſtant from London, and five from any great turnpike road; which may account for the ſtill greater diſtance between the manner of the inhabitants, and thoſe who have the advantage of a direct and frequent communication with the refinements of the metropolis; not but Penry had, in the rage for improvement, been greatly altered within the laſt ten years. Before that time a handſome parſonage houſe, in which a rich rector condeſcended to ruſticate a few ſummer weeks; a thatched hovel, in which his poor curate brought up ſix children, and inſtructed the rabble of the village in their A B C; a white rough caſt houſe, with a brown painted door, to which had been lately prefixed a large braſs knocker, of Lawyer Quibble; and a little thing like a pigeon-houſe, with a timber building and a window at one end, filled with blue and white gallipots, over which a black ſcroll and white letters proclaimed the great convenience to be found concentered in that obſcure ſpot, where, like Diogenes in his tub, lived Doctor Croak, phyſician, ſurgeon, apothecary, man-midwife, dentiſt, and ſpeculator in medicine and minerals. Excepting theſe, and an old family ſeat, which had ſerved for the reſort of rooks and daws during thirty years it had lain in chancery; the little gothic church of Penry, and the ſurrounding cottages, had an unbroken ſameneſs about them, that would never attract more than the curſory glance of the few travellers who ſaw them, if, indeed we do not add another exception, in the White Horſe, thatched receptacle for man and beaſt, at the extremity of the village. Such was Penry ten years back; and ſuch, with ſome few, but great changes, it ſtill continued.

The air and ſituation of Penry was not a greater recommendation to Col. Buhanun, on account of his health, than that appearance of rural ſimplicity which proved it too inſignificant to have attracted the notice of the polite world. "For, d——n the world," ſaid Colonel

Colonel Buhanun; "I wiſh I was fairly quit of it: When riches would have made me happy, I was poor; now, when I have loſt every wiſh to live, I am rich. What has a man to do in a world where he has neither health nor hope? They have brought me from India to Bath, and now they ſend me from Bath to the country; but till they can ſend me from myſelf, it is all labour loſt."

"Good, your honour," ſaid John, to whom his maſter had addreſſed his deſpondent ſentiments, "take the Doctor's advice; you are ten times the man now you were when we ſailed for England; and the Doctor ſays——"

The Colonel ſmiled. "Can the Doctor miniſter to a mind diſeaſed?"

John's eyes ſtruck fire.

"Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow?"

John's right arm ſawed the air.

"Root out the written troubles of the brain, and—"

John could contain no longer; he took the *and* from his maſter, and Hopkins and Sternholded on, "and with ſome ſweet, oblivious antidote cleanſe—the ſtuffed boſom of that perilous ſtuff which—weighs upon—the brain"—"all that is very true, Sir," ſaid John, "but—"

"Well, well," interrupted the Colonel, impatiently, "if thou canſt find a corner where the world and I may not meet; all places are equal to me, where I am not known."

"Yes, Sir," anſwered John, reſuming his theatrical attitude, "all places the eye of heaven viſits, are to the wiſe man ports and happy havens."

John Brown was ſon to John and Mary Brown, whoſe united names on the ſign of the White Horſe at Penry, ſupported the reputation eſtabliſhed by Simon and Elizabeth Brown, father and mother of John, for good ale and civil treatment.

One female ſervant at the White Horſe, was cook, dairy, houſe and chambermaid; and, in the abſence of young John, acted beſides in the double capacity of waiter and oſtler, till one fatal Whitſuntide, when a company of his majeſty's ſervants hired the great barn, and having, without the help of legerdemain, in two days

days converted it into a palace, for the royal Dane to meet his father's ghoſt, ſo infatuated young John, that from the firſt performance he became a great private actor.

The barn had crowded, brilliant, and overflowing audiences; and when for the benefit of the manager, young John took a part, under the deſcription of "Romeo by a young gentleman, being his firſt appearance on any ſtage." All the country round came in; none being ignorant of the name and quality of the young Romeo, except his own father and mother, who as ſoon as they underſtood how the player people had ſeduced their ſon, and to what the neglect of chalk was owing, ſhut both their hearts and barn againſt the prayers of the diſtreſſed company; and though the lady managereſs' benefit had been ſtuck up at every door in the pariſh; the part of "Mark Anthony by the young gentleman who performed Romeo with ſuch unbounded applauſe;" and though the proud Cleopatra herſelf condeſcended to ſue for one night's poſſeſſion of the barn, old John took a couple of labourers with him, and while his wife was trimming the ſuppliant queen in her way, he demoliſhed 'the cloud capt towers and gorgeous palaces,' and turning the whole moveables into the yard, locked the door, and ſet off to the next juſtice of the peace, for the purpoſe of getting the whole ſet vagrantized.

They were however too much uſed to local ſettlements, to be ſo taken, and finding the idea, that young John was going headlong to the devil, had taken too ſtrong poſſeſſion of the landlady, to allow her to ſhew them any lenity, ſet the Egyptian Queen, to amuſe, or rather provoke her, by perſevering entreaties, while they packed up the property and moved off, leaving not only the rent, but long accounts in chalk unpaid, which every individual of the company had, by the unbounded liberality of young John, run up. Cleopatra had her cue, and when the royal Dane and his friends were clear of the village, flouriſhed her whity brown handkerchief, and made her exit.

As young John was the general ſcorer, and as before his father's return he had made a liberal uſe of the ſpunge, the old people were not ſenſible of the amount of their loſs;

loſs; the rent, and what could not be concealed from them, was, to be ſure, Dame Brown ſaid, a heavy loſs; yet again, to be ſure, it was a judgment on their ſins for letting a tribe of ſhabroons and painted jezebels into their honeſt houſe to make a parcel of ſhim ſham ghoſts and coffins, and ſuch like blaſphemies; and ſo they muſt make the beſt of a bad market, and be thankful for God's mercy, that ſaved their ſon John from being carried away with them; but under favour the devotion of the old dame was miſdated; for John's better part was actually gone; it is true he loitered about, liſtleſs and indolent, but his mind, his active mind, was in a barn ten miles off, where the royal Dane himſelf was enacting Mark Anthony, and where he fully reſolved to join him as ſoon as harveſt was over; for he had too much regard for his parent's intereſt, yet remaining, to think of it before.

But in the mean time it was requiſite to keep up the poetic furor by practice. He could read the Bible, or even Say's Weekly Journal, which had been long the ſtanding newſpaper of the White Horſe, with great fluency; and his character for a good ſcollard was allowed by all who ſaw the flouriſhing I and B at the bottom of his father's bills. Night after night did he make the croſs timbers of the barn reſound by the ſtarts and ſtamping of Otway's Chamont, Lee's Alexander, and Congreve's Oſmyn, but the god of his idolatry was Shakeſpeare; and being allowed to keep a certain proportion of ſheep and poultry, which had, from his infancy, turned out to ſuch account as amply ſupplied his pocket, he ſold them all, for money, to ſend to London by the clerk of the pariſh, for a complete ſet of his favorite's plays; and being once in poſſeſſion of this treaſure, was ſo eager to ſtudy and get through them, that after harveſt he was too full of employment to follow the royal Dane, though ſtill reſolved on joining him early in the ſpring.

The young damſel, of whoſe various occupations we have ſpoken, was the confidante and aſſiſtant of her young maſter; for though Dorcas could neither read nor ſpell, ſhe had a tolerable memory, and could always repeat at leaſt two words out of every ſpeech he taught her; theſe two,

two, the firſt and laſt, were indeed all that were neceſſary; nor did ſhe fail to be equally punctual in remembering all her cues; ſo that John was gratified with a nightly rehearſal of his favourite parts: Juliet leaned her fair hand on her cheek at the hay-loft window; Deſdemona was ſmothered on a truſs of ſtraw; and the fair Ophelia ſent to a nunnery from the barn door.

The improvements of this winter were indeed ſo very obvious, both in the hero and heroine, that the form had already made his arrangements for joining the royal Dane and Egyptian Queen; his linen and books were ready packed up; Dorcas had promiſed to ſteal his new ſuit of broad cloth out of her miſtreſs' preſs, where it was carefully depoſited from Sunday to Sunday; and nothing in John Brown's ſanguine opinion could now impede his career to fame. But the uncertainty of all human events, a ſubject on which ſo many great geniuſes have ſo ably written, and ſo many little ones ſo truly ſpoken, never was more clearly exemplified, without either writing or ſpeaking, than by one ſimple act of the docile Dorcas, who got up one morning in the greateſt harmony of ſpirits, and after buſtling through her work, as truth to ſay ſhe very notably did, walked ſix miles to the neareſt magiſtrate, and then and there made corporal oath, to certain circumſtances, that laid an obligation on young John Brown either to marry the ſaid Dorcas, to pay twenty pounds to the pariſh, or to quit the country.

John Brown's natural integrity of principles, his compaſſionate heart, and adherence to truth, had received both ſtrength and poliſh by his ſtudies, and in the ſame degree heightened the reſentment of injury and reſiſtance of oppreſſion, which were the glowing ſentiments that governed him in this important moment of his life.

The paternal honour which the damſel would have beſtowed on him was what his ſenſe of truth forbid him to accept; and the paying twenty pounds for what he had not done, was a meanneſs from which his enlightened mind revolted; as to the matter of quitting the country, he had already made up his mind to that; it was only changing the ſcene of action, and going to London in ſearch of other Royal Danes, and other E-

gyptian

gyptian Queens, inſtead of joining thoſe who were every moment expecting him in the country ;—ſo the world before him, with a ſtick acroſs his ſhoulder, from which hung a bag containing a few ſhirts, and all his Shakeſpeares, it being impoſſible to ſecure the ſuit of broad cloth without the aid of his treacherous auxiliary, John Brown left the place of his nativity, without paying the compliment of an adieu to any of his numerous relations and acquaintance ; and being young, robuſt, and a good walker, reached London by day break next morning.

On the table of the firſt open houſe he reſted his bag, and was immediately accoſted by a very civil free ſpeaking man, with whom he readily entered into converſation, and who adviſed him, as the landlord and landlady of the houſe were very good ſort of people, to remain there while he ſtaid in London ; to which he did not object ; and himſelf and bag being ſhewn to a chamber, he ſlept very comfortably, without dreaming either of paſt or future events.

The ſame civil new acquaintance ſaluted him on his re-appearance in the tap room, and to his great, as well as agreeable ſurpriſe, as he approached with offered hand, roared out, " By heaven, methinks it were an eaſy leap to pluck bright honour from the pale faced moon ; to dive into the bottom of the deep,"

" Where fathom line could never touch the ground," joined John Brown.

" And pluck up drowned honour by the locks," rejoined the firſt ſpeaker.

Scarce had the honour-loving hero got to " locks," before John had embraced him, and congratulated himſelf on the meeting with his congenial ſoul ; they dined together in the greateſt harmony, and the play bill holding out an irreſiſtible temptation in the entertainment of the evening, which was Othello, the two ſocias adjourned there ; John Brown having firſt, by his friend's advice, cleared the reckoning.

After the play, at which the hero of this little epiſode had been both gratified and humbled, the friends being a little dryiſh, adjourned to a houſe not a great diſtance off, where John Brown, who knew every line of the part of the Jealous Moor, entered on as fair and candid a criticiſm

a criticiſm of the performance they had juſt ſeen, as may be found in the corner of many a morning print, under the article of Theatre; that is to ſay, what he did not underſtand, or did not accord with his own reading, he condemned as *bad*, *very bad*, worſe than he had ſeen in his father's barn; what was at all in his own way, was *well*, *very well*; though even that, *he* could better; and what does not always happen to profound critics, he found his friend exactly of his opinion on every point.

Bread, cheeſe, and porter, at this time, was really an attic treat to John Brown; his heart was open; a little punch could not hurt them; one baſon was ſucceeded by another; John related the event that obliged him to quit Penry; his friend moſt heartily imprecated the perjured Dorcas; poor John fell into the lap of nature's kind nurſe, in the very moment that his friend was moſt intereſted in his misfortune, and did not awake till the next day, when he found himſelf unuſually agitated by the ſtrange motion of his lodging, as well as inconvenienced by the number and quality of his fellow inmates; it was, however in vain, he complained; his ſympathizing friend was not near; and he continued in this uncomfortable ſituation till he was removed far out of the reach of pariſh officers, when he underſtood he had enliſted in the ſervice of the Honourable the United Eaſt India Company; and inſtead of finding in his purſe the bounty he was told he had received, perceived it was cleared of ſeven guineas and ſome ſilver he perfectly recollected to be in it, at the time he diſplayed ſuch theatrical judgment in his criticiſms on Othello.

In this ſituation his mind naturally recurred to his paternal home: Bitterly did poor John Brown bewail his own dear native village; bitterly did he imprecate the perjury of Dorcas and the deceit of his falſe friend; and above all, moſt grievouſly did he deplore the loſs of his Shakeſpeares.

When allowed to come abaft, which from his mildneſs of manner, and ſimplicity of heart, he was often permitted to do, the ſad tear flowed from his eyes, as directing them from the courſe the ſhip ſailed, he fancied he was looking homewards. The ſhip had touched both at the Madeiras and St. Helena; and were in that eaſy preſs of

of ſail, on the ſurface of a ſmooth ſea, which render the latter part of a voyage to India ſo delightful. John, whoſe mind we have before ſaid, was too enthuſiaſtic to be reconciled to oppreſſion; ſtill ſwelling againſt the injury he had received, and ſtill hanging with regret on the memory of his native village, was noticed by an elegant young man, in very ill health, who was ſupported morning and evening by the ſurgeon and his mate, up and down the quarter deck, whoſe ſaffron ſkin, deep ſighs and downcaſt looks indicated more cauſe of grief than leaving Penry, being embarked in the ſervice of an honourable company, of whom he had never heard, or even loſing a whole ſet of Shakeſpeare.

As this young gentleman was going to India, on the military eſtabliſhment, he claimed a ſort of right to have the crying comrade, as John was in deriſion called, immediately about him; and ſoon became father, mother, and country to one who had ſettled it in his ſorrowful mind, that all good was where he came from, and all evil where he was going to, and his heart bounded with affection and gratitude towards a maſter, whoſe every act and word, proved him the eſſence of all moral virtue.

They were very ſoon after landing in India ſent up the country. Captain Buhanun's trunks were crammed with letters of recommendation; thoſe he deliberately burned: and with a deſperation that proved he ſet leſs value on his life than any other of the gifts of God; he was firſt, and moſt fearleſs, in all hazardous expeditions; a volunteer in every poſt of danger; and thus, by outfighting and out-living his brother officers, he in a ſhort time advanced to the rank of Colonel.

Scotch intereſt was then, as now, prevalent everywhere; but our Colonel not only diſdained the recommendation of his Scotch connections, and neglected the friendſhip of thoſe who knew his family, but, ſtrange to tell, hated Scotland itſelf, and avoided the ſociety of his countrymen, with every appearance of a rooted antipathy.

As the Colonel advanced in rank, reputation, and fortune, his man, or as he was often pleaſed to call him, his *friend John*, advanced in his favour and confidence, and to crown the good fortune and felicity of the latter, he

he procured at Calcutta a freſh ſet of Shakeſpeare, and from being admitted behind the ſcenes of the theatre there, was by degrees advanced to carry meſſages, and enact with eclat one of the moſt reſpectable ſenators in Venice Preſerved, to ſay nothing of the dignified deportment of his Lord Mayor, in Richard III.

The heroes of the Calcutta theatre, which was eſtabliſhed on a benevolent plan, were all gentlemen. The Roſcius of the company had a lameneſs in one hand, very unfortunately obſtructive of the grace attendant on heroiſm; yet he beguiled John Brown of his tears ſo often, that he became in his idea the very actor delineated by Shakeſpeare himſelf. John was his humble copy in every thing, even to the ſtiffneſs in the arm; and as Captain ——— acted at the Calcutta theatre, to the admiration of the elegant ſubſcribers, John rehearſed at camp, to the as great admiration of his comrades, till he could manage all Shakeſpeare's beauties with as much eaſe as Pantagruel did the hard words his father inſiſted on his repeating backwards and forwards till they became as familiar one way as the other.

But Shakeſpeare was not the only ſtudy of our friend John Brown; he knew the maſter key to every trait in the Colonel's diſpoſition; he was his faithful attendant in all the ſickneſſes to which the climate, and his more dangerous reſtleſs and diſſatisfied mind expoſed him; and after all remedies had been tried, without ſucceſs, to parry a bilious diſorder, that was gaining on his conſtitution; after the friends of his virtue, and admirers of his courage, which compriſed every gentleman who had the honour to ſerve with him, had all failed, notwithſtanding they aſſured him, with as much concern as earneſtneſs, he muſt remove his quarters, if not to Europe, to that unknown bourne from whence no traveller returns, the tears and ſilent anguiſh of his faithful domeſtic ſoftened his indignant refuſal, and moved him to adopt the only means of preſerving exiſtence. He was prevailed on to turn his face homeward, if that place could be ſo called which his heart abjured.

After nine years ſervice in India, Colonel Buhanun got leave of abſence, for the benefit of his health, and was

was landed at Portſmouth in ſo deplorable a ſtate, that it was not thought poſſible he could reach Bath alive.

Whether his extreme indifference for life continued till it was on its verge, or whether the near view of eternity did not awaken a latent deſire to ſtruggle with the ills of frail mortality a little longer, is a problem we cannot ſolve; but the lenient ſpring of Bladad, ſo far reſtored him, that after ſix months reſidence, his phyſicians had the candour and ſelf denial to adviſe his leaving Bath for the country, during the dog days; and John obtained leave to ſeek out for a ſituation, where the only ſtipulation, on the part of his maſter, was, that it ſhould be where he might not *meet the world.*

The world, John perfectly remembered, had ſmall concern in the little village of Penry, when he left it; for then, the gay building now called Muſhroom-Place, was the ruins of a manſion ſo long diſputed in chancery, that it had at length ceaſed to intereſt either of the then claimants, and was ſold by auction, to defray part of the law expences, and knocked down to Sir Solomon Muſhroom, the preſent poſſeſſor; neither had Doctor Croak changed his tub, for the new erected building, and fine gardens at the extremity of the village; nor did the braſs knocker irradiate the front of Lawyer Quibble's mahogany door; the only building which, in his remembrance, ſeemed to claim acquaintance with the world, was the parſonage, which the knick-knackey taſte of the late incumbent had rendered like nothing in heaven above, or earth beneath; it was very conſpicuous, very fine, and very inconvenient; it had within one quarter of an acre of ground, a pond, willows, a maize, images of all ſorts, a tea-room at the top of a large oak, and a pagoda made of branches of trees. Theſe profound objects, which had employed twenty years of the life of a divine to bring to perfection, were the points of gazing admiration to all the country, and ſtill retained the firſt place in John's idea of magnificence, as did every other part of the village, in his partial preference of the ſcene of his juvenile amuſements; among thoſe the White Horſe, and all its appendages, were predominant figures, although the honeſt pair who gave him being had long, he knew, paid the debt of nature.

"Ah!"

"Ah!" ſaid John, after a few minutes conſideration, "there is a village in the county of Surrey, if your honour could but ſee it—only I am afraid——"

"Well, and what art thou afraid of, friend John?"

"There is not any houſe in it good enough for your honour."

"And yet, John, thou knoweſt how many nights we have paſſed without a roof to ſhelter us."

"And ſhall again, I hope, when your honour gets better; but

"In peace there's nothing ſo becomes a man
"As modeſt ſtillneſs and humility;
"But when the blaſt of war blows in our ears,
"Then imitate the action of the tyger."

The Colonel ſmiled. "And where is this village?"

"I was born there, and pleaſe your honour."

The Colonel took in at once all the ſuperlatives of a village recommended by native affection, and ordered the carriage to be ready by nine the next morning.

John could not reſtrain his raptures during four days they were journeying to Penry, and the approach to the village filled his honeſt heart with ſenſations as pleaſing to the Colonel to obſerve, as delightful to himſelf to feel; not a ſtile, a tree, or thatched cottage, but were congenial to his feeling, and renewed ſome ſcene of infantine amuſement in his memory; tears ſtood in his eyes.

There he uſed to play at leap frog; from *that* mount his kite had ſlipped from his hold, and to his unſpeakable grief, ſoared out of all poſſibility of recovery; in *this* cottage had lived his maternal grandmother; in *that* his aunt; *there* he went to ſchool; and *there*, exactly under the ſouth window of the church, were interred three of his brothers, and his ſiter Ann, who, poor girl, died for love of a drunken ſhoe-maker; and *there*, he dared to ſay, lay his poor father and mother. The tears now ſtreamed down John's cheeks; the tremor on his maſter's voice ſecured him from interruption; and his agitation ſo increaſed when the chaiſe ſtopped at the White Horſe, that the Colonel ſtepped out, and walked up the road, to indulge in reveries of his own, not leſs affecting, but unmixed with that pleaſure which tinged even the ſorrow of his ſervant.

"Poor

" Poor fellow!" ſaid the Colonel, " *his* heart recognizes his native home, unalloyed by bitter recollection: *He* ſees not the ſcene of joys for ever loſt;—*he* traces not the footſteps of delight with a mind jaundiced by deſpair, hopeleſs and undone. His eyes were raiſed, involuntarily a heavy ſigh burſt from his heart; he endeavoured to ſhake off recollections that unmanned him, and looking round, ſaw on a neat houſe a board with,

TO LET, FURNISHED.

Two things immediately occurred to the Colonel; the firſt and principal was, how happy it would make John, who had his doubts about procuring accommodation, to find all objections removed, and his abode fixed in his beloved village, for ſome time at leaſt, by taking this houſe; the next, that as it ſtood on a kind of angle of the road, quite out of the village, he could live in it as diſtinct from the world as he pleaſed.

Without further conſideration he knocked at the door, was admitted, and learned it belonged to a lady, whoſe huſband's death having made ſome unpleaſant diſcoveries in his circumſtances, had induced the widow to pay a convenient viſit to her friends, in hope to add to her ſmall income, by letting her houſe for the ſummer ready furniſhed: which however ſhe had not yet an opportunity of doing.

This little hiſtory was delivered with ſurpriſing volubility, by Betty Clark, upper maid to the widow, on underſtanding the Colonel was a ſingle gentleman; that he would be willing to engage the ſervants, conſiſting of the cook, gardener, and herſelf; and moreover the very pleaſant omen which ſhe drew from the manner in which he had put a new half guinea into her hand, which ſhe proteſted was the moſt genteeleſt done thing ſhe ever ſeed.

Before John could diſengage himſelf from a few of the villagers, who remembered him, order dinner, and overtake his maſter, the bargain was ſtruck; a month's rent paid in advance; and Mrs. Betty prodigiouſly fluſtrated at the ſight of a handſome, if not very young, not a very old man, who was to be her fellow ſervant.

The great drawback on John's joy at his return home, which reſulted from his doubts about ſuitable accommodation for a perſon of his maſter's rank, and ill ſtate of

health, being thus done away; he in the dear hope of ſtaying ſome time at Penry, ſet about his domeſtic arrangements with an alacrity highly pleaſing to Mrs. Betty; got the trunks up; laid cloth; and after declaring the houſe, pretty as it was, ſeemed as if made on purpoſe for their convenience; inaſmuch as it was built on the preciſe ſpot where he had left a gravel pit, went to wait on his maſter's dinner, haranguing during the whole time, on the ſalubrity of the air, good water, excellent proviſion, and indeed inſiſted, that as Penry was the prettieſt village in the known world, ſo every thing of the beſt was to be had there, though he could not but confeſs it had one fault, or rather misfortune; this however, it required ſome caſuiſtry to prove, as it alluded to what few country villages deem either fault or misfortune, namely, a fine new manſion houſe, with the owner reſident, beſides a few other modern ones, on a ſmaller ſcale; the firſt of which, in ſize and taſte, was that of Doctor Croak, who from a ſtate of poverty, debts, ill humour, and ill health, had purchaſed ground, built a houſe, and ſtepped into a new carriage, no mortal could gueſs how.

Theſe circumſtances however, call them faults, misfortunes, or what we will, were more in the way of the world than John could have expected to find in Penry, and would, he feared, tend to obſcure the beauty and convenience of the place in the opinion of his maſter; yet, as the owners of theſe new erections were too proud to know private folk; as the Knight was a parliament man, and the Doctor kept a journeyman; and as in courſe they were ſeldom troubleſome, he hoped his honour might be as private, and as happy too, as if there were not a gentleman in the pariſh.

John might have ſpared his rhetoric; Colonel Buhanun was never happy himſelf, but he had an inſuperable deſire to render every being compleatly ſo, with whom he was in the habits of aſſociating; and Candidus, when he ſet out on his return to Europe with his ten redſheep, laden with gold and precious ſtones, was not more gratified than John Brown, when his maſter declared his perfect approbation of the village of Penry.

Thus

Thus was Colonel Buhanun ſettled in a village, where, as the obſerving Sir Solomon Muſhroom ſaid, every idle vagabond found the road to his purſe.

From the time of the Colonel's firſt landing in India, where he had been in the hotteſt part, both in reſpect to climate and ſervice, to the hour of his embarking for Europe, a total neglect of all the precautions uſed by his brother officers, while melting under the torrid zone, had often brought him to the verge of that country he ſeemed ſo eager to explore; fevers both of blood and brain had been followed by a *coup de ſoliel*, and that by the black jaundice, the two laſt diſorders, from either of which it was conſidered in that climate a miracle to recover, compleated a dingy change, which had been begun by a former malady in a complexion truly Caledonian. The colour or colours of his ſkin were indeed paſt injury, even from the utmoſt violence of the bilious diſeaſe that pervaded his whole ſyſtem, and obliged him to return to Europe; the only diſcernable mark of which was, a yellow film over what was once the clear white of his azure eyes; his face and hands were of a hue to defy bile, and impreſſed the country people with an idea, that he was a ſort of black; which idea was confirmed by the heatheniſh cuſtom of abſenting himſelf from church, after having made one effort to ſet out an anthem in parts, accompanied by a flute, clarinet, and baſſoon, which either in noiſe or harmony, ſo far ſurpaſſed all that had ever before ſhocked his ears, that he aroſe abruptly and left the church before the performers had half compoſed the devout congregation by their ſacred melody, and never could be prevailed on to look that way again.

In conſequence of this, and other as heathenith practices, he was, although allowed to be a very good man, ſet down for a ſavage, and called the black-moor Colonel; notwithſtanding Mrs. Betty offered to take her bible oath, his ſkin was in many parts as vite as hollibatter.

John Brown, as grand almoner to the Colonel, could not fail to renew all his old acquaintance, and forming many new ones at Penry; even Dorcas, whoſe improving ſtate, when he left her, had multiplied into a ragged regiment of ten children, having vowed and proteſted that what ſhe ſaid before the juſtice was at the inſtigation

of the devil; and Tom Wilſon, her preſent huſband, without meaning any harm, had her ſins forgiven, and received through his hands a weekly bounty from the blackamoor Colonel; he had beſides couſins without number, of whom he had never before heard; the men ſhook him by the hand, and the women invited him to tea, and play a game at viſk.

The fame of ſuch odd mortals as Colonel Bahanun, and his man John, ſpread far and wide. Sir Solomon Muſhroom, while he held a being in the utmoſt contempt, who knew ſo little of the value of money as to part with it for nothing, or what is next to nothing, giving it to the poor, felt his ſpleen riſe to an extreme troubleſome height, at the bleſſings beſtowed on the blackamoor Colonel, and could not conceal his indignation on finding that a fellow in livery dared, by making himſelf reſpectable, to infuſe into the heads of his ſimple tenants, the abſurd idea, that a good ſervant might be of more value to ſociety than a bad lord, or what was more, a parliament man, or what again was more than all, lord of the large manor of Penry.

The Colonel was in his opinion a fool on two accounts; firſt, for giving away his money, and next, for letting his ſervant have the credit of it.

Of what uſe is wiſdom, if it cannot manage folly, thought Sir Solomon Muſhroom. Very hard, indeed, that a rich man ſhould ſet himſelf down under the wall of his extenſive park, by whom every body but himſelf was a gainer; but it would be more ſtrange than hard, if he did not ſome how or other come in for a ſhare at leaſt. While he laid a kind of indefinite ſcheme, by which he meant to advantage himſelf, he beſet the Colonel's morning and evening walks, in hope to break him of habits which lowered his own ſelf-eſtimation; and as all compariſons are odious, rendered his character the more obnoxious, as that of his neighbour became more reſpected.

But the ſame rumour that had conveyed anecdotes of the folly of the blackamoor Colonel to the wife Sir Solomon Muſhroom, had not been leſs minute in the deſcription of a few particulars in the character of the latter,

ter, by no means favourable to the intimacy he ſo officiouſly courted.

Yet little deſirous as the Colonel was to make new acquaintance, and leaſt of all with a perſon of Sir Solomon's deſcription, there was that exceſs of civility in the Knight's addreſs, ſuch plauſibility in his manners, and he exhibited whenever the ſmalleſt opportunity offered, ſo much of that penetration into the worſt part of human nature, which is miſcalled *knowledge of the world*, that the Colonel had been ſometimes amuſed, but never before offended, by his rich neighbour.

CHAP. III.

The beggar out of her rags, and a leſſon for female ſervants to ſingle gentlemen.

"WHAT the plague brings you here now? am I never to get rid of this curſed little imp!" ſaid the Colonel, half addreſſing the beggar, who, as we have before ſaid, followed his ſervant into his preſence, and half apoſtrophizing, with his eyes fixed on the marble hearth.

"Pleaſe your honour," ſaid John, his arm in motion, "I ſhall

"Nothing extenuate,
"Nor ought ſet down in malice;"

the ſhort and the long of the ſtory is juſt this: Roſa Wilkins, the mother of this poor little object——Don't cry, child; his honour won't be angry with you, for what you can't help,——ſent her every day to watch when your honour went out, as ſhe pretended, to get money; but ſhe was a deep one, as is proved; for yeſterday a letter came by poſt to her, which ſhe got Doctor Croak to pay for; ſo this morning, what does ſhe do, an unnatural hag, but ſend the poor innocent child to beg, as uſual, and take herſelf outſide the ſtage

to London, and left this bit of paper on the woman's table, who out of charity, let her lye in her out houſe."

"D——n the woman, the out houſe, and the letter! if the curſed jade has left her baſtard, why muſt I be plagued with a Canterbury tale!"

"Canterbury, your honour! the woman's gone to America."

Juſt at this moment entered the triumphant Sir Solomon Muſhroom, followed by the grand officers of the pariſh, conſiſting of the beadle, the church-warden, overſeer, and common cryer, and in the rear a crowd of villagers.

"Ay, ay," ſaid the Knight, "I foreſaw this; I knew you would repent your indiſcriminate charity; ha—ha—ha, and ſo the creature is off, and has left her brat to you, as a mark of gratitude! yes, I ſee you are hurt, and I don't wonder at it; but if you truſt to *me*, I'll take care this ſhall be the laſt impoſition on your good nature; *you* are too eaſy, but ſuch abominable wretches ſhall never be tolerated, when I have any influence; I ſee into the plot; but I came to your relief the inſtant I heard what had happened. Here, beadle."

The beadle advanced with his gold laced hat on his two thumbs.

"Oh but man! proud man! quoth John,
"Dreſſed in a little brief authority."

Sir Solomon pauſed.

"Take that little impoſtor to the work-houſe, and, d'ye hear, make her work,—mind the proverb, ſpare the rod and ſpoil the child."

The beadle, whoſe red face, laced hat, and large coat, had been too often a miniſter of terror to the mother, not to be immediately recognized by the child, was advancing with conſequential ſtep towards her, and ſhe retreated with trembling precipitation, till getting cloſe to the Colonel, ſhe claſped his knees with her dirty arms, ſcreaming, "No, no, I won't go with you,—I will ſtay with the blackamoor till mammy comes home. Oh! pray, do let poor Roſa ſtay with you, indeed, indeed I will be very good; Oh let me! I will ſtay,—I won't go——"

"You

" You won't, won't you huſſy?" roared Sir Solomon, brandiſhing his cane.

The child, unable to look on an object ſo terrific, haſtily endeavouring to hide her already ſwollen and bruiſed face, ſtruck it againſt the chair, and the freſh guſhing blood ſtreamed on the Colonel's clothes.

Several poor people had followed the great men of the pariſh, with a ſtaring, 'What's the matter, good folks?' but as the mighty Sir Solomon had ſet his face againſt the little beggar, no one dared to pity her.

In Colonel Buhanun's natural diſpoſition, the deſire of doing univerſal good, was blended with the eſſence of fine breeding; but certain diſtreſſing events, in the early part of his life, had ſoured his temper, and rendered him irritable ſometimes almoſt to madneſs. No man breathing was worſe qualified to bear undue familiarity, or forbear an affront. He had conſidered the unaſked advice of the Knight as impertinence; he felt this viſit an intruſion, and reflecting it was a rudeneſs for which no apology could be made, but that he would be leaſt inclined to admit, *wealth* and *power*, his gall aroſe; he looked round on the gaping crowd, and ſaw ſeveral who had partaken more largely of his bounty than the little object who hid her bleeding face between his knees, without half her miſery to claim it. Not a ſigh of pity from any of them, reverberated thoſe that burſt from his feeling heart; he ſaw no ſalt rheum in any eye to countenance his own; he darted a glance of diſguſt at them all, and riſing with dignity in his mien, and authority in his voice, demanded by whoſe permiſſion any of the party had preſumed to enter his houſe.

Sir Solomon's broad eyes were opened ſtill broader; the beadle ſhrunk behind the warden; and the movement of bows and curtſies became general.

Sir Solomon, whoſe modeſty had ſtood many a public and private rebuff, ſoon recovered himſelf; he called a ſmile into his features, and was in the act of opening his ready lips, when the Colonel, in a ſtern commanding voice, bid John clear the room.

John, however, was not put to any trouble, as no body ſeemed inclined to prolong their ſtay, not even Sir Solomon, who being, as he ſaid, a very peaceable man,

did not chuſe to hazard an oppoſition to a mandate ſo explicit, but calmly aſſured the pariſh officers, as they deſcended the ſteps, the man was certainly mad.

The Colonel being now left alone with his man and the little beggar, bid her hold up her head, and not keep ſuch a d——d ſnivelling; but the inſtant ſhe, in obedience to his commands, ventured to peep up, and diſplayed her ſwelled and diſfigured face ſmeared with blood, and bathed in tears, he was obliged to have recourſe to his cephalic ſnuff, and rung the bell with great violence.

John approached his maſter, but his ſervice was rejected with a fretful piſh.

Betty, or indeed more properly as head ſervant to a ſingle gentleman, Mrs. Betty, who was on the wonder and the liſten, entered.

"Take that animal down ſtairs, waſh her all over in a large tub of water, and take particular care of her head, waſh the blood off *clean*, and, d'ye hear, *tenderly*."

"Who me, Sir! me waſh a little filthy beggar!—me clean her naſty head,—me! really, Sir, I muſt beg to be excuſed."

"Then ſee it done."

Mrs. Betty had gained one point, and therefore it was folly to ſtop before ſhe had been equally ſucceſsful in a ſecond.

"She had ſo much regard for her maſter, ſhe would lay down her life to ſerve him, or do any thing in her power, by night or by day, to oblige him; but to take a filthy beggar into his clean houſe, and expect creditable ſervants to ſoil themſelves, by handling the ſtreet dirt, ſhe hoped his honour would not be angry, but upon *her* honour it was what ſhe could neither do herſelf, nor aſk Jenny Cook to do."

"Oh curſe your nicety!" ſaid the Colonel ſternly; "but you muſt get over it this moment;—the beggar or your wages, the tub or the door."

Mrs. Betty was in the habit of ſaying what *ſhe* thought very ſmart, but what her ſuperiors called very pert things, and with all poſſible temper, without affecting to underſtand herſelf, could be very impertinent; but

ſhe

ſhe had the ſenſe to ſee ſhe had now gone quite the length of her tether.

To waſh and clean the dirtieſt little beggar that ever crept on a dunghill, who was indeed herſelf a moving dunghill, was certainly a diſagreeable job; but then to loſe a place where there was no miſtreſs; where her bills were paid without being examined; where there was a fellow ſervant, who beſides his good looks, having lived ſo long with ſo generous a maſter in India, muſt have made ſome ſavings, and to whom ſhe flattered herſelf ſhe was not diſagreeable; was a balance all to nothing againſt nicety, ſo that inſtead of carrying a ſecond point, Mrs. Betty ſaw her wiſeſt way would be to give up the firſt. She took out her handkerchief, wiped her tearleſs eye, begged pardon, would do any thing ſo good a maſter commanded, and taking Roſa's paſſive hand, proceeded to put his orders in execution.

John caſt a look of kindneſs at his maſter; he advanced two ſteps, fell back one; "I knew," ſaid he, at laſt, "your honour who have ſaved ſo many brutal ſavages from death, would not let a poor little chriſtian periſh in a proteſtant country."

The Colonel nodded, and John got down in time to help to fill the tub.

"Now," ſaid he, "I'll be burned if ever this poor thing knew the bleſſing of clean water before; how ſhe ſhivers; hap ſhe may get cold."

"Cold," repeated Betty, not half reconciled to the job; "ſhe has had heats and colds enough to ſeaſon her, I fancy."

"More's the pity, Mrs. Betty; for

"Plate ſin with gold,
"And the ſtrongeſt lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks;
"Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it."

"Put ſome ſpirits into the water," ſaid Jenny Cook, "in place of talking gibberiſh."

John mixed a bottle of rum with the water, and in the little beggar was plunged.

"My maſter," ſaid Mrs. Betty, as ſhe ſtood totally inactive, while ſuperintending this grand operation, "bid me take the girl to him as ſoon as ſhe is clean; but I

am ſure I ſhant do no ſuch a thing; becauſe why, it would be monſtrefs undecent: for as to putting on her rags again, they will make her as bad as ever. If we could only borrow a few things for her."

"Ah," joined Jenny Cook, ſcrubbing away on the arms and legs of the beggar, "to go a borrerin is to go a ſorrerin. Maſter don't mind a trifle, and there's Mrs. Jones at ſhop, her Poll that's juſt dead, was about the ſize o this, and I dare for to ſay——"

Before Jenny Cook had dared for to ſay another word, John was off to ſhop; and before Roſa was out of the ſuds, had produced ſome clothes belonging to Mrs. Jones's Poll, that hung tolerably well on her.

"Well, after all," ſaid Mrs. Betty, "I cannot but ſay the girl is worth cleaning; ſhe is as fair as a lily."

"And her eyes," ſaid John, "as brown as berries"

"Her hair will be a little carrotty though," ſaid the gardener, who was alſo a looker on.

"Here's a mark if we loſe her," cried Jenny Cook.

"Nothing but a ſplaſh of blue," anſwered Mrs. Betty; "rub it off with the jack towel."

"A jack towel!" repeated John, compaſſion in his eye; "it will fetch blood; why, Mrs. Betty, her ſkin is as ſoft and as tender as your own."

Mrs. Betty bluſhed, and reached a napkin, which Jenny Cook uſed to no purpoſe. "I tell you 'tis a mark," ſaid ſhe.

"'Tis a flower," ſaid John.

"'Tis nonſenſe," ſaid Mrs. Betty: "come, let's ſee how ſhe looks in clean clothes, that I may take her to my maſter."

Colonel Buhanun, the reader knows, was in ill health; he had, it is true, greatly benefited by his return to Europe; but the bile engendered in the eaſt, ſtill pervaded his conſtitution, to which his irritable habit greatly contributed; he was alſo ſubject to nervous head-achs, and could bear neither oppoſition nor fatigue; the agitation of his ſpirits, this buſy morning, ſo affected him, that John, who entered full of the diſcoveries ſoap and water had made in the face of the beggar, inſtantly forgot every thing but the ſituation in which he found his maſter.

Among

Among Colonel Buhanun's other eccentricities, he was a great quack; he had a ſucceſſion of favorite medicines, all of which, in their turn, were infallible cures for every diſorder incident to the human frame; and had it not fortunately happened that one grand ſpecific ſuperceded another, before a fair trial was made of the effect, the Colonel muſt have been long ſince releaſed from all his complaints.

Norris's Drops were juſt now the rage, and as it was proper to take them in his bed-chamber, where women were not admitted while he was in it, he ſaw nobody but John, and ſcarce heard him.

On the fourth morning he was able to leave his room; and the muffin was carried up by the little beggar, by this time become a general favorite of the ſervants.

Nothing in all the Materia Medica is ſo ſalutary; nothing ſo ſoon ſhews a good effect on children, as cleanlineſs and regularity; a few days wholeſome food, clean water, good combs, and decent cloathing, never wrought ſo great an alteration; the pale complexion, weak limbs, and rickety gait ſtill remained; but there was a delicacy in her features, a ſoftneſs in the expreſſion of her countenance, and a ſoothing harmony in her voice, that was extremely intereſting; and as if heaven had endowed her with a ſenſe of her forlorn ſtate, a deſire to pleaſe and oblige was viſible in all her little actions.

The Colonel ſtarted, he coloured, heſitated, and coloured again: The defect in his ſpeech was particularly ſtrong, and rendered his "Who the devil are you?" almoſt inarticulate.

"'Tis Roſa, Sir," anſwered Mrs. Betty; "the little beggar you ſaved from ſtarving."

"It cannot be,—it is impoſſible!" The Colonel actually trembled.

"Indeed, Sir, 'tis the very ſame; we got a few things for her."

Roſa put her frock to her eyes.

"Roſa, don't cry," ſaid John.

"Why don't you make your courteſy, Roſa, and thank his honour for your fine frock?"

Roſa ſmiled through her tears, and diſplayed the gaudy flowers on her dreſs; ſhe talked to the old favo-

rite

rite greyhound, hung round John, called the maids her good mammies, and in a few hours became, next to John and the greyhound, the Colonel's greateſt favorite: When he walked out, ſhe waited with his ſlippers; when he had the head-ach, ſhe climbed for his c phalic; when he wiſhed to be quiet, ſhe was ſilence perſonified; when he ſuffered her to amuſe him, her little tongue never ceaſed; if he was irritable, ſhe ſoothed; if melancholy, enlivened; and, in ſhort, ſoon became neceſſary to his exiſtence.

Some days after matters had been ſettled in ſo good a train for our little beggar, John happened to find the bit of paper left by her mother, which, to the Colonel's ſurpriſe, contained ſuch a ſort of claim on Doctor Croak as led him to believe ſhe was ſome how connected with, or related to him, and he conceived it at all events right to ſhew him the paper; he accordingly diſpatched a card to that gentleman, requeſting the honour to ſee him.

Doctor Croak had twice called on the Colonel during his confinement; but, as John knew Norris's Drops were at that time in ſuch high eſtimation as to ſuperſede all other medical aſſiſtance; as he concluded the Doctor could only want either to get a patient or make an acquaintance; and as he knew his maſter would be equally averſe to both, he contented himſelf with giving a civil denial, without taking the trouble to mention his viſits.

The card found the Doctor in his natural element; he was weeding a parterre of crocus' and ſnow drops; but was too much gratified at the invitation to poſtpone what he ſo ardently deſired, and returned an anſwer, he would wait on the Colonel in half an hour.

The Colonel was at backgammon with his man; Roſa at his feet on the carpet, dreſſing her doll; and Betty fidgetting about the window curtains, when Doctor Croak's chariot drew up, in which, beſides himſelf, ſat the roſy faced, large eyed, luſty woman, to whom the reader has been before introduced, and a fine girl about ten years old, on whoſe clear complexion bloomed roſy health, whoſe vermilion lips, conſtantly divided by good humour, diſplayed a ſet of large white teeth, and whoſe flaxen locks grew in great profuſion round her healthful countenance,

countenance, and though hanging rather bushy than in ringlets on her back, added to her Hebe like looks.

"Bless me!" cried Betty, "if there is not Doctor Croak's chariot stopping at our door. Well, that's a good joke; after meat comes mustard; when master's well, comes the doctor,—and as sure as I am alive, Madam Bawsky, who but she, and Miss."

"Pray," asked the Colonel, advancing to the window, "is that Bona Roba the poor sickly Doctor's wife?"

Mrs. Betty simpered out a half no.

"What! his sister?"

Betty answered without hesitation, "No."

"What then?"

Betty tried to blush, but failing in the attempt was silent, and the Colonel, to whose most brilliant sallies the confusion of a modest woman would be a damper, returned to his chair, to receive his visitor.

"Is that fine girl," said he, as he seated himself, "the Doctor's daughter?"

Mrs. Betty's affected modesty had been carried to an extreme by no means in her way, since the Colonel's, which was not affected, had ended the conversation in that sort of definite manner that rendered it impossible for her to recommence the subject of herself; his inquiry respecting the child, however, gave an opportunity she was resolved not to lose, of descanting on the want of character in Madam Bawsky, and to enhance the merit of possessing it in herself.

"Why, Sir," said Mrs. Betty, having finally adjusted the curtain, "no body hates censurableness more nor myself; because why, they are well kept that God keeps, and to be sure I had a virtuous bringing up, and all my brothers and sisters are well to do; but as to this here Madam Bawsky, though she rides about in that fine carriage now, along with that poor smock faced thing of a Doctor, more shame for her, she has got a husband of her own, a fine portly looking person, as I have heard my Mrs. Feversham say; and, poor gentlewoman, she knoed every body's business better nor her own."

The Colonel's seat began to grow uneasy; he looked his man John full in the face; the Doctor had been let in

in ſome minutes; the bell below had given notice, that a ſtranger waited; yet had Mrs. Betty's harangues on the moſt trifling ſubjects, ſomething in them ſo intereſting to her fellow ſervant, that he had lately more than once caught himſelf neglecting his own buſineſs by attending to her; and his maſter's look, at a period when his buſineſs was to be uſhering up the Doctor, inſtead of liſtening to the hiſtory of Madam Bawſky, called his truant ſenſes to their duty, which he haſtened to perform, reminding Mrs. Betty, as he left the room, that his honour could not bear much talking.

Mrs. Betty begged his honour's pardon; ſhe thought as he aſked about Miſs Bawſky, who, (hearing the Doctor's heavy tread on the ſtair, her voice now ſunk into a whiſper) who paſſed for Madam Bawſky's niece, or the Doctor's niece, or ſomebody's niece; but, however, all other nieces ſhe ever heard of, had fathers and mothers. "Now," added ſhe, winking and whiſpering ſtill lower, "this Miſs has only an aunt and uncle."

With all that rapidity of utterance for which Mrs. Betty was famed, it was as much as ſhe could poſſibly do, to get rid of the laſt ſentence before Doctor Croak —he—hem—he hem'd, and bowed himſelf into the room, when ſhe haſtened to finiſh the half told tale to one more inclined to liſten than her maſter: Not that John liked *cenſurableneſs*, as Mrs. Betty expreſſed it, but there was ſomething in the ſtory, or the relator, he did like, and ſo adjourned with her to the little parlour, becauſe there they could be ſnug, and hear the bell while liſtening to the hiſtory of Mrs. Bawſky, which, like many other good things in a gentleman's houſe, will come to the maſter when the ſervants have done with it.

The Doctor in the mean while had crept up to the Colonel, with bows as ſilent as if he had feared for the drums of his ears; and after being repeatedly requeſted to be ſeated, he-hem'd himſelf into a chair, and was attempting ſomething like a compliment, but was interrupted by the entrance of John, who having recollected his maſter's orders, had abruptly broken up his ſnug tête-à-tête with Mrs. Betty, in the very middle of the moſt critical and intereſting period of Madam Bawſky's life, namely, that in which ſhe firſt ſaw Doctor Croak, and

and as abruptly preſented the ſaid Doctor a piece of paper, in which, after a few more he-hems, the ſervant being again withdrawn, he read theſe words:

" *Miſtras bird,*

" My uſben beein liſted for a ſowgar i ham goin ater him has he as got mi lot to ſale with im has too Roſa i think has Docter Croke oft for too tak kar of ſhe but if he wunt ſhe muſt go to this paris for i ſhal never ſee ur eni mor ſo poor wench i pra to god to av marſi on ny por ſol an hal ſich por ſiners ſo no mor at preſen from your umbel ſarfant

ROSA WILKINS."

When Doctor Croak had read this curious epiſtle through, he looked, without a ſingle he-hem, at the Colonel, as if waiting for an explanation of the manner in which it was preſented to him; but excepting ſurpriſe at that circumſtance, his countenance betrayed no emotion; on the contrary, the calm manner in which he appeared to wait for the explanation, rather embarraſſed the Colonel; but as he, of all men, was leaſt conſcious of a deſign that ſhould ſhun inveſtigation, an ecclairciſſement ſoon took place, and the benevolent act and intention on one ſide, procured from the other all the information in his power to give.

Doctor Croak ſaid, " That being ſome years back, on particular buſineſs, at the houſe of a relation in Eſſex, he was requeſted, as an act of the greateſt humanity, to give his aſſiſtance to a poor woman in that neighbourhood, who had been many hours in labour, and was pronounced by the female accoucheur, to be in a dangerous ſtate; he accordingly went, and delivered her of a daughter, the little beggar who was at preſent the object of the Colonel's bounty;—that his charitable attendance, in the hour of diſtreſs, had entailed on him a perpetual plague; that her huſband and herſelf, who were at that time of ſober and induſtrious repute, ſoon after gave themſelves up to indolence and intemperance, and became ſo troubleſome where they lived, that they were paſſed to their ſettlement in Yorkſhire, from whence, after four years abſence, they returned to the neighbourhood of London; firſt to Eſſex, then to Surrey;—that he

he had recommended the man, to work at his trade, with the ſmith of the village, but for one day that he would work, he lay three about the village, him and his wife in a ſtate of brutal intoxication, and when the laſt penny was expended, his gate was conſtantly beſieged with their petitions for relief, which they generally obtained;—that they became ſuch nuiſances to the inhabitants, it was his interference only prevented their being not only removed, but puniſhed; but that this, his lenity, inſtead of reforming, had, as it ſeemed, only added to their vices, for that after every abſence they returned more deplorable and more abandoned than before;—that lately the woman and child appeared without the huſband;—that the laſt application he received from her was for a ſhilling, to pay the poſtage of a letter, which he underſtood was from the man, who he then, for the firſt time, heard had enliſted into a marching regiment, under orders to embark for America;—that the letter which ſhe ſhewed him, incloſed a ſmall draft for her expence to Portſmouth, where he had drawn her lot as one of the females permitted to embark with the regiment;—that he had no ſuſpicion of their intention to abandon their child, whoſe bad habits, however charitable he might feel inclined to be, and charity was his *weak ſide*, as well as the imbecility and diſorders ſhe muſt have contracted from drinking ſpirits, were inſuperable bars againſt any other efforts in her favour than ſending her to the pariſh."

A triple he-hem concluded the Doctor's ſpeech.

Colonel Buhanun had not ceaſed turning round and round his cephalic ſnuff-box from the beginning of the hiſtory of the birth, parentage, and education of the little beggar, to the Doctor's concluſive he-hem; he muſed a few ſeconds, and then allowed, if the caſe were exactly as the Doctor had ſtated it——

The Doctor declared, on his honour, at the ſame time ſpreading his hand on that part of the body where honour is ſuppoſed to reſide, that it was.

Well then, the Colonel allowed neither mother or child had, in that caſe, any other claims on him than might be naturally expected to reſult from the *weakneſs* he confeſſed himſelf ſubject to.

The

The Doctor with great modeſty again acknowledged his *weak ſide*; but he had, ſince he began practice in midwifery, brought ſome hundred children into the world, the major part of whom were of very poor parents; not, however, ſo poor, but, except in this one inſtance, they had all paid him, by fair means or foul, in meal or in malt, as the ſaying was; and if he were once, be the urgency or diſtreſs of the caſe what it would, to diſpenſe with payment; if he was to give way to his natural *weakneſs*, in behalf of all the children he brought into the world, what——

"Enough, enough, Sir," interrupted the Colonel; "charity, I plainly perceive, is your *weakneſs*——the charity that begins *at home*."

Doctor Croak bowed reſpect to that virtue he was too prudent to imitate. Colonel Buhanun's eccentricities, in compariſon with the immenſe wealth rumour's hundred tongues had been ſo liberal as to give him the reputation of, were nothings, mere ſpecks in the ſun; and as to his plain ſpeaking, rich men had a right to ſpeak how they pleaſe. Who could be more blunt, more inſolent, more overbearing, or more tyrannical than the Doctor himſelf, when and where he dared? Then the luſty lady, who waited with extreme patience in the carriage at the door, had, on the credit of his great wealth, charged her cher ami to make this viſit introductory to an improving connection.

The Doctor, therefore, with equal earneſtneſs and humility, endeavoured to exonerate himſelf from the cenſure of ſelfiſhneſs, and with ſome apparent reluctance adverted to ſituations which muſt ſubſtitute œconomy for generoſity.

A worm might guide Colonel Buhanun, when the world could not force him; his countenance ſoftened, and he admitted the Doctor's qualifying excuſes the readier, as he had, he ſaid, previouſly determined to provide at preſent for the little beggar himſelf.

The Doctor warmly commended an act ſo charitable! ſo benevolent: and ſo humane! ſo noble! ſo uncommon!!!

The moſt unacceptable thing that could be offered Colonel Buhanun was, that natural ſiſter of flattery, praiſe;

praiſe; he denied it to be at all uncommon for a man to act in a way that moſt contributed to his own eaſe and amuſement. "The child," he added, "anſwers both theſe ends to me; and when I return to India"——

"True, Sir, very true," interrupted Doctor Croak, having, as he ſuppoſed, fathomed the depth of the Colonel's charity, "you may then oblige the pariſh to take her."

Doctor Croak, when before his ſuperiors, generally ſpoke as he he-hem'd, in piano; but Col. Buhanun's forte exceeded, at this time, all rules of moderato: "Get out of my way, you little devil," ſaid he, riſing, to Roſa, who ſat between the greyhound and her doll at his feet, "get out of my way."

The Doctor roſe mechanically.

"And do you think, Sir," roared the Colonel, "that I have reſcued this poor innocent from ſtarving, juſt to feed my own caprice? D——n the girl, what is ſhe whimpering for! and that I will then return her to your pariſh, your beadle, and your knight?"

He-he-hem preceded an attempt of qualification; but though this was admitted in the Doctor's own caſe, the ſoul of Buhanun was above all ſalvos; his motives, his actions, his ſentiments, and his purſuits, were all in the ſtraight onward path of open ſincerity: In offices of kindneſs and benevolence, he often meant what he did not ſay; but never in any caſe did he ſay, what he did not mean.

"Oblige the pariſh to take her," rung on his ears; he looked fiercely at Doctor Croak, and fancied he ſaw in his diſeaſed viſage a more diſeaſed ſoul. The more the diſciple of Galen attempted to palliate the affront, the more perceptible did his mental deformity appear; and the luſty lady, with her blooming companion, received him into the carriage in deſpair of forming an intimacy with the blackamoor Colonel, from this introductory viſit.

The Doctor, humble and ſuppliant as the reader has ſeen him, was, nevertheleſs, at times and ſeaſons, a very great perſonage, and the luſty lady, into whoſe ample boſom he now poured forth the overflowing of his ſoul, a ſtill greater.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bawſky had vainly raiſed the rolling orbits of her refulgent eyes to the dreſſing-room where the blackamoor Colonel ſat; ſhe had anxiouſly watched every ſhadow of a ſhade that flitted by the window; and had ſeen his haſty ſtrides, as he traverſed the room, without arreſting one congenial glance. She had inſtructed Miſs Elenor Bawſky in the moſt graceful manner of making a curteſy the confined ſpace of the carriage would admit; when, which ſhe doubted not would happen, he ſhould ſend his compliments from the window in a polite bow; but no ſuch bow being made, the curtſey was of courſe ſpared.

The minutia of the interview, together with the certainty that the blackamoor Colonel muſt have ſeen the carriage with Madam Bawſky in it, paſſing and repaſſing his window, when, after waiting an age, the coachman exerciſed the horſes, without taking any more notice of, or about her, than if the village of Penry had not been honoured by her reſidence, were indignities it was not in nature to forgive; ſhe caſt a glance of defiance at the window, pulled up the glaſs, and ordered the ſervants home with the air of Queen Beſs, and a voice unbroken by that deſcription of ſound called the ſilver ſweet.

CHAP. IV.

Shewing how a village Doctor may riſe, and how a modern wife may ſink into notoriety.

THE editor begs a thouſand, and ten thouſand pardons of her polite readers, ſuppoſing ſhe ſhould be honoured with any ſuch, for the vulgar people and low ſcenes into which per force the memoirs of a beggar muſt introduce them.

But notwithſtanding no creature living has a more due and profound reſpect for the higher order of ſociety, which all ranks know they merit; though no body can be more juſtly impreſſed with admiration of the honourable

ble men and virtuous women who at this time are, to the aſtoniſhment of one part of the little world, and the terror of the other, whipping and ſpurring through this ſhort life with as much zeal and induſtry, as if they had any reaſonable hope of a comfortable ſituation in the next; yet as, to the eternal diſgrace of the police, which, to be ſure, ſhould order theſe matters better, there are ſuch things as little folk, who have the preſumption to breathe the ſame atmoſpere with the greateſt of the great, and by the up and down jumble of chance, not only mingle their paltry intereſts in the grand movements of high life, but ſometimes actually ſwim on the ſurface, like common oil on the richeſt wines; and as, moreover, the editor of this marvellous hiſtory has never had courage to ranſack caſtles of her own building, penetrate black foreſts of her own grow'ng, or ranſack the bowels of the earth for terrors, natural, and ſupernatural: as ſhe draws no characters from monſters the world never ſaw, nor carries her readers to the bleſſed country of Eldorado, where no body can go, but is content to glean materials from the luxuriant harveſt of real life, to frame a ſtory for her bookſeller, herſelf, and thoſe grand ſupporters of genius, *novel readers*, the inconvenience is no way to be avoided. After this long and indeed the editor thinks, very clever apology, ſhe hopes ſhe may be pardoned for introducing to the acquaintance of her readers, Thomas and Margaret Croak; the former a labouring gardener, and the latter a feeder of hogs, crammer of poultry, milker of cows, and fattener of calves, at a ſubſtantial farmer's in the neighbourhood of Norwich. Thomas having travelled in ſearch of preferment into Kent, found it in a quarter of an acre of ground on which ſtood a ſhed with one room and a hole, he returned, married Margaret, and carried her home.

Never were a more induſtrious pair, nor was induſtry ever more amply crowned with ſucceſs.

In this ſhed were two ſons born to Thomas and Margaret; the younger of whom will make great way, both in the world and this hiſtory. The children grew, no doubt, in favor of their parents; but Jackey, the hero who was born to have his name preceded by M. D.

coming

coming into the world in the middle of a fine cherry ſeaſon, when the improved and improving circumſtances of Thomas and Margaret had put them into a good humour not only with the world, but each other, eſtabliſhed him a favourite.

Indeed all that ſtory of ſhaking ſouls from a bag, to be driven about at the ſport of the elements, was done away in the union of this good couple, theirs were each other's exact fellow; while he was digging, planting, and ſetting in this ſame quarter of an acre, ſhe was crying her round and ſound black and white heart cherries, Burgundy pears, Orlean plumbs, filberts, and golden pippins, through the town; and ſo, by the time the eldeſt ſon could add his ſhrill pipe to that of his ſeaſoned mother, the youngeſt was ſent in whole clothes to a little ſchool in the neighbourhood, where Goody Croak aſſured all the gentlefolks, who bought her round and ſounds, that Jacky was larning to be a great ſchollard.

Thomas and Margaret went on, honeſt, induſtrious, and proſperous; the eldeſt ſon a working gardener, the younger a ſchollard, till they firſt rented, and then purchaſed a conſiderable portion of land, which their excellent management turned to the double uſe, and conſequently double profit, of garden and farm,—the hedge rows and borders bore fruit, and the fields produced corn in abundance.

Money pouring in from all quarters; their land well cropped, their houſe well furniſhed, and themſelves proving by their looks they were well fed; poor Goody Croak began to diſcover ſhe was a very unfortunate woman, inaſmuch as ſhe could not make her ſon Tom a ſchollard, and her ſon Jackey a gentleman; a grievance which, after all her toiling and moiling, riſing early and going to bed late, was now irremediable. But in the midſt of the moſt dire calamity, a ſpark of comfort will appear, if encouraged; and ſomebody who was not, it is preſumed, quite a conjurer, having aſſured the old woman, both characters might be included in one, ſhe reſolved to have Jackey a doctor, which would unite the ſchollard and the gentleman, and ſo make her the proud mother of both.

The

The old man vainly remonſtrated againſt an arrangement ſo heterogeneous, as making *his* ſon a gentleman; but goody had collected ſo much caſh, by her crying the round and ſounds, that ſhe obtained, and tenaciouſly preſerved, a very conſiderable balance of power, which ſhe always exerted in favour of her darling Jackey.

Jackey's beauty too, in his poor doating mother's eye, became no leſs conſpicuous than his larning; and as, if Jackey lived to be a man, Jackey would no doubt marry, and as if Jackey did marry, to be ſure it would be to a great fortune. She ſet about finding a ſituation for him, where his prettineſs would have due effect.

Chance did all for the Croaks; there was a Doctor Harrel in the town, of great practice and reputation, who had two daughters; neither of theſe could poſſibly live with Jackey ſeven years without wiſhing to be Mrs. Croak; but as both might wiſh to have Jackey, and it was plain, Jackey could not have both, ſhe contented herſelf with directing his choice to the eldeſt, in mere regard to precedence; and having in her own mind ſettled the wedding and ſucceſſion to the buſineſs, ſhe paid the apprentice fee with great glee, and returned to her round and ſounds.

Every thing went well with the Croaks while they were content with their labour, and enjoyed the ſweets of induſtry with moderation; but their good genius entirely deſerted them, when they refined into gentility.

Jackey's expences diſtracted the old man, and obliged his mother to keep the peace, by privately robbing the common purſe for his genteel diſburſements; for his apprenticeſhip expired without crediting one of her calculations; the Miſs Harrels laughed at his folly, and deſpiſed his arrogance; and their father was rejoiced to get rid of a conceited upſtart, while he was ſtill in full poſſeſſion of his faculties and increaſing buſineſs.

What was to be done with Jackey now? for he was all his mother's care; Tom the eldeſt ſhe left to his other and more natural mother, the earth.

All the polite ſprigs of medicine, whoſe parents are born before them, get finiſhed by walking the hoſpitals.

Again the poor mother's faith to her huſband vaniſhed before the vanity of her ſon. Jackey was ſo finely dreſſed,

dreſſed, and had ſo much money to ſpend, that he was heartily aſhamed of the means by which it was ſupplied, and found out that no part of the little family had common ſenſe but himſelf.

In this diſpoſition of mind Jackey reſolved to rely on his own ſimple merit; and ſimple enough it proved; for hearing of a ſituation at a ſea-port, where a fortune had been made by a ſurgeon of eminence, it was eaſy to perſuade his fond mother he was eligible to the ſucceſſion, and that there was nothing wanting to eſtabliſh him at the top of profeſſion but a little money.

Home went goody, and never reſted herſelf, or let her huſband reſt, till the land ſo well cultivated, in ſuch fine order, ſo productive, and ſo pleaſant, went to the hammer; to the unſpeakable anguiſh of poor Tom, who had been an inceſſant labourer to encreaſe the value of what, as the *gentleman* engroſſed all the preſent profits, he naturally and juſtly expected would be eventually his own and his children's; for he was married, and had a family. He would have remonſtrated; but what was the whole world in competition with Jackey's preferment.

Well, we now ſee Jackey raiſed to Doctor Croak; ſettled with his father and mother in his new houſe; the old woman, one of her eyes dancing with joy at her ſon's gentility, the other dropping ſalt rheum at the rapid decreaſe of her property.

Maſter Jackey had no ſooner teazed his mother out of an eſtabliſhment as ſurgeon and apothecary, than he took it into his head he was born for ſtill nobler ends. He applied himſelf to ſtudy, and was in expectation of making an immenſe fortune by inventions no leſs novel than abſtruſe. So intenſe was his application, and ſo profound his diſcoveries, that in a ſhort time he propoſed to read lectures on a method of making rhubarb from walnut-ſhells, verdigriſe from muſhrooms, and changing the garden pea into white pepper. For theſe purpoſes all the cellars and ſpare rooms were filled; veſſels made on purpoſe, ſuch as never before nor ſince were thought of; and while he was purſuing chimera, after chimera, as he forſook the buſineſs, that in turn, forſook him. Old Croak inſiſted he was mad, and placed the little of his property

property that remained in the funds, a cruel reſtraint was obliged to be laid on Jackey's genius for want of ways and means.

There was, however, ſtill one card to play; Jackey might yet make his fortune by marriage.

The only daughter of a Welch ſquire, whoſe too tender heart had ſurrendered itſelf to a handſome plowman, was ſent to the place of Jackey's reſidence, by way of a temporary retirement, and Jackey engaged to attend her.

Mrs. Croak heard ſo much from an old ſervant, under whoſe care the Welch heireſs was, of the family ſhe had diſgraced! what an heireſs ſhe would be! and how the land ſhe would inherit flowed with milk and honey! that ſhe clapped up a wedding in her own idea before the young lady had dropped the convenient Mrs. added to her name, and reaſſumed Miſs; when that, however, was done, the poor girl dreading a return to the reproaches of her family, and contempt of her acquaintance, liſtened to his propoſals with great condeſcenſion, and became Mrs. Croak within three months after her confinement.

The marriage of Jackey to an heireſs was a ſovereign balm to all the Croaks; and nothing was now wanting but to obtain her papa's forgiveneſs and aſcertain the value of her eſtates.

Contrary to expectation, a forgiveneſs and invitation to the young pair followed the very firſt application; and they ſet off in a poſtchaiſe, with reiterated charges to Jackey from his mother, to write all about his wife's fortune.

They were received with affection, and entertained with hoſpitality; but, oh grief of griefs! every foot of the land was mortgaged to its full value; and three hundred pounds, the gift of a godmother, payable on the day of marriage, the great heireſs's whole fortune, on which the Croaks had reckoned for a re-imburſement of all the ſums advanced to their genteel ſon, but which he had ſecretly reſolved ſhould only be devoted to the ſupport of his walnuts, muſhroom, and garden pea experiments.

Under this diſappointment however, Jackey ſhewed himſelf a philoſopher.

He

He had been often mortified at the neceſſity he was under of bearing his father's company and reproofs, and was ill enough inclined to return to a roof where reproach and contradiction attended all his ingenious diſcoveries, from a father who paid no homage to his ſuperior excellence.

Three hundred pounds was a ſmall ſum indeed to what he had got from time to time from his induſtrious parents; but it was more than he ever had before in poſſeſſion of his own, and he thought would be inexhauſtible. He wrote to a chymiſt in London, to enquire after a ſituation that would not require a great capital, and received by return of poſt a welcome addreſs to the then ſurgeon and apothecary of Penry.

Inſtead of returning to his expecting family he poſted to London, and from thence to Penry with his bride and her three hundred, which by ſome preſents from her friends, had increaſed near a hundred more; and having paid down two hundred for the good will of the buſineſs, was quite ſettled before his family thought he had left Wales.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the rage of the father, the grief of the mother, or the conſternation of their ſon Tom. There remained out of two thouſand pounds advanced him at different times, a ſhop full of empty gallipots, divers electrical apparatus, a collection of odd ſhaped veſſels made by his particular directions, of which no mortal knew the uſe; a cellar crammed with walnut-ſhells, ditto muſhrooms all rotten, and a garret with the floor breaking in by the weight of garden peas.

Out of evil cometh good, ſaith the wiſe man: Thomas Croak, enraged at ſeeing every thing ſacrificed to his brother's gentility, and vexed to find every patient for whoſe cuſtom his lands had gone one way, going another, had applied himſelf with ſuch diligence to know the common remedies for colds, ſore throats, and fevers, and had ſtudied dog latin with ſuch ſucceſs, that he had kept a few ſtraggling cuſtomers that remained together, during what he thought would be Jackey's ſhort abſence.

What Thomas wanted in learning and gentility, he made up in diligence and induſtry, and by degrees did more than his brother had ever done,—got his own living.

Meanwhile our village Doctor, having now no money to waſte in experiments, amuſed himſelf by entering into quarrels and litigations, that he might ſhew he underſtood law as well as phyſic.

His wife, now her fortune was ſunk, was the greateſt idiot, and moſt unworthy ſuch a huſband of any woman living.

Mrs. Croak, though a well meaning inoffenſive woman in her way, had a ſpecies of the Cambrian ſpirit, and did ſometimes retort; this her high minded ſpouſe could not bear; words preceded blows, and Doctor Croak's credit fell as he became notorious for beating his wife; impertinence to his ſuperiors; quarrels with his equals; tyranny to his inferiors; ingratitude to his friends, and unforgiveneſs of his enemies; in debt to every body who would give him credit, and mercileſs to thoſe wretched few who were in debt to him.

Young, friendleſs, amid ſtrangers, and far divided from all her natural connexions, Mrs. Croak's health became affected by the inquietude of her mind, and it pleaſed heaven to releaſe her from miſery at a very early period of life, leaving one ſon, with her laſt and earneſt prayer to heaven and her huſband, that he might be treated with kindneſs.

This event, with the embarraſſment of his circumſtances, awakened all the dormant tenderneſs of his fond mother; ſhe arrived at Penry before his wife was buried, and brought with her a warm heart and full purſe; ſo that the extreme poverty with which he had ſtruggled, ſince he had loſt the cuſtom of every being who could go or ſend to the next village, was no more ſeen at his table, nor heard from petty duns at his door.

His father ſoon after died, and bequeathed the wreck of his fortune between the widow and eldeſt ſon, who now left the ſphere into which neceſſity had forced him, and returned to that which was more congenial to his abilities and nature.

Mrs. Croak, though aged, continued active in her ſpirit, and vigorous in her perſon; ſhe eſtabliſhed regular œconomy in the little family; and her ſon having worn out himſelf, as well as his neighbours, in diſputes, attended to buſineſs, and was by dint of the newly adopted

adopted proceſs of induſtry, beginning to get on, when an event happened that entirely altered all his arrangements; and though no change of circumſtance could change the inward man, it was from this period that he began to ſuſpect there was a ſyſtem of gentility very different from that laid down by his honoured mother.

Mrs. Bawſky was the legal help-mate of an officer of rank, who having the misfortune to loſe the confidence of his royal maſter, by an accident more perhaps the reſult of a combination of unlucky events, than want of proper zeal in his department, fell from that moment into the utter contempt of his wife; ſo that when the creſt fallen gentleman retired from Southampton, where he was hourly mortified by the coolneſs of his brother officers, to a beautiful retreat, where he wiſhed to loſe all recollection of the paſt in the two bleſſings he thought he poſſeſſed, a good wife and moderate competence, he found his expectation in the latter only realized.

That Mrs. Bawſky had a great ſoul, we will not diſpute, but it was the effect and not the cauſe that operated on her, to the diſadvantage of her huſband, with whom no perſuaſions could prevail on her to retire from a world's eye, that ſunk in fame, and wounded in honour as he was, looked him into confuſion.

The unhappy officer for ſome time indulged her with an eſtabliſhment in town, while he planned and regulated one in the country, ſtill cheriſhing the fond hope, that ſhe who had paſſed the ſeaſon of life when frivolity has ſome excuſe, would not always perſiſt in a conduct ſo unnatural and unmatron like, in its decline.

While Mrs. Bawſky ſhone in diamonds, the gift of her diſpiſed huſband; while her name was at the top of the ſubſcribers' liſt to every ball; while ſhe led in all the faſhionable amuſements; while the humble children of Theſpis, who viſited the town, courted her patronage, it was not of any very great conſequence where, or how her forlorn huſband paſſed his heavy hours.

But, when, weary of her obſtinacy, and alarmed at a continued courſe of expence which his fortune would not maintain, he ſpoke to her in the language of probity and common ſenſe; when after proving he could not ſupport two eſtabliſhments, he was ſo cruel as to inſiſt

on her giving up her's, then it was her great ſoul took fire; indignation, tears, hyſterics, remonſtrances, appeals to friends, and friends' interference, were all ſucceſſively tried, and tried in vain.

If the officer's courage had been impeached, his integrity was unſullied; he had through life adhered to the unfaſhionable cuſtom of paying his debts, which he knew could not be done if his expence doubled his income, and therefore was immoveable.

This perſeverance in the right was a ſort of indignity no lady could forgive, whoſe conſcience whiſpered ſhe, though equally perſevering, was in the wrong, and ſhe inſiſted on a ſeparation.

The officer, without being paſſionately attached to a very plain woman in her 47th year, ſubject to all the diſorders a voluptuous life entails on its decline, wiſhed to enjoy that quiet in retirement which he was deprived of in the great world, and anxious to paſs his vale of years with the object that had been familiar to his meridian, reaſoned and re-reaſoned; but his moderation ſerved only to encreaſe the tempeſt that at laſt overcame him, and he reluctantly ſigned articles of ſeparation, with an allowance of 250l. a-year.

So far Mrs. Bawſky carried it with a high hand, and proved herſelf to be of that brilliant deſcription of females, who can bear any and every thing except controul; but alas! what can a high ſpirited lady of ton do with a few diamonds and 250l a-year.

True, the magic circle was ſtill open to her; ſhe might ſtill breathe in it; but adieu to the agreeable hurry of ſplendid entertainments; farewell balls; her name muſt be eraſed from the firſt column of the ſubſcription liſt; no longer her door would be beſet on the benefit nights of the theatre, nor the velocity of her carriage wheels render the road hazardous to the obſcure pedeſtrian. Her's was a long farewell to greatneſs; affluence, credit, honour, and reſpect, departed with her huſband; and with her remained, a proud unſubdued ſpirit; a mind that in her preſent ſituation could neither bear nor forbear company; and a numerous liſt of cold acquaintance without one friend.

In this deplorable predicament ſhe wrote to a caſual acquaintance,

acquaintance, to recommend her to board in the country; that acquaintance mentioned her to Doctor Croak; and ſmall as was the ſum of 25cl. per ann. to ſupport a Southampton belle, it was an immenſity to pay for a lady's board at a poor apothecary's in the village of Penry.

See, then, the proud woman, who once, under the ſanction of her huſband's office, filled a ſort of regal dignity, abandon a gentleman's eſtabliſhment and ſociety; ſee her domeſticated in the ill appointed houſe of a mean man, whoſe low breeding and confined notions were the leaſt of his faults; ſee her companioned with an ignorant old garden woman, and ſpending every ſhilling of her income raiſing the credit of Margaret Croak's genteel Jackey.

But though in ſcenes ſo new, the elegant notions of ſo refined a genius could not aſſimilate with the common rules of ſociety, a friendſhip the moſt firm, moſt refined, moſt diſintereſted, moſt platonic, and may be, for there are who ſay the thing, though improbable, is not impoſſible, the moſt *virtuous*, was formed between the widower Doctor Croak and the married Mr. Bawſky.

Her information and experience opened a field of unhoped and unheard of enjoyments to the Doctor, who under her influence, though torn to pieces with the chronic complaints reſulting from high diſhes and indolence, was yet, maugre gout in hands and feet, able to chaſtiſe his own mother!!!

Stung at the diſcoveries her ignorance was every hour making, he totally forgot that natural habits are hard to conquer, and that if Madam Bawſky was proud of having been a Southampton belle, Mrs. Croak was, from exactly the ſame ultimate cauſe, proud of having ſold the beſt cherries in all Kent.

His houſe became again a ſcene of low contention, not indeed with a wife, heaven had releaſed her, but the poor old woman, whoſe natural voice had been ſo often ſtrained by crying round and ſound cherries to make Jackey a gentleman, now ſhocked every compaſſionate hearer with repetitions of his unnatural barbarity; and he who in the face of his ſervants curſed his own mother,

was ſolemnly and bitterly curſed by them, the moment he was out of hearing.

Among other improvements introduced by Mrs. Bawſky at Doctor Croak's, was a crazy ſecond hand chariot, in which, either to enjoy every moment of his delightful converſation, or to tell ſmall folks what they before knew, that ſhe had at leaſt an equal ſhare in the ſhew, ſhe patiently ſat waiting at the gate of the rich, at the door of the middling, and at the hovel of the poor, while the Doctor got out to viſit his patient.

This excited the envy of old Mrs. Croak, who notwithſtanding her hard uſage, was ſtill proud of Jackey and his chariot; in which ſhe thought ſhe had as great a right to diſtinguiſh herſelf as Madam Bawſky.

Madam Bawſky thought otherways, and grew at length ſo weary of having her authority diſputed, and the good Doctor alſo growing more aſhamed of what he *had been*, in the ſecret triumph of what he *now was*, after a very ſmart and tolerable loud dialogue between his mother and virtuous friend, very fairly turned the former, at the age of eighty, out of doors, and inveſted the latter with all the honours of his houſe.

Some ladies would not have liked this ſituation, and this ſituation would not have liked ſome ladies; but an old woman of eighty, beat and turned out of doors by her own ſon, and a married woman, the wife of a gentleman, living in all the reciprocal indefinite tenderneſs of Platoniſm, with a man, who, if nature had been her own journeyman, would have been a knight of the blue ribbon, was the wonder of a day only at Penry: The quality of the vicinity, like their betters, preferred any place to their own home. Mrs. Bawſky gave the beſt ſuppers in the neighbourhood, played at cards, and wore diamonds; ſo nobody could be more the thing. A ſhort time too again changed the face of affairs; for after this precious union had laſted two or three years, the fine girl whom Mrs. Betty deſcribed as ſome body or other's, was introduced at Doctor Croak's, as niece, and a little confounded the quality of Penry.

Mr. Thomas Croak, only brother to Dr. John Croak, who, as we have ſaid, had long thrown phyſic to the dogs, and recommenced his operations on terra firma, had

had daughters, but they were, from conſtantly viſiting their grandmother, all known at Penry: The young ſtranger could not therefore be the *Doctor's* niece. Neither Mrs. Bawſky nor her huſband, had ſiſter or brother: How then could ſhe be her niece? Thus cavilled the quality of Penry; but like the former wonder, this ſoon ceaſed to be one; and the ſooner, as during the laſt two or three years there had been other things introduced into the Doctor's eſtabliſhment rather more inexplicable than the pretty niece, ſince, as Mrs. Betty ſaid, ſhe belonged to Madam Bawſky ſome how or other.

But who the money that bought land, built the houſe, turned the Doctor's ſideboard of plated furniture into ſilver, and changed the old crazy chariot with the carrion horſes into a handſome new one, and ſuitable appointments, belonged to, no creature in or out of Penry could ſo much as gueſs.

Theſe extraordinary circumſtances, ſo far from injuring the Doctor's practice, had greatly increaſed it. He proudly declared, he did not want buſineſs; for which reaſon it crowded on him. There certainly was an enigma about him; but, as how ever the money came, the Doctor had it; and as Mrs. Bawſky ſhared in all the gratifications it procured, with nothing wanting but the death of her obſtinate long living huſband to render her friendſhip a life laſting one. By the time this hiſtory commences, people had grown weary of wonder; the Doctor, with his *virtuous* friend, were allowed to be rich and reſpectable; and ſo much wrapped up in their niece, that her health, improvement, and pleaſure, was the real buſineſs of their lives.

But what is become of the Doctor's ſon all this while?

His ſon! oh, he is turned out of doors with his grandmother.

Impoſſible!

We will ſee anon.

CHAP. V.

Shewing the public the bleſſing of an active magiſtrate, and how a bloody, barbarous, and inhuman murder, had like to have been found out.

MRS. Betty, to whom Roſa had flown, when frightened from her patron, felt herſelf, ſhe ſaid, in an oddiſh kind of fluſteration; ſhe could not make out what whim poſſeſſed her maſter to ſend for the Doctor, and keep Madam Bawſky waiting ſo long, only to quarrel with him. To confeſs the truth, Betty's fluſteration was the reſult of diſappointment; it had been her cuſtom from infancy, to make herſelf acquainted with the ſecrets of her employers, if it could be done by hook or by crook, and ſhe had by long uſe become ſo familiar with the key holes, that few things eſcaped her.

When John broke up the ſnug tête-à-tête in the little parlour, Mrs. Betty followed his haſty ſtep up ſtairs, and was within a hair's-breadth of her favourite poſt, when he hurried out of the room again, and took his on the landing-place, from whence he did not ſtir till he attended the Doctor to the carriage; ſo that poor Mrs. Betty's fluſteration had continued full two hours, when the Colonel's bell rung twice, the ſignal for Roſa, and in ruſhed the eager Betty, with the child hanging to her gown, not daring to ſkip as uſual to her benefactor: He extended his hand, ſcarce able to articulate, the tremor on his voice, and rheum in his eyes. His "What's the matter, child?" was followed by her ſudden ſpring round his neck, and a flood of tears on his boſom. After a few moments Betty was ordered to withdraw, and John to attend.

"How ſoon can we leave this curſed place, John?" ſaid the Colonel.

John recoiled ſeveral ſteps, with horror in his look. "Curſed place! Penry a curſed place! the moſt ſalubrious air, the beſt water, the——"

The Colonel ſaw the ſurpriſe, the pain he inflicted.

"Certain

" Certain events, friend John," continued he, " has long ſince embittered all my hope—embittered! it has deſtroyed. Thou haſt ſeen me at a period of life, when others are all happy expectation, abhorring exiſtence."

" Pleaſe your honour," anſwered John, with a flouriſh of the right arm,

" There is a tide in the affairs of men, which——"

" True, John," interrupted the Colonel, " and mine is for ever loſt: I abhor exiſtence."

John's arm and countenance fell.

" Pleaſe your honour," anſwered he, by degrees aſſuming his theatrical attitude,

" He is truly valiant that can ſuffer wiſely;"

" and though your honour did kill a gentleman, I am ſure you did it like a gentleman and a ſoldier."

" A ſoldier! friend John; a ſoldier's ſword ſhould not be drawn but in the ſervice of his prince, and defence of his country. If then it be drenched to the hilt in blood, it returns in crimſon glory to the ſcabbard; but when drawn, as mine has been; when ſtained with kindred blood, dearer, ah how much dearer! than the vital ſtream which from that fatal hour has dropped in agony from my own heart. Oh, friend John! through all the varying ſcenes of life's buſy drama, it hangs ſuſpended by a ſingle hair over the ſoul; while unavailing ſorrow and bitter regret lays waſte all the faculties of the body. 'Tis that which marks my haggard brow, and robs me of reſt."

" To be ſure, Sir," but John did not flouriſh his arm,

" Sorrow breaks ſeaſons and repoſing hours;"

But

" Self-love is not ſo vile a thing
" As ſelf-neglecting."

" This curſed bile, for which they drove me from India! Thinkeſt thou it was the effects of the climate? no, 'tis the hell within."

" Ah, Sir!" John was not yet in cue to flouriſh his arm,

" The patient muſt therein miniſter to himſelf."

"This little animal, by renewing a train of ideas long ſince conſigned to oblivion, has both ſoothed and tormented me; ſhe amuſes and diſtreſſes; ſhe is indeed become dear, very dear to me; and I could have loitered here till my leave of abſence was expired; but that unfeeling Doctor——"

"I thought," ſaid John, with renovated ſpirit, "you could not diſlike the place."

At this moment a kind of indiſtinct noiſe ſtopped the Colonel, and carried his man to the door. Betty was on the ſecond ſtep of the upper ſtair, pale as aſhes, in the act, as John thought, of aſcending. He again ſhut the door, and returned to the back of his maſter's chair, repeating, "He was ſure his honour could not diſlike Penry."

"No," reſumed the Colonel; "but the idea of this little creature's falling again into the power of that wiſe Knight, and this charitable Doctor, haunts me. I have buſineſs in London. It will be diſreſpectful to defer longer paying my duty at the India-Houſe; and then, when I have taken ſome care of this poor child, we will have a month at Bath, and——"

Whatever reluctance John might feel at again parting with his native village, his ſyſtem was willing obedience; he preſumed not to put a wiſh of his own in competition with his maſter's pleaſure; and therefore ſtood in the attitude of attention, waiting for orders.

"Get the chaiſe to the door to-morrow morning, and give the ſervants notice of their diſcharge."

John ſighed and bowed.

The Colonel twirled his ſnuff-box, "Thou art ſorry to leave thy home, John, but—"

John coloured, "I hope your honour," ſaid he, "I ſhall always have the grace to know my home is in your honour's ſervice."

"If thou haſt a mind to ſtay in England."

"Who me! your honour; Jack Brown ſtay in England, while his honoured maſter is expoſing his precious life!"

John burſt into tears, and ruſhed out of the room.

While John was with his maſter, there was nothing to prevent a conjunction between the ear of Mrs. Betty and the

the key-hole of the door. She had ſtood with breathleſs attention, gaſping for diſcoveries, till ſtunned as with a ſudden clap of thunder, and almoſt annihilated with horror, ſhe underſtood that her maſter, the gentleſt of all human beings, who would rather leave the path to a creeping reptile than tread on it, had actually committed murder, and that a ſword hung by a ſingle hair over his ſoul.

Now, as Betty had heard of the ſword of juſtice, and no other ſword could poſſibly aſſimilate with her ideas, except the one hanging peaceably in the ſcabbard by the Colonel's bed; when the ſecond ſtroke aſſailed her terrified ear, in the reſolution to quit Penry, what could ſhe conclude but that Doctor Croak, ſome how or other, knew of the murder, and that her maſter was afraid of being hanged? But horror at the confeſſed murder, was little to the idea of loſing a place where ſhe was ſole and uncontrouled miſtreſs; where ſhe paid all the bills, and got perquiſites before unknown; where ſhe had a fellow ſervant, who, beſides many civil things ſince the waſhing operation of the beggar, had hinted, that if old Parker at the White Horſe died, and the Colonel ſettled in England, he did not know any where he ſhould like ſo well to fix, with a good clever manager; which laſt hint could only allude to herſelf, he having often complimented her on that head. The idea of all theſe loſſes and croſſes ſo engroſſed poor Betty, that ſhe had not preſence of mind to ſeparate her ear from its old acquaintance, the key-hole, before John, with his face bathed in tears, ruſhed, as we ſaid, out of another door.

Surpriſe, diſappointment, and grief, on one hand, and ſhame of detection, and fear of conſequences, on the other, now ſo overpowered Mrs. Betty, that ſhe burſt into that ſort of hyſterical affectation which is dignified by many of the tender ſex by the appellation of fits; and moſt audibly did ſhe ſob and ſcream the moment ſhe beheld John, and perceived he alſo beheld her.

The truth is, John, whoſe heart was fraught with the milk of human kindneſs, had a little liking for Betty, and a great ſtock of good will towards all the ſons and daughters of Adam. He ſuſpected ſhe had been liſtening, but, as the oral felony had inflicted its own puniſhment,

ment, he would not aggravate her misfortune, by expoſing her to the certain diſpleaſure of her maſter.

The Colonel called to know what was the matter; but being anſwered by John, "Nothing," ſhut his door, and reſumed an amuſement that had lately afforded him much pleaſure, which was contemplating the features of the little beggar.

"I am going to leave you, Roſa," ſaid he.

"Do you know," ſaid ſhe, hanging fondly round his neck, "you will be whipped for two things, if you don't leave them off."

"And, pray, what are they?"

"Saying naughty words and telling fibs."

"Indeed! well, but I am not telling fibs now; I am really going away."

"And me too?"

"No, no; I am going a very long way."

"Indeed, indeed, I'll run after you."

"But you cannot run faſt enough."

"Oh but I can; don't you know how faſt I run after you one day in my big ſhoes, and when I had ſore toes, and ſure I can run faſter and better, now my toes are well, and I have theſe fine ſhoes. Do you know who gave me theſe ſhoes?"

"Why, who did?"

"Who, why you, you dear beautiful pretty little creature,—you gave me every thing, when I was a poor little girl, and had a bad mammy and ſore legs; and do you think I won't run after you; beſides no body will let me love them but you."

The little careſſes that accompanied the artleſs court which infant gratitude was effectually paying to the Colonel's affections, added to their force; he bid her begone, for a little flatterer, while he fondly preſſed her to his heart, and he ſet off for London next morning more intent on taking care of Nelly than paying his reſpects at the India-Houſe.

John had in the mean time exerted all his power, both of proſe and poetry, to conſole Mrs. Betty, and reconcile her to the decrees of fate.

"Fortune, my dear Betty," ſaid he;

"Fortune

" Fortune never comes with both hands full;
" But writes her fair words in fouleſt letters:
" She either gives a ſtomach and no food;
" Such are the poor in health: or elſe a feaſt,
" And takes away the ſtomach. Such are——"

" A fiddle faddle," cried Betty, in a pet, " ſome folks can ſtomach any thing."

Before Colonel Buhanun had left Penry one hour, all the conjectured as well as aſſigned cauſes for ſo unexpected an event, which at that time filled the prolific brain of Mrs. Betty, were circulated through the village. It was indeed altogether impoſſible for her to tell what ſhe did not know; but as far as believe, ſuppoſe, conclude, &c. &c. goes, at all the ſhops, at the White-Horſe, at Doctor Croak's, at Lawyer Creed's, and laſtly at Muſhroom-place, Mrs. Betty's communications and illuſtrations were known and canvaſſed, excepting only the part of the ſtory that concerned the Doctor; that indeed was, as uſual, concealed from the parties moſt concerned—himſelf and Mrs. Bawſky.

It was a pity, a ſin, a ſhame, and a wonder,—no pity, no ſin, no ſhame, and no wonder, according to the various ſentiments of different people: To Madam Bawſky his guilt accounted for his monſtrous rudeneſs; to the wealthy for his contempt of money; to the tradeſmen for his liberal payment of their bills; and to the poor, for the benefits beſtowed on them, on the old principle, " that charity covereth a multitude of ſins." And ſo poor Mrs. Betty having unburthened her full heart to about an hundred confidants, under ſeal of inviolable ſecrecy, thought ſhe might as well ſtep acroſs the paddock, juſt to impart her ſorrows to a few friends at Muſhroom-place.

Sir Solomon was at the moment he ſaw her approach, devouring with greedy ear the whole hiſtory, brought by his houſekeeper from the village; a hiſtory which a young man, who ſat over half a glaſs of wine at the bottom of the table, took the liberty of contradicting in toto, on the ſcore of utter improbability notwithſtanding Sir Solomon declared that he had ſuſpected the atrocity of the Colonel's diſpoſition from the hour he firſt beheld

beheld him; for that, like the firſt murderer, Cain, he carried the mark on his forehead.

The youth had ſeen him many times, and diſcovered nothing on his forehead but open benevolence and ill health.

The Knight ironically complimented him on his Lavaterean ſcience, and ordered Mrs. Betty to be ſhewn into the eating room where he was ſitting.

"I am ſorry to hear, Mrs. Betty——Drink a glaſs of wine, child, to raiſe your ſpirits."

At this hint Mrs. Betty's ſpirits were obliged, in honour, to ſink very low.

"Oh dear!" quoth Mrs. Betty.

"Your maſter, I hear, poor unhappy man."

Mrs. Betty applied a handkerchief to her eyes with as much dignity of ſorrow as if ſhe had ſtudied Cleopatra under John's inſtructions.

"Well, well, the world is very wicked; but we won't talk of it."

"Oh dear no, Sir, pray don't," ſobbed Mrs. Betty.

"To be ſure, child, it muſt be vaſtly ſhocking to you."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" again ſobbed Betty.

"Between you and me, Mrs. Betty, I always ſaw it."

"To be ſure, your honour," and Mrs. Betty returned her handkerchief to her pocket, "he had a comicaliſh ſort of a caſt in his eyes."

"A caſt do you call it? 'twas ferocious, canine, downright blood-thirſty."

The whole figure, gentle voice, and mild look of the beſt of maſters juſt then flaſhed on Mrs. Betty's recollection; but on Sir Solomon's adding, "Don't you think ſo?" ſhe took the ſecond offered glaſs of Madeira, to raiſe her ſpirits, and curteſying to the ground, was exactly of his worſhip's opinion.

His worſhip darted a look more ferocious and canine than any he had ever ſeen from Colonel Buhanun, at the youth who had not yet ſipped his half glaſs of wine, and civilly diſmiſſed Mrs. Betty.

But although Sir Solomon Muſhroom *ſaid* he was, on the credit of Mrs. Betty's relation, and the evidence of the

the poor Colonel's wicked eyes, ſo entirely convinced of his guilt; though no body in the village pretended to doubt but the blackamoor Colonel deſerved to be hanged, excepting the before mentioned youth; though even the poor, who had been fed by his bounty, conſidered his charity as a kind of compoſition for the murder; there was one other perſon whom even *he* could not entirely perſuade the ſtory was even probable,—that perſon was his honourable ſelf: *his* regular ſyſtem had always been, "Admit nothing againſt yourſelf;" and that a man of the Colonel's underſtanding, (for though he had ſaid he was a madman, he knew he was not a fool) ſhould in one minute converſe ſo freely with his ſervant, on a ſubject of ſuch moment, and the next quit his habitation for fear of diſcovery, was a riddle he could neither believe nor ſolve, though ſo clearly ſtated by Mrs. Betty, and though ſo ardently deſired by himſelf.

To own the truth, it was not without great and various provocations Sir Solomon Muſhroom triumphed in the removal of Colonel Buhanun and his man John. And ſo late as the very day before, coming out of the pariſh church, where he ſometimes condeſcended to open a large morocco covered prayer-book, on a velvet taſſelled cuſhion which graced the manor pew, he had ſeen the villagers, church-warden, beadle, common cryer, and all, crowding round their light hearted friend, John Brown, who was entertaining them, as he often did, with ſome marvellous adventure he had encountered in his travels, while the great man was ſuffered to ſtalk along the church yard, acroſs his own paddock, through his own park, into his own houſe unnoticed and unaccompanied. His proud heart ſtill glowing with a ſenſe of ſo great and recent an inſult, what would Sir Solomon not have given to be certain that Mrs. Betty ſpoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But the Doctor,—yes, ſomehow or other, the Doctor muſt be in the ſecret. He rang for his white hat and gold-headed cane, and ſauntered down the village, to pick Doctor Croak's brains.

But Doctor Croak's brains happened to be doubly caſed againſt the attack of the Lord of the Manor; for firſt, though a very great man, and in daily expectation of

of a Scotch diploma, he had not the honour to be Galen ordinary or extraordinary at Muſhroom-place; and ſecond, Mrs. Bawſky had never received a card of invitation to any of the ſplendid entertainments Sir Solomon was proud of giving to perſons of high rank: Two omiſſions which ſo independant a man as Doctor Croak, and ſo high ſpirited a lady as Mrs. Bawſky, could by no means forgive; ſo that the announcement of this viſit was followed by a look of ſurpriſe from the Doctor to the lady, and a knit brow and ſcornful toſs of her head in return.

Sir Solomon glanced both as he entered; but Sir Solomon would not now have been Sir Solomon, had he been of a diſpoſition to regard looks, or a ſcornful toſs of the head.

Juvenile impreſſions are ſaid to be the moſt laſting; they certainly were ſo in this inſtance; for Doctor Croak's fine garden was even more his hobby than his fine houſe, fine furniture, fine chariot, fine friend, or fine any thing.

Sir Solomon happened to be ſeated by a bow window, which commanded the whole; and never in his life was ſo ſurpriſed as at the improvements, or ſo delighted as at the beauty of the little ſpot before him. This begat an anſwer, which begat a reply, which begat a rejoinder, which begat all Sir Solomon wanted—aſtoniſhment at the news in the village.

The Doctor, Sir Solomon ſuppoſed, with a look of interrogation, was acquainted with the Colonel.

"No," was the poſitive reply.

The look was now directed to Mrs. Bawſky, whoſe haughty "No," was followed by a declaration, that he was the greateſt bore on earth; and Miſs Bawſky, who was playing with a cup and ball, added, he was monſtrous ugly.

"Was the Colonel in ill health?"

"Ill health!" repeated Mrs. Bawſky, with a toſs of her head, which, whether graceful or ungraceful, always accompanied her ſentiments of diſlike.

The Doctor's monoſyllable, "*No*," preceded "Attend *him* indeed," with toſs the ſecond.

Sir Solomon believed he was rather eccentric.

"Eccentric!

" Eccentric ! he is brutal." Toſs the third.

As neither the Doctor's monoſyllables, nor the lady's toſſes led to the deſired explanation, Sir Solomon was obliged to come roundly to the point.

He, for his part, could never believe any thing to the diſadvantage of his friend, Dr. Croak ; but there were one certain deſcription of people who would ſay, and another who would believe any thing.

The ſurpriſe, apprehenſion, and if one might venture to pronounce on ſecret, turpitude, from looks, guilt, that now ſhot from the Doctor to the lady, and the lady to the Doctor, revived the hope of Sir Solomon, and was to him the moſt acceptable confirmation of Mrs. Betty's ſtory.

A ſilence enſued, which was broke by the laſt ſpeaker, who hinted, that as the Doctor was ſo generally conſidered as privy to Colonel Buhanun's guilt ; and as in caſes of murder to be privy was, in the eye of the law, to be acceſſary, he adviſed, a full diſcloſure of the whole affair to him, as magiſtrate, and added, that his good neighbour, the Doctor, might depend on all the ſervice in his poor power.

The Doctor's countenance cleared up, and Mrs. Bawſky, who ſaw, as ſhe ſaid, the Knight was fiſhing for ſomething or other, would not ſo much as gratify him with a ſingle toſs of the head.

Colonel Buhanun might indeed have committed five hundred murmurs, for what Doctor Croak knew or cared ; and the idea of his being implicated in any of the actions of a man to whom he was ſo entirely a ſtranger, abſurd as it was, at this moment rather relieved than perplexed him ; he left the room with a ſmile on his half reſtored countenance, and a very ſlight apology to the great man.

" All art, conſummate art," thought the Knight.

Mrs. Bawſky did not leave the room ; but her ſteady countenance defied the inquiſition of his eye.

" We ſhall ſee," thought Sir Solomon as, ſmiling and bowing, he had the honour to wiſh her a very good evening.

Elate with the diſcoveries he had made, Sir Solomon poſted to the Colonel's houſe, to have a further conference with Mrs. Betty.

But

But the Colonel's was literally a deſerted houſe, ſave only by Roſa and Dido; the former whimpering, the latter ſleeping on a corner of one of the ſteps.

It would have been extremely unlike a good fellow ſervant, had Mrs. Betty left her maſter's houſe ſo brimful of intelligence, without ſome communications at home.

Will Gardener and Jenny Cook had as many liberal propenſities as Mrs. Betty. It was impoſſible for them to conceal from their cronies what ſhe was ſo eager to diſcloſe to hers; and though Jenny did not leave the houſe to the care of the gardener till afternoon; and though Will Gardener did not ſtep to the ale-houſe till ſun-ſet; at this preciſe minute, when little Roſa hid her face, as Sir Solomon almoſt ſtepped over her, the doors and windows were all open, and no human being near.

Sir Solomon had, during his converſation with Mrs. Betty, not only given her Madeira, but ſipped himſelf a few glaſſes more than common, and ſallied out in purſuit of news, without taking his accuſtomed evening nap. "Theſe are a pretty ſet of ſervants," ſaid he; "Mr. Feverſham will be the ſufferer." So reſolving to ſtay and take care of the Feverſham's property, he ſat down in an armed chair, and dropped comfortably into the arms of Morpheus; till he was roufed, not by thieves, though the doors ſtill ſtood ſo invitingly open; not by Mrs. Betty, for ſhe was yet buſy; but by the murderer himſelf,—who ſtood before him in propria perſonæ, with the now ſleeping Roſa in his arms.

The ſurpriſe of the parties was mutual. The gardener and cook followed the chaiſe, which they had ſeen paſs, and were now running in each other's way in all the confuſion of ſelf-reproach.

"Thou art always in the right, friend John," ſaid the Colonel; "this poor child muſt not be deſerted."

John looked round and round for Mrs. Betty, while his maſter's careſſes were divided between Roſa, who was, though hardly awaked, hung in tranſport round his neck, and the old greyhound, who bounded to the very ceiling at every touch of a maſter from whom for many years he had not before been ſeparated.

In the meanwhile Sir Solomon having, with ſome difficulty,

difficulty, recollected where he was, and what brought him there, bowed and ſtammered, "It was very ſeldom indeed he was at a loſs; but to be taken thus by ſurpriſe, in his ſleep, was enough to poſe his wiſe name-ſake himſelf."

The Colonel returned the bow in ſilence; and the moment gained by this convenient ceremony, ſerved the Knight to frame an apology for being caught napping in an arm chair, where he had neither right nor buſineſs.

"Paſſing the houſe," he ſaid, "in the duſk of the evening, and obſerving the door wide open, and the windows not put to, he had walked in, and, to his aſtoniſhment, found no body to anſwer his calls, or the bell, which he took the liberty to pull with great violence; that after waiting ſome time, *not knowing* his friend the Colonel was abſent, he reſolved to guard the deſerted manſion till ſomebody appeared; which indeed he thought the more neceſſary, as there were ſome ſtrange lurking fellows loitering about the neighbourhood; that he had ſat down, and being fatigued by a very long walk, ſuppoſed he muſt have juſt dropt aſleep the inſtant of the Colonel's return."

"But how," anſwered the Colonel, without taking his eyes off Roſa, "could you paſs this little creature, and not remove her out of the night air?"

If Sir Solomon's ſtatement was accepted, it certainly placed him on the obliger's ſide of the tranſaction; and he never put on a cool important look with more apparent propriety than at this moment.

"He had not," he ſaid, "ſeen the child; and as to the air, he believed it would not hurt her; ſhe had been pretty well ſeaſoned to all airs."

The Colonel now looked up; he ſaw the colour mounting on the cheeks of the guardian of his houſe; one who hinted at the probability of its being pillaged, had he not ſtood forward its voluntary protector; and had it been poſſible to diſcern a change of colour in his own face, the ingenuous bluſh, which a conſcious inattention ſent from his heart, would have preceded his apology.

The politeneſs of Colonel Buhanun was innate: it was his inheritance from a race as noble in blood as dignified

nified in ſentiment; and was more adorned by the native benevolence and fine qualities of his heart, than it could have been by the higheſt poliſh of the moſt brilliant court. To feel himſelf wrong, and to apologiſe, was in him one ſentiment; and the preſent harmony of his ſoul equally new and pleaſing, which ſhone in his countenance, gave eloquence to the apologiſing bow and frank offer of his hand. "True, my good friend," ſaid he, "ſhe has indeed been too wretched; but ſhe is now ſheltered in my heart of hearts, poor child! forgive me, Sir Solomon; this little object is a ſource of painful delight to me—ſhe has renovated feeling."

The rage of this converſation now was feeling and apology. Sir Solomon took out his handkerchief and apologiſed for an expreſſion he confeſſed ill timed and ill applied. The Colonel apologiſed for provoking it by his rudeneſs; but he ſwore (the wicked Colonel would ſtill ſwear, even in the preſence of a reforming magiſtrate) he ſwore he would take care the little beggar ſhould never more be expoſed to want.

The ſervants in the hall, the poſtillions at the door, and even Sir Solomon, almoſt echoed John's fervent, "God bleſs your honour!"

Roſa, ſcarce awake, only comprehended they were bleſſing her benefactor. She made an effort to free herſelf from his arms, and claſping her's round his legs, as ſhe kneeled, repeated the "God bleſs your honour!" in a tone and manner ſo different from what he had a thouſand times before heard her utter the very ſame words, that he raiſed her to his boſom, and after a few low indiſtinct phraſes, aſked the Knight to eat an egg with him.

The feaſt was not a miſer's, but it was equally rare. Sir Solomon moſt readily accepted the invitation; and the Colonel ordered ſupper, which was ſerved before Mrs. Betty, who was in no haſte to get home, rapped with no ſmall authority at the door, accompanied by a ſpruce footman from Muſhroom-place.

Sir Solomon Muſhroom himſelf, was not more confounded at the ſight of his dear friend, Colonel Buhanun, than Mrs. Betty, at the grave phiz of Mr. John on his opening the door.

As

As her attempt at being overjoyed was received with the moſt freezing coldneſs, ſhe had recourſe to her old diſorder, fits, which, although very violent, failed to excite that ſympathy, and conſequently did not receive thoſe tender attentions that had ſo ſoon revived her the preceding day.

The footman who accompanied her was a party coloured daſher; he perceived in a moment the turn matters had taken; and though he had before preſſed Mrs. Betty to allow him half an hour of her agreeable company, which ſhe was too good natured to refuſe, had now the cruelty to leave her to her fit, and fellow ſervant; John followed his example, and the fit vaniſhed as he returned to the parlour, leaving her too much confounded to embrace the faireſt opportunity that could poſſibly offer, to inform herſelf of what was going forward; for John was too ſulky to come between her ear and the key hole.

The Colonel entertained his gueſt with more good humour and ſociability than John was accuſtomed to ſee. He alſo drank more freely than that faithful domeſtic approved; and notwithſtanding the viſible reluctance with which every freſh cork was drawn, he called for more claret at half paſt twelve, and ordered John to leave the room.

"I like this little village of your's very well, Sir Solomon," ſaid the Colonel, filling a bumper.

"Mine! my dear Sir," replied Sir Solomon, after drinking his glaſs, "not mine; I wiſh it were; a ſmall eſtate; a ſprinkling of property here and there; but not mine, not *all* mine."

"Well, well," rejoined the Colonel, "you know beſt; you have enough I believe, if you make good uſe of it. But I enter into no man's buſineſs or circumſtances. I did not mean the village your's in point of property but reſidence; and be it whoſe it will, as I ſaid before, I like it ſo well, that I am ſorry to leave it."

"Leave it! how!" Sir Solomon was aſtoniſhed; it was a thing ſo *new*, ſo unexpected, and ſo repugnant to his wiſh: "He hoped the Colonel's reſolution was not abſolute."

"Fixed

" Fixed as fate ; indeed he ſhould not have been ſo very rapid in his movements if—" Here the Colonel's ingenuity and politeneſs was in a ſtate of warfare, he recollected the Knight himſelf had ſome ſhare in his haſte to quit Penry ; but reſpect to the law of hoſpitality reſtrained his natural ſincerity, and made a ſudden break in the converſation.

Sir Solomon's eyes and ears reſted on the " If ;" till the Colonel, like a moral philoſopher after paſſing over half a dozen pages of a theological diſpute, reſumed,

" This poor little animal has taken ſuch a hold of me——'tis very fooliſh, d——d fooliſh."

" Why, to be ſure, it is a weakneſs, Colonel, but—"

" Why, no, Sir Solomon, I don't abſolutely know that it is a weakneſs either ; for it is ſuch an engaging good hearted little dab, that really—"

" Colonel, my humble ſervice to you."

" Thank ye, Sir Solomon,——that really I am determined to take care of her."

The *determined*, as it was now uttered, was ſufficient for Sir Solomon ; he no longer talked of weakneſs, but the great, the good, the godlike diſpoſition of charity ; on which he harangued till the freſh bottle was out, and the Colonel faſt aſleep.

If Sir Solomon was now a little off his balance, he was never off his guard ; he gave the bell a gentle pull, and his ſervant being in waiting, wiſhed John, who opened the door with a ſort of erect diſpleaſure on account of his maſter, and Mrs. Betty, who dropped a low curtſey at every word, many and many a very good night.

CHAP. VI.

Shewing what we wiſh could be always ſhewn, a good reaſon for a ſimple action.

JOHN with ſome difficulty awakened his maſter, and got him to bed, where after one quiet hour, the horrors, nervous head-ach, bile, ſpaſms in his cheſt, and every uſual

uſual ill conſequence of intemperance on weak health, effectually, as John ſaid, "murdered ſleep."

That hour however was not loſt. John knew his maſter's conſtitution too well to think of going to reſt, and croſſing the paſſage for ſomething he either did or did not want, was encountered by the weeping Mrs. Betty, who ſought, by every poſſible excuſe, argument, and blandiſhment, to retrieve her loſt ground in his eſteem.

But notwithſtanding ſhe reverted to the ſad hour that carried her good maſter, as well as her eſteemed fellow ſervant from Penry, which left her, as ſhe proteſted, broken hearted; notwithſtanding ſhe reminded him of the bills he deſired might be ſettled, which from grief, ſhe was not able to think of till evening, when having juſt called in on her ſiſter, to vent her ſorrow, and was taken ſo ill there, that Mr. Harry, Sir Solomon Muſhroom's under butler, who was accidentally paſſing, offered, in mere charity, to ſee her home; and notwithſtanding ſhe declared ſhe was at that moment ready to faint, facts were too ſtubborn to be done away in the ſhort time John would allow himſelf to be detained, more eſpecially as he was ſure he had heard the parties converſing outſide the door in a tone very free from diſtreſs.

John liked Betty it is true, and perhaps when his judgment was moſt offended, her eyes ſhining through floods of liquid ſorrow, and her faltering voice, half confeſſion, and half reproach, imploring him to be friends, were moſt irreſiſtable; but her want of care, not only of the favourite Dido, but her total neglect of his maſter's adopted child, during ſo ſhort an abſence, rendered his forgiveneſs of her a ſort of overt act of treachery to him; and he flung from her with a face of iron, repeating,

"Anger's my meat; I ſup upon myſelf;
"And ſo ſhall ſtarve myſelf by feeding."

"You had better eat a lamb chop with me, Mr. John," ſobbed Mrs. Betty.

John ſtalked into his maſter's chamber.

But though he had the fortitude to withſtand her tears and entreaties, when preſent, what man exiſts, who alone, with his head reſting on a pillow, or the back of an

an armed chair, as John's now was, can mentally rehear the pleading of a woman whoſe pleaſing countenance vouches for her ſincerity, without ſacrificing his judgment to his wiſh? It was, he allowed, natural ſhe ſhould be broken hearted, leave the bills till evening, call at her ſiſter's, and be ill. The only part of the ſtory he could not digeſt, was the good ſpirits of herſelf and companion, when the ſmart double rap of the door proved at leaſt a ſudden recovery; but as the more he pondered on that circumſtance, the more it pained him, he wiſhed to believe that natural too.

Then again, how could he in juſtice blame her for the fault of her fellow ſervants, to whom ſhe declared, and called all her gods to witneſs, ſhe had given it in charge to take care of dear little Roſa and the greyhound. *They* indeed merited the fate that awaited them, that of loſing the beſt of maſters; but as for Mrs. Betty, after going over the whole tranſaction, with all theſe new lights on the ſubject, he dropped aſleep in the firm conviction, ſhe was blameleſs, and dreamed of her till awakened by the groans of his maſter.

The violent bilious attack, which John preſaged, brought the Colonel to extremity; till it was thrown off, and again for ſome time fixed him in the village of Penry. The faithful domeſtic judged from his own feelings, the villagers, while they lamented the cauſe, would rejoice at the effect; but how was he ſurpriſed, when the tradeſmen brought in their bills as he had ordered, to find the good blackamoor Colonel transformed into a murderer; nay ſo univerſal had been the report, and ſo unlimited the credit it gained, that the very people whoſe diſtreſs it had been his delight to relieve, were among the moſt virulent of his accuſers.

Irritated at ſo ſcandalous, and ungrateful a calumny, received with ſuch avidity, where his maſter's reſidence had been of general benefit; little ſuſpecting the ſhare the innocent Mrs. Betty had in a report, which neither his aſſeverations, nor the credit of paſt benefits, could do away, his native village loſt all its attractions, and he no longer regretted his maſter's reſolution, which now ſtrengthened every hour, to remove Roſa for ever from Penry.

On

On the morning the Colonel and his man John ſet off from Penry, they were both out of ſpirits, and as the village receded from the retrograde glance of each, found an increaſe of dejection, accompanied by pains and aehs, which both felt, but neither could explain.

"My mind miſgives me ſtrangely, John, about Roſa," ſaid the Colonel; "'tis ſuch a little delicate thing."

"There's Mrs. Betty, your honour, as good a tempered, cleanly, ſober young woman."

"True, John; ſo ſhe is; and I was juſt thinking, as I mean to provide for the poor child before I go to India——"

"Ah, your honour, the poor ſervants will all have a miſs of ſuch a maſter as your honour; but

"It ſo falls out,
"That what we have we prize not to the worth
"While we enjoy it."

"And there's poor Mrs. Betty."

"Ay, I was, as I ſaid, juſt thinking another poſt-chaiſe might have brought her and Roſa with us."

"And they would have been as happy as the day is long, your honour."

"You know I have no children, John."

"More's the pity, your honour."

"Therefore I can indulge myſelf, without injury to others, by giving my little beggar a ſervant to attend and take care of her."

"Mrs. Betty is the very woman for your honour."

"For Roſa, John, thou meaneſt?"

"God bleſs your honour! I mean for any body."

"Well, we will dine where we change horſes, and conſider of it."

As John's regret, at parting with one who profeſſed ſo much, had rendered his journey unpleaſant, he was delighted at the proſpect of ſtill having Mrs. Betty for a fellow ſervant, and in grace with himſelf for having been, as he had reaſon to think, of ſome ſervice to her; his alacrity returned, and he was particular in haſtening the dinner, on the principle, that the ſooner they went to London, the ſooner they would come back.

The Colonel, however, took his time; and when he was reſeated in the carriage, repeated the exact words in which he broke the long ſilence in the morning.

"My mind miſgives me ſtrangely, John, about Roſa; 'tis ſuch a little delicate thing."

John ſuddenly recollected himſelf; he hoped his honour would forgive him; ſuch a thing had never before happened; he could not account for it; he hoped no accident had——"

"Accident!" the Colonel repeated; "accident to whom,—to what?"

"Dido, your honour; we have left her behind."

The alarm which the "hope no accident," had raiſed, ſubſided; Dido had been many years the ſolace of her maſter; but though ſhe had loſt none of her intereſt in his affection, Roſa was a powerful rival; and if the latter was ſafe, he could be eaſy about the former; as ſhe was too old to be of uſe, and money would recover her if ſtolen.

John, however, had a thouſand fears about Dido; he was certain of Mrs. Betty's care of Roſa, for two reaſons; one, becauſe ſhe was ſuch a good hearted young woman; the other, becauſe it was his particular requeſt; but as to poor Dido, who had preceded him in the ſervice of his maſter, ſhe was always ſo much a part of the travelling baggage, and he ſo certainly intended to take care of her himſelf, that he had never thought of recommending her even to Mrs. Betty; and how he came to forget her, except ſhe was drowned in the tears his fellow ſervant ſhed at parting, it is impoſſible to gueſs; but, be it how it would, John's heart yearned after Dido, and he made bold to hint that, "The more haſte the worſt ſpeed." If his honour had taken only one day to conſider, he would have thought of the other chaiſe and Mrs. Betty, in which caſe it would have been impoſſible for him to forget Dido, without whom his honour never travelled before; that for his heart, although he had as little ſuperſtition as any ſoldier ſhould have, whoſe duty it is to obey the word of command through thick and thin; yet as Dido had hitherto been their companion in all their journeys, he could not help forboding ſome ill; and as an accident might happen in a moment to Roſa, or Dido, or even to Mrs. Betty, it could not make above a day's difference,

ference, if they returned to fetch the objects of so much consequence to his honour's happiness; for certainly, if the poor thing that had gamboled round his honour up the country in India, till his honour's precious sight was drowned with tears, was lost.

"Lost!" interrupted the Colonel; "I would not lose her for all India."

"Shall I order the horses back?" asked John; and authorised by an assenting nod, back they returned as we have related.

CHAP. VII.

A secret, a journey to Bath, and a new acquaintance.

"BY heavens, Betty! good Betty," said John, laying a bottle of Norris's drops on the table, to have the unrestrained use of his right arm, with which his right leg also kept exact time,

"'Tis slander,
"Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
"Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
"Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
"All corners of the world! kings, queens and states,
"Maids, matrons,

my good Betty."

"Ah, 'tis a vile thing indeed," answered Betty, not comprehending a syllable in John's fine rant, but the word slander; and that its allusion was to the report she had herself circulated of her master.

If John Brown could please or amuse the Colonel, by a repetition of any chit chat he heard, it was the most welcome part of his duty to do it; and his anxiety to conceal every thing that would have a contrary effect, was the pure result of the share he took in all the unpleasant feelings that affected the mind or health of the best of masters. To tell a man his neighbours had been so good as to accuse him of murder, was a so so sort of

compliment; and he recommended it to Mrs. Betty, to forget a falſehood ſo groſs and infamous, was the growth of Penry.

"I will, if I can," replied Betty.

"'Tis a hard taſk," ſaid John; "but a much harder one to remember it."

Mrs. Betty liſtened as to an oracle; ſhe had not yet heard the intereſting words, "I love;" but ſaw plainly, ſhe ſaid, ſhe could turn John round her little finger; and ſo old Parker being in poor health, ſhe went on building caſtles in the air; while he who muſt be a material part of the foundation, ſhunned all his old acquaintance, and looked aſkaunce at the whole village.

The attack of the bile, in conſequence of the exceſs in which Sir Solomon Muſhroom had ſhared, was ſo ſerious, that on its abating the Colonel felt the neceſſity of an immediate return to Bath; and no longer heſitating about the future diſpoſal of Roſa, nor affecting to conceal his liberal intention towards her, John was empowered to treat with Mrs. Betty, who, though loth to loſe ſight of the White-Horſe, choſe rather to leave the ſervice of the beſt miſtreſs in the world, than to give up all hope of returning to Penry as Landlady Brown: and therefore with due acknowledgment to the Colonel, and her beſt friend, his man, accepted the place of attendant on Miſs Roſa.

When Colonel Buhanun left India, on leave for twelve months, it was with little expectation of returning; his leave had been renewed, and a few months only now remained of the ſecond term. He was in eaſy circumſtances; but thoſe who, judging from his liberality, gave him the title of nabob, rather over-rated his fortune; his ſervices and ill health might have entitled him to a ſhare of that generous reward, which ſo much credits the Eaſt India Company, when their invalid ſervants wiſh to return to their native air; but he deemed it diſhonourable to quit the ſervice while it was engaged in a hazardous war, and reſolved to return to his command with the next fleet that ſailed.

The reader muſt have obſerved, that Colonel Buhanun ſeemed to ſtand alone in the world; and they alſo underſtand he was a North-Briton of good blood; but good

as

as it was, he had ſolemnly abjured it,—had ſtubbornly rejected all advances from every part of his family, and foreſworn any kind of connection or acquaintance with them; he had now been a year landed in Britain, without naming, or being named by a Buhanun; indeed the inflexibility of his temper had long put an end to the applications of his family; and though he was known to be an honour to them, they were obliged to acquieſce in his eſtrangement.

Whether, however, he conſidered his next of kin as the juſt heir of his perſonals, whether indeed he had thought on the ſubject, or whether, like moſt invalids, who have outlived many dangerous attacks, he ſtill depended ou ſurviving, is uncertain; but he had never made any other diſpoſition of his fortune, than writing a letter to his father's elder brother in behalf of John Brown, deſiring him to give him five hundred pounds, and ten pounds a year for life. Before he left Penry he wrote another letter, in behalf of his protegee, giving her five thouſand pounds, and one hundred per annum; which letters he had given to his man, with orders to deliver them as addreſſed, whenever he ſhould die.

John, to whom he confided all his money matters, knew, within a few hundreds what he was worth, and how he had got it. He had made ſome little ſavings of his own; but having never looked forward to greater expectations than living and dying with his Colonel, thought little, and cared leſs about who ſhould enjoy his maſter's fortune, when the preſent poſſeſſor was no more.

The Colonel was a little puzzled about the domeſtic arrangements of a family. He had been moſt of the latter part of his life in his tent, or a ſick room, and admitted women into neither. John was indeed always a favorite with the fair; but he knew as little of their family cuſtoms as his maſter.

Sir Solomon Muſhroom, who called himſelf a fellow ſufferer, from the late hour and good wine, could not be refuſed admittance during the Colonel's confinement. In the caſual hiſtory the open hearted Colonel gave of his journey and ſudden return, the Knight ſaw, as he fancied, an over eagerneſs; he looked into the hollow eye of the ſpeaker;

he examined all the outlines of his ſaffron countenance, now animated by benevolence, now glowing with affection; and contraſted it with the cool impenetrable manner in which all his former advances to familiarity had been received. "Ah!" ſaid he, mentally, "guilt has then humbled him." But it was only mentally; every word his lips uttered was adulation refined by cunning. He was warm in the commendation of the charity he had vainly ſought to repel; complimented feelings he both ſcorned and ſuſpected; and ſecretly reſolved, if the Colonel eſcaped the ſword of juſtice, which Mrs. Betty declared he was himſelf conſcious hung by a ſingle hair over his head,—if he perſiſted in his nonſenſical adoption of the beggar—if on enquiry he ſhould prove to be a man of large fortune, which indeed he much doubted,—if that fortune was to be given Roſa;—if all theſe ifs turned out certainties, why then Sir Solomon Muſhroom had already preconcerted a plan by which he ſhould eventually be a gainer more ways than one. He was of courſe vaſtly taken with the pretty Roſa; and as Roſa got over her terror at his ſight, ſhe alſo was vaſtly taken with him; which pleaſed him ſo much, that, to the aſtoniſhment of thoſe who beſt knew him, he actually paid half a crown for a doll, and carried it to her in his pocket.

After this great effort Col. Buhanun remembered no more of Sir Solomon Muſhroom's real character, than if he had lived in the Hebrides; and his oracle, though not quite ſo clear, ſecretly allowed, that thoſe people who ſaid his maſter was mad, would ſay any other thing as falſe; therefore Sir Solomon might not be ſo very bad; for the devil himſelf was not ſo black as he was painted.

Sir Solomon, though a batchelor, was a ſort of family man; he had nieces, if he had not daughters; he adviſed the Colonel to viſit Mrs. Feverſham, the lady of whom he rented his houſe, who was now at Bath.

"She," ſaid the Knight, "can manage every body's affairs but her own; ſhe will take care *our* little favorite is properly accommodated, and recommend whatever is requiſite to her age and ſex."

The Colonel was very much pleaſed at this idea; and they parted with mutual profeſſions of eſteem and regard.

Two

Two poſt-chaiſes ſet them down at one of the firſt inns in Bath, after ſleeping the laſt night at Devizes, where the Colonel had cloſetted his man and maid, to charge them never to mention the circumſtance of Roſa's origin, and to call her by his own ſirname.

It was enough for John to know his maſter's will, and to obey it; he bowed in ſilence and retired; while Mrs. Betty made a number of proteſtations, that ſhe would in no one inſtance deviate from the minuteſt particle, and directly went from his apartment to a ſnug parlour within a bar, which brought the White Horſe at Penry to her mind, where ſhe in confidence told the whole ſtory to the landlady, who with a face of aſtoniſhment, told it her huſband, who told it the head oſtler, while he was overlooking and placing the baggage, who was too much ſurpriſed at ſo ſtrange an anecdote, as a nabob Colonel adopting a little beggar, to refrain ſpeaking of it before his deputy and the drivers, by whoſe liberal communications it travelled to Bath, and by the ſame progreſſion mounted to the parlour of the landlady there, as it had deſcended at the Devizes.

From the inn the Colonel ſent a card to Mrs. Feverſham, who grieved at the loſs of ſo good a tenant in her houſe, was preparing to return to it herſelf.

Mrs. Feverſham, a widow, now in the fortieth year of her age, was endowed with good natural abilities; and had ſhe not in her youth taken it into her head, ſhe was a great wit and a complete beauty, might have moved through life, admired and reſpected; for her face, before it was disfigured by pearl powder and rouge, was pretty; and a quickneſs of idea, with much reading and retentive memory, rendered her converſation agreeable, before ſhe reſolved it ſhould dazzle every being, who for their ſins were condemned to be wearied with the conſtant abſurdities of her ſtupendous underſtanding; yet with all the maſculine knowledge ſhe was pleaſed to arrogate to herſelf, ſhe was by fits the prettieſt triſler in nature; would throw herſelf into all manner of childiſh poſtures, liſp ſilly queſtions, ſay thoughtleſs things, laugh at her own folly, and apologize for it, by confeſſing ſhe was the moſt giddy creature in exiſtence. To theſe inconſiſtencies in her character, ſhe added an inſatiable

paſſion for perſonal admiration: having for the laſt ten years of her life taken infinite pains to convince her acquaintance that the received idea of the time of her nativity, was all an error of memory, and that ſhe was ſtill a very young woman, ſhe had at length actually perſuaded herſelf into that happy certainty; and conſequently ſo fine and ſo ſenſible a creature as ſhe knew herſelf to be, could not conceive how a whole year of her widowhood had elapſed, without one male creature exerting all the powers of eloquence, to prevail on her to lay aſide weeds which, truth to ſay, were beginning to look as weary of the wearer, as the wearer could be of them.

The card from a rich Eaſt Indian, though ſhe had underſtood from her friends near Penry and from her confidential ſervant Betty, that he was monſtrous ugly, and ſhockingly diſagreeable, ſet her into one of thoſe pleaſing hurries, which agitate, without paining the female mind, when preparing to receive a male viſitor, who is deſigned by fate, or themſelves, to fall proſtrate before them; in a word, this attention from Colonel Buhanun was highly flattering to Mrs. Feverſham's vanity; and having made a few purchaſes at Bath to daſh away with at the pariſh church of Penry, theſe were all unpacked, the ruſty weeds laid by, and behold, inſtead of the ſad matron the Colonel expected to meet, a pretty trifler glided into the room, her head tottering under a plume of black and white feathers, and every other part of her pied habiliments ſuch as might properly adorn blooming fifteen.

The Colonel ſtarted; he fancied he had been, by ſome miſtake, ſhewn to another lady, and was on the point of apologiſing, when beauty having, as Mrs. Feverſham conceived, done its part, ſhe reſolved wit ſhould have its turn, and opened on the poor Colonel with ſuch a torrent of eloquent nothings, as impoſed an aſtoniſhed ſilence on him, which the pauſe in her volubility could not give him courage to break, till the lady, who to her infinite gratification perceived a confuſion which could proceed ſhe thought, but from one cauſe, with infinite ſweetneſs apologiſed for her giddineſs, and adverted to his reſidence at Penry, and her regret at loſing ſo reſpectable a tenant.

As

As this was a little deſcending from alt into common ſenſe,,the Colonel recollected himſelf, and the buſineſs that brought him ſo far out of his way as to viſit a modern fine lady; but the diſguſt ſhe inſpired rendered all the little ſervices he had intended to thank her for, of too ſmall importance to be purchaſed at ſo great price, as the bearing another half hour of Mrs. Feverſham's tranſcendent beauty and wit; he therefore paid her a ſort of confuſed incoherent compliment, and took an abrupt leave, followed however till the top of his chair was let down, by the gracious ſmiles, wit, raillery and compliments of the enchanting widow; and while he retraced with aſtoniſhment the ſhort viſit, which he determined never to repeat. She had already foretold a thouſand pleaſant conſequences from the acquaintance, allowing it was poſſible no more could be meant, and accordingly appriſed her friends with whom ſhe was then reſident, of the neceſſity ſhe was under to poſtpone her journey home for a few days.

On Colonel's Buhanun's return to his inn, he applied to the landlady as a much more rational being, who immediately recommended him to a lodging houſe near the baths, the miſtreſs of which was a ſenſible woman, and where he and his ſuite were very ſoon at home, congratulating himſelf on his eſcape from the widow Feverſham.

Although Mrs. Betty, who had been brought up by Mrs. Feverſham, retained from habit a kind of reſpect and regard for her, ſhe was, ſhe confeſſed, quite fluſterated at the idea of her interference in thoſe domeſtic arrangements of her maſter, which, ſhe thought, could not be in better hands than her own; and with reſpect to Roſa,—who could take more care of her than ſhe did herſelf? The Colonel's return, therefore, from Mrs. Feverſham's, and proceeding to ſettle himſelf, without once mentioning her name, was very agreeable to Mrs. Betty, and ſhe was congratulating Mr. John and herſelf on the event, when a rap at the door, followed by Mrs. Feverſham's loud voice, put to rout a number of agreeables; and ſhe haſtened to pay her duty, where indeed it was very much due, while John announced the viſiter to his maſter.

Sir

Sir Solomon Muſhroom, who we left at Penry full of profeſſions, reſpect, and friendſhip for Colonel Buhanun, no ſooner heard that the village was cleared from ſo impertinent an inhabitant, than he poſted to London, burning with curioſity, and full of half formed plans, dependant on the ifs that induced him to lay out half-a-crown on a doll for the beggar.

"Colonel Buhanun," ſaid he, as he approached the India-houſe: "I never heard of the name; I don't believe he is a Colonel." But what ſaid Mr. Melliſh, one of the firſt clerks at the India-houſe, who had the honor, being very rich, to be ranked in the number of Sir Solomon Muſhroom's particular friends.

"Colonel Buhanun is an officer of the moſt diſtinguiſhed character: the military ſkill and perſonal bravery that alone has advanced him in a few years to his preſent rank, is not more conſpicuous, or more generally reſpected, than the honour of his principles and the generoſity of his heart."

So then, thought our Knight, the ſtory of that prating wench is all falſe; my mind miſgave me ſo; yet he ventured to ſlide in a half queſtion; "As the world was very malicious, whether ſomething had not been whiſpered of about?"

Mr. Melliſh interrupted him, "The duel, he preſumed?"

The Knight actually coloured. "Yes, the duel,—to be ſure, the duel."

"It was," Mr. Melliſh ſaid, "an unfortunate affair; yet the Colonel's honour and character were never impeached; and the ill fated nobleman had declared, before he died, he was himſelf the aggreſſor."

Oh ho, thought Sir Knight, then there was a murder. "And ſo then the Colonel?" ſaid he with eagerneſs.

Mr. Melliſh was ſorry he could not tell his friend, Sir Solomon, all the particulars; as in fact the duel itſelf, with the exculpation of the Colonel's character, was all that had been ſpoken of at the India-houſe.

Though this account, in the light it now ſtood, was by no means of a complexion to gratify our inquirer; he was, though diſappointed, all ear when Mr. Melliſh declared, no man in the ſervice was more juſtly eſteemed by

by the directors; nor was there one to whoſe intereſt or recommendation they would pay greater reſpect.

There remained now but one queſtion more to finiſh Sir Solomon's inquiry; that one, however, like Aaron's rod ſwallowed all the reſt. "Was the Colonel rich?"

Mr. Melliſh's anſwer, "That he was thought to be ſo," ſatisfied Sir Solomon, who returned to Penry; to write a letter to the Colonel, in which he begged to be remembered to ſweet Miſs Roſy; to buſy himſelf in bringing to maturity certain vague deſigns not exactly in ſeaſon to impart to our readers at this period of the beggar's hiſtory; and to prove the great intereſt he took in every thing that concerned his friends, by explaining to Mrs. Feverſham his motives for giving her addreſs to his late worthy neighbour, and warmly recommending to her kindneſs, "the prettieſt little creature in the world," whom the good Colonel had taken under his protection, and meaning to adopt, wiſhed to educate.

His letters arrived the morning after the Colonel's viſit in Bladud-Buildings; and Mrs. Feverſham, who, next to being a great beauty, and a great wit, loved of all things to adviſe, direct, patroniſe, and recommend, ordered a chair to the inn, where ſhe not only learned the Colonel's reſidence; but on inquiring about his ſuite, the whole ſtory of the Beggar Girl, as it was brought there from the Devizes, and confirmed under ſeal of ſecrecy by Mrs. Betty.

From thence Mrs. Feverſham proceeded to Miſs Gueſt, Mr. Rauzzini, Miſs Fleming, and Mr. Didier, who were ſeverally requeſted to follow her to the South Parade, to Colonel Buhanun's; for although Mrs. Feverſham had certainly gone through the firſt rudiments of learning, at the uſual period, herſelf, and therefore could not be ignorant that A B C was a neceſſary prelude to the inſtruction of the able teachers ſhe was in ſuch haſte to engage. She was too much on ſtilts to conſider, it was poſſible a beggar might not be prepared for muſic, ſinging, dancing, and the languages, and too confident of the impreſſion ſhe had made on the Colonel, to doubt his implicit reſpect to her opinion.

After an arrangement ſo very clever, how could Mrs. Feverſham fail to be both ſurpriſed and enraged, when John

John entered with his maſter's reſpects, "being a very retired man in ill health and bad ſpirits, hoped Mrs. Feverſham would pardon his declining to give her any trouble."

Was this treatment for a fine, a ſenſible, a managing woman to bear with any tolerable degree of patience? Mrs. Feverſham could not credit her faculty of hearing; ſhe made John repeat the paſſage over and over, which he did with a ſolemn preciſion, as provoking in exactitude, even to a ſyllable; as the unprecedented rudeneſs of his maſter.

"What! after ſhe had, on purpoſe to oblige her friend, Sir Solomon Muſhroom, and to ſerve Colonel Buhanun poſtponed her return to Penry, where her affairs abſolutely required her preſence; after ſhe had taken the trouble to call on ſeveral of the moſt eminent people in the teaching line, and prevailed on them to undertake the inſtruction of his beggar!"

John ſtared; he knew how anxious his maſter was to conceal the origin of his favourite. Mrs. Feverſham's lungs were unimpaired by forty years wear. The word beggar echoed from the parlour to the hall, and was ſcarce uttered when the gentlemen and ladies ſhe had appointed were let in.

John inſtantly retreated from "the preſence," to inform his maſter of what was going forward, "This is the lady, Sir," ſaid he, with an air of diſguſt, and his arm in more than common motion, whoſe

"Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
"Miſpriſing what they look on; and her wit
"Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
"All matters elſe ſeem weak."

Colonel Buhanun now recollected how natural it was for his friend Sir Solomon, to write in favour of his protegée, to a lady who, as he ſaid, "managed every body's affairs but her own;" and though he thought her a moſt diſagreeable viſionary, with whom it was impoſſible for him to be in any habits of acquaintance, without impoſing a moſt painful penance on himſelf; yet the trouble ſhe had, he allowed, taken, at the requeſt, he doubted not, of Sir Solomon Muſhroom, officious indeed, but perhaps well meant, as well as her ſex, entitled her to politeneſs; and though he fully reſolved, one interview

terview ſhould anſwer every purpoſe, he had alſo a great deal at heart, to engage her ſecrecy, in reſpect to the beggarly origin of a child whom he began to love and conſider as his own.

"Friend, John," ſaid he, "thy quotation is appoſite; but the evils we cannot ſhun, we muſt——"

"True, Sir," interrupted John, with a bow that ſaid, 'I beg your honour's pardon.'

"Extremity is the trier of ſpirits,"

And this lady

"Speaks an infinite deal of nothing;"

Her

"Reaſons are as two grains hid in two buſhels of chaff, you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch."

The Colonel ſmiled. Now be it underſtood that the caſt of this gentleman's countenance was ſo truly ſet for the endurance of grief, ſo pregnant with melancholy, ſo void of hope, ſo expreſſive of deſpair, that a ſmile, indicative of joy, would rather have diſtorted than graced the bent brow, on which however, the ſmile of benevolence beamed with ineffable ſweetneſs; ſuch a ſmile it was, that followed the quotations of his ſervant, and ſtill irradiated his habitual gloom, when he entered the room where Mrs. Feverſham was amuſing her audience with an account of the great obligations ſhe had conferred on this brute of a Colonel, and the ungrateful returns he was making.

His preſence, however, ſilenced her: There was a dignity in his perſon and manner, that notwithſtanding the penſoroſa which pervaded every action, inſpired reſpect, and invited confidence; he apologiſed with frankneſs to Mrs. Feverſham, whoſe reſentful looks being a little mollified, ſhe ſeverally introduced her company. Miſs Gueſt, as the firſt inſtructreſs on the piano forte; Mr. Rauzzini, as a divine Italian ſinger; Mr. Didier, as perfect maſter of languages; and Miſs Flemming, as a dancing miſtreſs, who attended every perſon of faſhion that viſited Bath.

The

The Colonel again ſmiled, and bowing with politeneſs to each, rang for Roſa.

The appearance of the child, for whom ſuch great arrangements were forming, was not calculated to make that firſt ſight impreſſion on ſtrangers which has been time out of mind the excluſive privilege of novel heroines. The extreme lightneſs of her form had indeed preſerved her from the actual deformity of rickets, and her limbs were ſtraight; but the weakneſs, which is the certain conſequence of bad nurſing, had given a moſt ungraceful waddle to her gait. She was very ſmall both in feature and ſtature. Her hair, which had all been conſigned to the ſciſſars, was but juſt beginning to grow, and what little ſhe had, totally hid by a thick muſlin cap, with red ribbons, as little favourable to the contour of her face as the gawdy large pattern chintz frock was to her perſon. She was very ſhy of notice, and crept cloſe to her patron with ſuch viſible confuſion, that Mrs. Feverſham could with great difficulty conceal either her ſurpriſe or diſguſt, and actually did repeat Sir Solomon's "Prettieſt little creature in the world," with a tolerable proportion of ſarcaſtic ſeverity.

"Don't be frightened, Miſs Roſa," ſaid John, as he took the poker to ſtir the fire.

"Theſe ladies and gentlemen," ſaid the Colonel, "will comprehend I can mean *them* no diſreſpect in declining their ſervices, when they are told my little girl is yet ignorant of the alphabet"

"My God!" exclaimed Mrs. Feverſham; "why, I dare ſay ſhe is at leaſt eight or nine years old."

"This," continued the Colonel, not attending to her exclamation, "has led you, madam, into the miſtake, which I exceedingly regret.

The ladies and gentlemen, whoſe natural good ſenſe had been improved by an intercourſe with the polite world, took leave with the reſpect due to a perſon of the Colonel's rank and reputed riches, and a compliment to Mrs. Feverſham for her intention, that a little reconciled her to the mortification of the morning.

The Colonel and the fair widow were now again tête-à-tête, as Roſa had gladly eſcaped out of the room.

The

The lady having, with extreme mortification, perceived that the effect of her charms was not in the train ſhe expected, and that her great wit would be thrown away on ſo odd and frightful a being, prudently turned her thought to the part of the buſineſs ſtill within her graſp, and with frankneſs, as ſhe was often pleaſed to call ill manners, aſked, "What could poſſibly be done with ſuch a little ignorant thing, who had loſt ſo much time?"

The Colonel heſitated.

"But before I ſay another word," added the widow, "what do *you* intend to do *for* her? do you mean to bring her up as an object of charity? becauſe, if ſo, there are cheap ſchools enough, where ſhe may be made uſeful; nay, I would, indeed, to oblige you, take her under my own eye; I taught that girl, Betty, all ſhe knows; that is my way; I always make ſervants. Or do you mean to adopt her? You muſt in that caſe have proper people; indeed I think, if ſhe were put under the care of ſome ſenſible woman; what I mean by that, is a woman of the world; one who knows men and things, who——"

The Colonel abruptly riſing, ſaid, he would conſider, and with a return of the unfortunate tremor on his voice, added, that in the mean time he would thank her to forget the poor child was in exiſtence; deſired his compliments to Sir Solomon Muſhroom; wiſhed her a pleaſant journey to Penry; and left the room.

Again was the poor widow ſurpriſed and diſappointed. It was neceſſity, not inclination, that condemned her to return to Penry; where, excepting her empty houſe, ſhe had no affairs that *abſolutely required her preſence*. Her friend at Bath, who was a lady of character and fortune, had borne with her, while her houſe was let, from a motive of benevolent liberality; but the viſit had already exceeded the term of invitation; and as the time of her return had been fixed, and ſhe had received a very handſome parting preſent from her hoſteſs, ſhe could not, with any face, continue longer there. But her ideas had, with a rapidity that was natural to her, fixed on the Colonel, as one who, having great fortune and ſmall ſenſe, might very properly benefit her by his ſuperfluities, while he

he and his beggar might, in return, ſhare the great advantage of her ſuperior underſtanding.

This was a grand deſign, and like many other grand deſigns, eaſier planned than executed; but loth ſo ſoon to relinquiſh hopes on which both vanity and intereſt reſted, ſhe ſent for Mrs. Betty, and interrogated her in reſpect to her maſter's humour, diſpoſition, intentions towards Roſa, and finally, what he was worth.

Betty had been taught every thing by Mrs. Feverſham; ſhe had an inſtinctive penetration when her own intereſt was at ſtake, that rendered her more than a match for her miſtreſs; ſhe had been indeed too long in abſolute poſſeſſion of all the authority and advantage of government herſelf, to think with patience of any innovation or alteration; and accordingly took care ſo to frame her anſwers as to add to Mrs. Feverſham's diſlike of her maſter, and contempt of his protegée; nor did ſhe fail to enforce the extreme poſitive obſtinacy of his character, which, right or wrong, made him perſiſt in whatever whim he took in his head; meaning, no doubt, to convince her miſtreſs, that his parting with her was final.

If ladies, who covet power they never poſſeſs; who fancy conqueſts they never make; and whoſe glaſſes talk to them in apocrypha; would but conſider, when they confide ſecrets that exiſt only in their own pretty ideas, to the boſom of a friend, how many little embarraſſing inventions muſt follow, to ſupport the firſt ſacrifice of truth to vanity, they would for their own ſakes perhaps be more moderate.

Mrs. Feverſham had, in the triumph of her heart, after Colonel Buhanun's firſt viſit, repeated a thouſand civil things he never ſaid, which, if not an abſolute declaration of love, amounted to all but——She had affected to aſk advice in regard to her acceptance of ſo brilliant a ſettlement. She had alſo, on the receipt of Sir Solomon Muſſ room's letter, given the contents an air of the utmoſt importance, and had received from her friend, the names of the people ſhe had ſo prematurely directed to attend her at the Colonel's.

Lady Harwood, the reſpected wife of a general officer, now abroad, of liberal mind and moderate fortune, exhibited the ſtrongeſt marks of ſurpriſe, and even incredulity,

dulity, when Mrs. Feverſham made her the confidante of her conqueſt. Buhanun was a name to which her ears had once been familiar; but it was alſo ſo common, and filled ſo many different ranks and departments, abroad and at home, and the perſon with whom ſhe had formerly been acquainted, who bore it, was ſo unlike what our Colonel was deſcribed, that her ſurpriſe was merely the effect of an aſſociation of ideas, which ſeparated as Mrs. Feverſham's ſtory increaſed in credit.

On the ſtrength of this new conqueſt, Lady Harwood had not only invited, but adviſed Mrs. Feverſham's continuance ſome time longer at Bath.

What, in ſuch a predicament, could poor Mrs. Feverſham do? Confeſs to the only relation of her deceaſed huſband, who noticed her, the ridiculous vanity by which ſhe had been ſo compleatly ſelf deceived; allow that her beauty and wit had not only failed to attract, but was treated with every mark of diſguſt? No, that was impoſſible; and Mrs. Feverſham, who was on ſuch familiar habit with truth, that ſhe ſacrificed it without ceremony on all occaſions to vanity, had, in paſſing the ſmall ſpace of ground between the South Parade and Bladud's-Buildings, made up her ſtory.

In the firſt place, on a ſecond interview with the rich nabob, ſhe had found him ſo ugly, ſo diſagreeable, vulgar and low bred, ſo unlike her dear lamented Mr. Feverſham, and ſo totally unworthy to ſucceed that good man, that notwithſtanding his great wealth, and her narrow income, ſhe had found it impoſſible to bring her mind to accept his *offered* hand.

This Lady Harwood, from her own feelings, readily allowed to be natural.

Secondly, the Beggar Girl, as ſhe was repreſented, but who, as ſhe believed in her conſcience, was his own baſtard, by ſome dirty drab or other, was a little bold, vulgar looking thing, ſo ignorant that it would be impoſſible to make any thing of her.

And laſtly, in order to avoid the importunities of the horrid Colonel, and excuſe herſelf to Sir Solomon Muſhroom, her rich neighbour, for declining to trouble herſelf with the low born adoption, ſhe would reſume her deſign of quitting Bath immediately.

As

As Lady Harwood could not ſuggeſt an inducement for any miſrepreſentation on the part of her gueſt; and as her own heart coincided in the objections to a ſecond choice, ſhe applauded both motive and act; a place was accordingly taken in the next two-day coach, and every preparation made for her departure.

Mrs. Betty, who, when her own intereſt was ſecure, could not diveſt herſelf of an habitual reſpect for her former miſtreſs, called at Lady Harwood's, to pay her duty, and hearing ſhe was in the way to be freed from the apprehended interference, was profuſe in profeſſions of attachment, and regret at parting with ſo *good* a lady; and as Mrs. Feverſham was a little ſore about her preferring the ſervitude of Colonel Buhanun to her's, engaged to return to her place when the blackamoor Colonel left England.

Lady Harwood's only daughter, about twelve years of age, was attended by her mother's favourite maid, a prim damſel of forty, who, for the honour of her lady's houſe, invited Mrs. Betty to tea, partly out of reſpect to Mrs. Feverſham, but principally to indulge her own curioſity, and amuſe Miſs Harwood with a full and true account of the little Beggar Girl, which ſhe not only got from her voluble viſitor, but a promiſe to let her and Miſs ſee the object of their curioſity, when Mrs. Hannah ſhould return Mrs. Betty's viſit.

This happened ſooner than either party expected; for Lady Harwood hearing a rumour of ſome news that had arrived from the Weſt-Indies, where Sir Charles was, ſet off for Briſtol within a few hours after Mrs. Feverſham left her; and her abſence giving Mrs. Hannah and Miſs opportunity, Roſa was, for the firſt time in her life, introduced to a [illegible]y fellow of her own ſex.

The life and ſpirit of Miſs Harwood, who under the eye of the beſt of mothers, had made a rapid progreſs in female attainments, could not fail to over-awe Roſa.

She was a tall well grown girl, a little ſpoiled by indulgence, but perfectly good natured; and the eager curioſity which the hiſtory of our little beggar firſt raiſed, ſoon changed into a warmer ſentiment. Proud of her own ſuperiority, ſhe undertook to inſtruct her new acquaintance; and Mrs. Hannah, an abigail of great

taſte

taſte in hats, caps, gowns and bonnets, affected an equal intereſt in the improvement of her new friend, Mrs. Betty; ſo that before the Colonel had made up his mind to the arrangements neceſſary for the commencement of the education he wiſhed to give Roſa, ſhe had become a great proficient in the firſt rudiments of all learning, under the tuition of Miſs Belinda Harwood, and a very well dreſſed little belle under the direction of Mrs. Hannah.

Mrs. Betty's own taſte reformed, or rather *new* formed; ſhe made a very liberal uſe of the Colonel's unlimited orders to buy for Roſa *every thing ſhe wanted*; which *now* implied every thing faſhionable and expenſive.

The flowered frocks were diſcarded for fine muſlin ones, made at the milliners. A profuſion of hats, caps, ſaſhes, and ſhoes, en ſuite, ſucceeded ſo rapidly, that Mrs. Betty and her charge were very ſoon the beſt dreſſed miſs and maid that walked the creſcent fields.

The gloomy and hopeleſs ſtate of mind in which we found Colonel Buhanun, at the beginning of the beggar's hiſtory, had, imperceptibly to himſelf, gradually changed; from the hour he determined to protect the child of miſery, all the bleſſings which under heaven he conferred on her reverberated on his own feelings; and as often as he contemplated her intereſting countenance, he congratulated himſelf on ſaving a female from probable deſtruction, the lineaments of whoſe features, and even the ſound of whoſe voice, played on his delighted fancy, at the ſame moment that they renewed the agonizing memory of perſons and ſcenes it was his wiſh, but not his hope to forget. It was he knew, chance that had given to his protegée the reſemblance ſo intereſting to him; for no kind of affinity could in the remoteſt degree poſſibly ſubſiſt between the child of ſuch parents, and thoſe of whom ſhe continually reminded him; yet his mind once impreſſed with the idea, her claims on his tenderneſs encreaſed every hour; and happily for Roſa, he now diſcovered, while employed in the conſtant exerciſe of generous benevolence towards her, that life, though deprived of its earlieſt deareſt hope, might not only be endured, but enjoyed.

The

The time usually devoted to infantine instruction indeed was passed; but Colonel Buchanan, like the generality of his countrymen, was a classical scholar, and perfectly understood the advantage of having nothing to *unlearn*; he engaged a teacher of eminence to live in the house with him; and the first rudiments of Rosa's education, excepting only those she received from Miss Harwood, being taught by a gentleman of science, her language became polished, and her pronunciation perfectly just. The Colonel, equally delighted and amused by an avocation that gratified his feeling heart, was a constant assistant to her preceptor, and perceived, with infinite satisfaction, her hourly improvement. The emulation so fortunately raised by her acquaintance with Miss Harwood, which, with permission of that young lady's mamma, she was allowed to cultivate, was no small advantage; and the peculiar delicacy of her ear soon taught her to reject all vulgarisms in her common conversation, and to adopt the smooth and polite phrases which she heard from her benefactor and well-bred tutor. The Colonel indeed was not only a good scholar, but a perfect gentleman. Every reader will not, perhaps comprehend how a person educated at the college of Edinburgh, in the tenets of the kirk of Scotland, could preserve his devout integrity, and yet be addicted to profane swearing; and it may be still more difficult to explain how a custom, which in common minds, is the proof of rancour, barbarism, and vulgarity, should in his be the result of excessive feeling and humanity; but the irritability of his temper, which originated in certain bitter recollections of past events, subsided as he felt the reward of his disinterested benevolence in the very letter of the act; and the apathy with which he had considered all the futurities of his mortal existence was no more; he no longer thought with indifference of that progress of passing time that would return him to his duty, nor of that more solemn event which must leave Rosa wholly unprotected; and how to dispose of her at present, and provide for her in future, was the subject of many an hour of painful meditation.

How infinitely different were the six months now passed at Bath, with Rosa to educate, to improve, to

dote

doat on, from thoſe which had laſt year been devoted to the recovery of health he did not value, and the prolongation of an exiſtence of which he was weary.

Whatever was the ſecret cauſe of that grief, that diſtaſte of life, that hopeleſs ſorrow, that agonized ſenſibility, which had for years been the predominate feature in his character, the effect was, at leaſt for the preſent, ſuſpended. Time no longer lagged on leaden pinions,—it flew, it vaniſhed, and the period when he muſt actually leave England, or reſign his commiſſion, was within one month of expiration before he could reſolve to think it muſt be; for as to leaving the ſervice during the war, that was an act his honour and his courage equally forbid; yet to part with Roſa;—to tear from his mind that ſoothing, that delightful new found antidote againſt long endured anguiſh;—to leave a mind ſo docile, ſo gentle, ſo ſenſible, and yet ſo ſtrong, that he had begun to fear the little weak tenement of clay which incloſed it was not deſtined long to contain ſo capacious a reſident; to leave it expoſed to ſufferings his preſence might avert, the idea became every moment more and more painful; one of the apprehended evils however, gradually vaniſhed, and a ſhort time proved, whatever perfections he diſcovered in her mind, her perſon bid fair to equal.

Regular diet, exerciſe, and chearfulneſs, gave by degrees a tint to her complexion equally delicate and blooming; the ſallow ſickly hue was no more, the cheeks which meagre want had pinched filled out to the exact line of beauty, and their animated glow added a brilliancy to her melting hazle eyes, which ſeemed to dart their dazzling beams through long ſilken eye-lathes in all directions; her brow was not exactly a penciled arch, but far more pleaſing, and ſome ſhades more dark than the ſoft auburn, or rather cheſnut hair that already defied the cap's confinement, and ſhaded her fair neck and forehead: her features, though regular, were more touching than ſtriking, and her mouth had a dimpled faſcination about it, that even in her mendicant ſtate was irreſiſtable.

The form of her perſon altered with the improvement of her countenance; an eaſy elegance ſuperceded the defect in her carriage; her ivory neck was ſupported by ſhoulders

ſhoulders that ſeemed to fall with every movement; ſhe grew tall, and gave every promiſe that her maturity would be beauty formed by the graces: ſo at leaſt thought the partial Colonel; and the child he raiſed from ignorance, weakneſs, and miſery, became at once the object of his affectionate admiration, and that ſource of delightful amuſement.

The regiment he commanded was ſtationed ſo far up the country, that at Calcutta ſhe would be as much out of his immediate protection as in England; to take her to camp with him was impoſſible, and to part with her—agony.

There were at Bath ſeveral families who had courted his acquaintance in India, and who would gladly have paid the ſame reſpect to his character wherever he was; but a diſcovery of the claims of his young favorite, on his affection and care, had, while it excited general curioſity, failed to excite as general compaſſion.

Mrs. Betty walked with Miſs Roſa in the Creſcent-fields whenever Mrs. Hannah walked with her Miſs. Lady Harwood admired the ſweet mildneſs of Roſa's diſpoſition; and hearing from her ſervant ſuch prodigies of her aptitude, and good temper, condeſcended to examine and approve of the rapid progreſs ſhe was making in her education; and not only allowed Miſs Harwood to be often with her, but recommended her amiable manners to her daughter's imitation; but there were not many Lady Harwood's at Bath.

The ſtory of the beggar got abroad; every body was anxious to know the particulars of ſo extraordinary a circumſtance; and to do Mrs. Betty juſtice, every body's curioſity was amply gratified.

John was always in the habit and humour of punctually obeying his maſter; he was a long while mute, when the gentlemen's gentlemen wiſhed to draw him into converſation; but when he found Roſa's hiſtory was a ſecret every body knew, he acquainted the Colonel with the ſtate of the matter, adding, in a low voice, and his right arm at hard work,

"So ſhines good deeds in a naughty world;"

And

And thus, your honour,

" The wiſe man's folly is anatomized.
" Even by the ſquandering glance of a fool."

And though

" This is the prettieſt low-born laſs that ever
" Ran on the green ſod; nothing ſhe does or ſeems,
" But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf."
" ——————— What king ſo ſtrong
" Can tie up the gall in ſlanderous tongues."

And he concluded by declaring he believed it was diſcovered by witchcraft.

Colonel Buhanun, vexed, mortified, and diſconcerted, laid, in his own mind, the whole blame on Mrs. Feverſham; and Lady Harwood being her intimate friend, was an inſuperable bar to his acquaintance with her; it was not, he thought, in nature for a reaſonable being to be in habits of friendſhip with one ſo abſurd and ridiculous; and his averſion to her increaſed on hearing a thouſand ſilly anecdotes of ladies and miſſes, who ſneered, ſcorned, or laughed at his little beggar.

But while the Colonel's affections were more bound to Roſa, as he found ſhe was deſpiſed by others, time advanced with unaltered pace; a month, a little month, only remained, before he muſt leave her to that hard, that pitileſs world he had long inured his ſoul to abhor; and his anguiſh and regret grew every hour more inſupportable.

The Colonel had been civil, nay pleaſed with Sir Solomon Muſhroom previous to his leaving Penry. Had the Knight aſked for a thouſand pound or two, or double the ſum, as a loan, the Colonel would have parted with it without inquiring about ſecurity; and this, according to ſome, and perhaps moſt people, was the refinement of friendſhip. But if any eccentric readers ſhould aſk about thoſe feelings,

" That generous friendſhip, which no cold medium knows,
" Warm with one love, with one reſentment glows,

we muſt be ſo ſincere as to ſay, nothing of the kind exiſted in the boſom of Colonel Buhanun towards Sir Solomon Muſhroom, not even when having wearied himſelf with arranging and diſarranging plans for Roſa during his abſence,

ſence, he reſolved to leave Bath, in order to take his advice as a man whoſe judgment he thought was as good, and whoſe knowledge of the world, was much better than his own.

John's mind was little leſs agitated than his maſter's when he received order to pack up. He had employed many of his leiſure hours in calculations of how many weeks, days, hours, and even minutes he had to be fellow ſervant with Mrs. Betty, while that provident girl, who calculated as well in her way, and knew the exact progreſs ſhe was making in his affection, buſied her active mind about the future management of the White Horſe, little ſuſpecting the impending blow which threatened to cruſh all her hope for ever.

CHAP. VII.

" What is the life of man? is it not to ſhift from ſorrow to
" ſorrow? to button up one cauſe of vexation and unbutton
" another?"

HAD Sir Solomon Muſhroom been apprized of the time when the Colonel and his ſuite would have arrived, he would, he ſaid, have been in waiting at the hotel, in hope to prevail on him to make his poor houſe his home; but he was not; and the Colonel being ſettled before he ſent his card, there was an end of every thing on that head but profeſſions.

Sir Solomon's joy was unbounded, and what was extraordinary, it was ſincere. He was going to the Houſe of Commons, but engaged to return to dine. His prancing horſes then drove off, and our Colonel jolted in a hackney coach to Leadenhall-ſtreet, where he made his bow, and heard he had but a few days to ſettle a thouſand affairs, he returned to the hotel fatigued, out of ſpirits, and out of humour.

" Oh what a ſweet doll, papa," cried Roſa, holding up a fine dreſſed wax figure; " did you ever ſee any thing ſo pretty; and who do you think gave it me? that Sir ſomething

ſomething I forget; but he ſays he is coming to ſee you, and he will come every day, and bring me more dolls, if you let him; do, papa, let him; and he ſays, I muſt love *him* when you are gone; but you won't go; you won't leave your poor Roſa, will you?"

Tears ſwam in Roſa's eyes; the Colonel ſighed, and aſhamed of the want of reſolution that had retarded the determination on which he had no longer time to heſitate, retired to his room, and rang for John.

"Well, friend John," ſaid he, "I have finiſhed my buſineſs, and given orders for expediting every thing."

"Your honour lets no graſs grow under your feet when to march is the word."

John ſighed as he finiſhed his ſentence. He had with great difficulty concealed a very heavy heart from Mrs. Betty, who reckoning on his melancholy, as a proof of increaſing affection, carolled away, "Sweet paſſion of love," with one eye on John, and the other on the White-Horſe.

"All," continued the Colonel, without raiſing his eye, or changing his poſture, "but that which moſt intereſts me; poor little Roſa, what can I do with her?"

"Betty, and pleaſe your honour," ſaid John; "Betty is a very good, truſty, ſober, faithful young woman."

"I know thou thinkeſt ſo, friend John, but——"

"Pleaſe your honour," ſaid John, raiſing on tiptoe, and putting out the pleated frill of his ſhirt, "if a man who has the honour to be a ſoldier, and to ſerve a gentleman, and who regards his word, may venture to aſſert any thing poſitive reſpecting another; I know ſo,

"There is no art to find the mind's conſtruction in the face,

To be ſure; and

"There is no vice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes ſome mark of virtue on its outward garb;"

But——"

"I will not doubt thee, John, nor thy friend Betty; but if I retain her to attend and take perſonal care of my Roſa, where ſhall I place the who will take charge of her mind? a mind that nto ſweetneſs and ſenſibility."

John hesitated; after a pause, "I confess," said he, rubbing his forehead,

"——women are not
"In their best fortunes strong."

And

"——want will perjure
"The untouched vestal."

But as he would leave all his Shakespeares with Mrs. Betty, and as in them there were lessons for all ranks, sorts, and sizes; rich and poor; young and old; high and low——"

"Does Betty study Shakespeare?" asked the Colonel, with a smile that had more grief than curiosity in it.

"She has promised to begin your honour; but as I know how short a time I have to teach her, I have not the heart."

"And yet I have known thine a very stout heart, John."

"Ah, your honour, the heart to face a foe, and the heart to leave a friend, are—"

"Very different," sighed the Colonel; "but Rosa; what shall I do with poor Rosa?"

Sir Solomon was that moment announced, and the Colonel, on entering the sitting room, found him on the best terms with Rosa, who sat on his knee, talking about her doll.

Sir Solomon was overpowered with joy to see the Colonel, and with sorrow to hear how soon he was to leave England; wished he would favour him with any command; nothing on earth could make him so happy as to be of the smallest service, and hoped he might be permitted now and then to visit his sweet little friend, Miss Rosa.

The Colonel having sent Rosa away, communicated, without reserve, the difficulties he was under about settling her; the regret he felt at parting with her; and the handsome things, in point of fortune, he meant to do for her.

Sir Solomon's superior wisdom never shone with more splendour than at this moment: he inwardly laughed at the silly Colonel, and his foolish distress, while with affected

affected ſolemnity he lamented the loſs the ſweet little creature would ſuſtain; and after a ſhort pauſe, during which every motion of his countenance was eagerly watched by the Colonel, ſuggeſted the only proper and ready aſylum for a child in her ſituation, which had the Colonel been at all in the habits of ſociety, or the cuſtom of the world, muſt have occurred to himſelf, namely, a boarding-ſchool.

Sir Solomon went farther; he had, he ſaid, two orphan nieces, whom he was educating at Mount Pleaſant, a boarding-ſchool within two miles of Penry, kept by a lady whoſe character and example were equal vouchers for her eligibility to the undertaking.

The Colonel was inſtantly ſtruck with the propriety of the plan; for which he thanked Sir Solomon with an earneſtneſs that proved how much his mind was intereſted in the happineſs of his favourite.

Sir Solomon was all good nature and politeneſs; he not only recommended the ſchool, but offered to take on himſelf the charge of arranging every thing for the Colonel, even to paying the bills in his abſence, and, in ſhort, to treat Roſa as a third niece.

Now then it was when that ſame feeling which warms the generous heart, and fills it with ſympathy and affection, for an object it both loves and reſpects; now it was that the Colonel's ſoul guſhed in torrents from his eyes, to greet Sir Solomon Muſhroom as the *friend* of his ſoul.

Sir Solomon was affected alſo, really affected, by the ſilent grace with which Colonel Buhanun put into his hand a ſmall red caſe, containing a few remembrances of Abraham Newland, to the amount of two thouſand pound, for which he offered, but for which the Colonel abſolutely refuſed to take, an acknowledgment.

"Money, Sir," ſaid the noble minded Buhanun, "is the god of diſhonour. Ah! (ſtriking his breaſt) what reaſon have I not to deſpiſe it; yet now, when for this child's ſake it becomes of value to me,—now when I am half tempted to be a miſer, do I not commit to your honour, your humanity, that dearer truſt who will inherit my little all."

Sir Solomon's handkerchief was applied to his face,

certainly to conceal emotions, but of what nature the author ſayeth not.

Dinner paſſed with an increaſe of eſteem and warmth on the part of our Colonel, who having given the reins to confidence, overflowed with the milk of human kindneſs; and the Knight took his leave at an early hour, with a profuſion of profeſſions of all ſorts of friendſhip.

John was immediately ſummoned to partake of his maſter's tranquil ſatisfaction.

But an incident had foreſtalled the intelligence, and turned poor John's mind topſy-turvy. This was no other than a new edition of Mrs. Betty's favourite experiment on the key-hole of the door, when her gentle mind was diſturbed by a deſire of knowing any particular thing, which appearances proved was not deſigned to be committed to her diſcretion.

When Colonel Buhanun's mind was in a ſtate of irritation or agitation, he had an invariable cuſtom of traverſing whatever apartment he happened to be in, with a velocity in his paces in perfect uniſon with his internal feelings.

Now when John was before ſummoned, this was preciſely the caſe; and as there had of late certainly been ſomething extraordinary in the manner of both maſter and man, it was not in Mrs. Betty's nature to reſiſt the incitements of curioſity; ſhe advanced towards the ſcene of action, with all poſſible precaution, and removing the powdered curl which now adorned her ſmart head dreſs, was a ſecond time ear witneſs to a converſation that had for its ſubject the total ſubverſion of all her happineſs, preſent and expectant.

In all Betty's provident ſchemes of future greatneſs, ſince John had dropped the hint of taking a clever manager to the White Horſe, the pretty bar that fronted two roads, with an arch over the ſeat in the middle, decorated all around, above and below, with bright decanters, glaſſes, and china bowls, was the dear viſion that inſinuated itſelf into all her waking dreams, which by conſtantly indulging, ſhe had brought to ſuch a certainty of ſeeing realized, that ſhe had communicated it to her friends as a ſettled thing, that whenever it ſhould pleaſe God to releaſe old Parker from his pain, ſhe ſhould

be

be landlady of the White Horſe; in conſequence of which, ſhe received from them a regular account of the progreſs of a diſeaſe that muſt ſooner or later leave the White Horſe, and all the deſirables about it, to another landlord.

But heaven and earth! here was a diſcovery! here was a diſaſter! that not only dropped the ſcene on all the train of greatneſs ſhe had ſet down as her abſolute right, but expoſed her to the ridicule of her confidents, and would moſt probably oblige her to ſeek a freſh ſervice, where ſhe muſt have a miſtreſs, inſtead of being one; to ſay nothing of the loſs of a lover.

Brimful of indignation, ſcorn, anger, regret, and all the tormenting ſenſations, that, from the ducheſs to the dairy maid, agitate the female heart, when a lover, who, whether they like too much or too little, is on the point of ſlipping that chain which intereſt, affection, or caprice would link with adamant. Not a breath ſtirred, not a door moved on the hinge; but Betty was all eye and all ear; and while John was buſy arranging the things in the eating-room, ſhe had the good fortune to return unobſerved to her ſtation at the key-hole, in the critical minute when the future ſettlement of Roſa was ſo adroitly fixed by Sir Solomon Muſhroom, in direct ſubverſion of the intereſt John had been making for her.

"Very pretty indeed!" ſaid Mrs. Betty, wiping the tear of vexation from her ſcarlet cheek, "and ſo after making myſelf a ſlave to this beggar, after ſoiling my fingers in cleaning her from her filth and naſty rags; after going to Bath, merely to oblige my maſter, and trotting after his little beggar from place to place, for nothing in the world but a little wages and a few preſents, I am to be fobbed off in this manner, with a month's wages I ſuppoſe, at the diſcretion of that old bag of meanneſs and deceit, Sir Solomon Muſhroom; and Mr. John too, with his honeſty and probity, and fine ſpeeches out of books, and his flimflams, a pargury villain.

Mrs. Betty's paſſion was now rather beforehand with her veracity; for though John certainly did love her, and had once hinted his idea of ſettling at Penry one day or other, yet as his maſter's return to India was as

fixed as his reſolution to live and die near him, he had too much integrity to give hopes he did not intend to realize; and all his perjuries were the meanings ſhe choſe herſelf to put on his obliging, attentive, and affectionate behaviour; once indeed, after a warm embrace, he did ſwear he never had ſuch a regard for woman before; that while he had a ſhilling ſhe ſhould not want ſixpence; but as to the holy ordinance of marriage, and the etcetera's ſhe had ſo compleatly fixed in her own mind, they had never entered *his*.

With pale cheek, quivering lip, and inflamed eyes, Mrs. Betty ſat down to dinner.

An appearance ſo unuſual would undoubtedly have excited the obſervation of John, had not his faculties been all abſorbed in the pain of the approaching ſeparation.

"Soh, Mr. John, at laſt," ſaid Betty with an hyſterical ſob, "you are going beyond ſea I find."

John was not prepared for the attack; although as the time of parting drew near, he was anxious to break a matter to her, that, judging by his own feelings, and her many proofs of good will, he could not but expect would be very diſtreſſing. He laid down his knife and fork, and fixed his eyes on the fire.

The flood-gates of Betty's eyes gave way; torrents of tears rolled down her cheeks, and John in vain endeavoured to ſooth and pacify her, till, as the laſt effort to conſole the afflicted damſel, he made the declaration ſhe had ſo long anticipated, and ſwore he loved her more than any earthly being, but his king, and his maſter, and that if he lived to come back, he would, with God's good leave and bleſſing, make her his lawful wife.

Betty's tears flowed faſter than ever; all the tenderneſs and vows of affection which John, with an aching heart uttered, in hope to reconcile her to that which fate ordained, ſeemed to have a contrary effect; as how indeed could it be otherwiſe, conſidering how ſoon old Parker was expected to die, and that inſtead of ſtepping out of ſervice into the ſnug bar, with a neat hand-bell before her, ſhe was in danger of waiting on herſelf as long as ſhe lived; for as to remaining in a comfortleſs ſtate of celibacy till the war was over, indeed ſhe had no notion of that.

As

As this ſource of grief was unſuſpected by John, he could only attribute it to an exceſs of that tenderneſs which filled his own heart, and he ſo kindly ſympathiſed with her, that his tears flowed as faſt as hers, and his ſighs were quite as audible, and ſomewhat more ſincere.

In ſuch a moment, with the fair mourner in his arms, her head reclined on his boſom, proteſtations of love on one ſide, anſwered by threats of deſpair on the other, no wonder his maſter's bell had thrice rung, without power to rouſe the tender lovers from the grief into which they were plunged.

The Colonel, who diſliked being attended by the waiters of the hotel, went himſelf to enquire for his ſervant, and entered the room appropriated to his people's uſe, without being perceived.

What a ſight were two weeping, deſpairing lovers to a man of his ſenſibility, on whom the ſorrows of the tender paſſion had more effect, than any other ill to which man is heir.

Up ſtarted John, taking care nevertheleſs to remove the head of the weeping damſel gently from his boſom.

The Colonel faltered out ſomething about a bottle of claret, and retired.

John tried to rub off the redneſs from his eyes, and made them more red. Inſtead of claret he drew the cork of a bottle of cherry brandy, which had been given Mrs. Betty as a ſpecific againſt fits, and carried it with trembling hands to his maſter.

The Colonel immediately found the miſtake, and by a look ſignified it to his ſervant, who in his zeal to rectify one blunder committed half a dozen more.

"Mr. John," ſaid Sir Solomon, looking ſignificantly, "has been beginning to take leave, I fancy."

"Yes, your honour," anſwered John, with a flouriſh of his right arm which demoliſhed a rummer on the ſideboard,

"Dry ſorrow hath drunk our blood."

The Colonel, as if rouſed from a reverie, told him he diſpenſed with any further attendance that day, and John returned to Betty.

The chief mate of the India ſhip, in which the Colonel had engaged his paſſage, who was from the north of the Tweed, waited on him early the next morning, to know if he would honour him with any commands; and happening to ſay, an old ſervant of a Captain Macpherſon's, who had died in his paſſage home, wanted to return to India, the Colonel became rather inquiſitive about his abilities and character.

One remark the reader may make through life, or he may, if he pleaſe, ſafely take it on the credit of others, No true Scotchman ever loſes an opportunity of ſerving himſelf, or recommending a countryman; and a Scotchman who did not prefer a countryman, to any other claim whatever, would be an heterogeneous being.

"Is the man a Macpherſon?" aſked the Colonel.

"No, pleaſe your honour," ſaid John, with his uſual apologiſing bow, for being ſo bold as to anſwer a queſtion addreſſed to another, "his name is Buchan, James Buchan, he attended Captain Macpherſon when your honour firſt went to India."

"Thou knoweſt him, friend John?"

"Know him, your honour,—as well under favour as I know myſelf; he's of

"The conſtant ſervice of the antique world
"When ſervice ſweat for duty, not need."

James will

"Do the ſervice of a younger man"

The Colonel took his hat; he was going to viſit Sir Solomon Muſhroom, and aſked the mate to walk part of the way with him.

Sir Solomon Muſhroom, with whom the reader has yet but a kind of faſhionable viſiting acquaintance, was a man who would not only turn a guinea an hundred times before he would part with it, but turn, and turn, and turn again, before he ceaſed to worm himſelf into any connexion from which he ſaw a proſpect of advantage. He was naturally of ſo induſtrious a ſpirit, that he never heard of money thrown away, as in the caſe of the blackamoor Colonel, without an ardent deſire to be among the pickers up; never heard of an advantageous bargain, without longing to be purchaſer; never was acquainted

acquainted with a wealthy man from whom he did not get ſome crumbs of comfort; nor with a poor one whom he did not contrive to make more poor, and very hard, no doubt, it certainly would have been, had a gentleman lived on his manor, under, as he ſaid, his own noſe, by whom every individual in the neighbourhood but himſelf, ſhould, in ſome ſort, be benefited; and that a few ſcattered guineas from a fickly, whimſical ſtranger, ſhould place in camera obſcura all the great qualities of a leige lord among his own vaſſals.

It was not poſſible for John to be in habits of cordial familiarity with the villagers of Penry, without hearing of the riches, the intereſt, the power, the rhetoric, the pride, rapacity, avarice, and tyranny of the Lord of the Manor. He had not indeed ſhocked the ears of his maſter with repetitions of all he was told, but had in general terms, at different times dropped, that the perſon who occupied the great houſe, and owned the fine park, was a hard maſter, an oppreſſive landlord, and a tool of miniſtry.

With the impreſſion ſuch a character could not fail to leave on the Colonel's mind, no wonder he was hard of acceſs when the Knight ſo earneſtly courted his acquaintance.

The fine ſpring morning on which this tale opens, was one of the firſt opportunities that had offered, for a perſonal trial, to compaſs what he had many times eſſayed by polite meſſages, without ſucceſs, during the occaſional reſidence which his duty, as a pillar of the conſtitution, allowed at Penry.

At Sir Solomon's elegant town reſidence, and ſometimes at his villa, he gave entertainments as luxuriant and expenſive as the moſt extravagant man of faſhion of the age; but as theſe were an immolation of his deareſt feelings, a ſacrifice of avarice to ſhew, which coſt him many a bitter pang, he paid the ſtricteſt attention to every other part of his domeſtic out-goings.

Horace Littleton, the young man who preſumed over half a glaſs of wine at the bottom of the table, to differ in opinion from the Knight over his bumper at the top, when the Colonel was found guilty of murder, was the object of Sir Solomon Muſhroom's *charity*. The lad

had been got rid of for a few years at a free grammar ſchool in Wales, where the particular foundation on which he was placed, had given to his talents and ability all they wanted, "early inſtruction." When he was maſter of the dead languages, he had right to be ſent to college; but beſides that, this would be attended with ſome ſmall expence in addition to the ſettled allowance from the foundation; it happened at a time when, unfortunately for the youth, Sir Solomon Muſhroom, chuſing to out-do himſelf in oratory, diſcovered in him ſome talents which he found at that period particularly uſeful. Horace was well read in ancient hiſtory; he was not only a reader of eloquence, but eloquent himſelf, and could write compoſitions with alluſions to, and quotations from many authors, of whoſe names Sir Knight had never heard. Theſe compoſitions, by help of a good memory, and great attention, Sir Solomon could ſo blend with his own local ideas, as to excite attention in the houſe, and form two columns in a daily paper, for the inſertion of which, after a retouch by Horace, he very liberally paid.

Beſides the honourable employment of ſpeech making for a member of the Britiſh parliament, Horace was a kind of ſecretary, and ſteward at Penry; he anſwered all letters of buſineſs; collected rents, and kept a regular account of receipts and diſburſements; for all which ſervices he had the run of the houſe, whole clothes, dined in the parlour, and was allowed the excluſive poſſeſſion of an old library.

Muſhroom-place, the *new old* manſion which had for ages nodded its proud turrets over the village of Penry, in ſuperior grandeur and reſpect, was more properly new fronted than new built, as ſeveral grand apartments were yet ſtanding behind the new erections, among which was this library.

As the only literary property, of any eſtimation in Sir Solomon's opinion, if indeed we do not except the gilt red morocco covered prayer-book in the manor-pew, were Journals of the Commons and Burn's Juſtice; the furniture of the old library, which he had claimed as part of the building, when it was knocked down to him, were as little valued as underſtood; and though to induce

Horace

Horace to execute his taſk with good humour, it was neceſſary to be ſometimes civil to him, yet the more wiſe Knight thought the old library and its occupier perfectly appropriate.

Horace had but juſt peeped into the world through the medium of his patron's conduct and diſpoſition; neither of which ſtruck him as of half the value of one of the worm-eaten books moulding on the ſhelf of the old library; he therefore left the former to what amendations heaven in its wiſdom ſhould pleaſe to ordain, and devoted all his leiſure hours, to cleaning, arranging, and ſtudying the contents of an apartment he was permitted to call his own.

If Colonel Buhanun had any political biaſs, it was anti-miniſterial. No Scotchman had then been at the head of public affairs ſince the nobleman whoſe wiſdom and private virtues endeared him to all who had the honour and happineſs to know him, and rendered him the object of abuſe to thoſe who did not. When therefore he beſtowed a thought on miniſtry, it was merely comparative; too partial to the innate worth of his honoured countryman, to ſeparate public conduct from private worth, he could not allow merit where it was perhaps conſpicuouſly due.

Sir Solomon, was on his part, the ſlave of all who had the diſtribution of loaves and fiſhes. He had already amaſſed a princely fortune under the auſpices of a nobleman high in office, and lived in daily hope of a continental war, when he might again be a commiſſary, and heap wealth on wealth. Relying on the entire ignorance of a man who *knew not the value of money*, he endeavoured to impreſs him with profound admiration of his talents as a ſpeaker in the ſenate, and as the wiſeſt of mortals out of it. He ſent his own man to him with the political pamphlets on the ſide of miniſtry, and the important newſpapers containing his own ſpeeches, as ſoon as they were printed; in anſwer to all which, if the abſolute Colonel returned any anſwer, it was a ſhort phillipic againſt venality and corruption.

Venality and corruption! that was very good, from a man too who had made a fortune in India—ridiculous enough!

He

He had next proceeded to adviſe; but as all his tropes, metaphors, figures, and fine ſpeaking could not, in the ſimple Colonel's idea, ſeparate the wiſdom of the orator from the faults of the man, that too failed; and the Colonel had continued to *throw away* his guineas in ſpite of remonſtrance and advice, and this ſo increaſed the contempt of the great man, that it ſoon became downright hatred.

"*Colonel Buhanun*; *I never heard the name! I don't believe he is a Colonel*," quoth Sir Solomon. But the reſult of his enquiries at the India-houſe, where every clerk treated with reſpect that name of which he had never heard, had now wrought a ſudden change in his ſentiments; we have ſeen his averſion to the man ſucceeded by a ſervile reſpect to his fortune and character; and we have now introduced to the reader a book-loving youth, who kept accounts and wrote ſpeeches.

This lad, kept as Sir Solomon declared, on charity, was of late become rather troubleſome; it was indeed whiſpered in the family, that he had claims on the Knight, of which he was himſelf but too ſenſible, and in conſequence of ſome preſumptuous conduct, had ſo far forfeited the favour of his patron, that he declared his reſolution to bind him apprentice to ſome trade, whereby he might earn his own living; but every propoſal of the kind, and even the offer of being put in the train to be made an exciſeman had been rejected by the youth with reſentment and diſdain.

Sir Solomon Muſhroom imputed the ruin of young Horace to the old library, from which it was an Herculean labour to remove him. The young man who had ſeldom ſixpence in his pocket, had indeed few temptations to go abroad; and his inactivity gave a ſallow hue to his complexion, that took at leaſt from his beauty, however it might improve his underſtanding.

But notwithſtanding the indolence and ingratitude of his character, which was the conſtant topic of Sir Solomon's converſation in his abſence, he had not ceaſed to treat him when preſent, with more reſpect than was apparently due to his ſituation; and the ſecret reaſons for that implacable diſguſt, he now with great difficulty concealed, were theſe: Two young ladies who paſſed for

for the nieces of Sir Solomon, and had been brought up in habits of intimacy with Horace, had already, altho' the eldeſt was not ſeventeen, and the youngeſt not fifteen, betrayed certain ſymptoms of regard for the young man the reverſe of diſguſt, which if indulged, threatened to overturn all the plans that had coſt the wiſe Sir Solomon more than can be now explained, to bring about.

Sir Solomon, who had himſelf never been diſturbed by any of thoſe fine drawn feelings which revolt at betraying the confidence of innocence, ſaw the advantage that *might*, and *therefore* he doubted not, *would* be taken, of a fondneſs, which, particularly in the eldeſt and favourite young lady, was every day more perceptible; he had even the penetration to diſcover a deſign to run away with one of his heireſſes, was at the bottom of that pride in Horace, which produced, as he ſaid, not only indolence but impertinence; and he determined, at the riſk of his reputation for oratory, to get rid of ſo obnoxious an inmate, even if it coſt him a few hundreds to do it; but the obſtinacy of the ſullen Horace had hitherto baffled all his ſchemes.

Sir Solomon was too wiſe to hint his apprehenſions to the parties concerned, but reſolved, from the moment he underſtood the Colonel's return to India was certain, and that he had intereſt to procure a ſituation, to which pride could not object, for Horace, to make himſelf of ſuch conſequence to the former as ſhould give him a right to aſk a return of good offices.

He had balanced between avarice and fear, till a recent inſtance of Charlotte's increaſing partiality rouſed him into action, and relying on the urbanity and generoſity of the Colonel's temper, opened his deſigns on the morning in which this hiſtory now ſtands.

His introductory prelude, as was often the caſe with him, was a panegyric on the perſon, whom, next to the Colonel, he moſt hated. Horace was, he ſaid, an orphan of family, left by a concurrence of ſtrange events, penſioner on his charity. His abilities were ſo much above mediocrity, that it would have been barbarous to deprive them of the advantage of education. Few young men

men in any ſtation could in that reſpect equal him. Sir Solomon here heaved a profound ſigh.

The Colonel, his whole heart open to the protector of Roſa, hoped he received the beſt reward true benevolence could receive, in the happineſs of its object.

Sir Solomon heſitated; he turned his face away; he even drew out his pocket handkerchief, and ſighed again.

The Colonel was all attention.

Still advancing under a maſked battery, Sir Solomon proceeded only by hints and inuendos, to explain that the youth was incorrigibly idle, proud, vindictive, and treacherous; that he had endeavoured to ſtab the breaſt that had foſtered him, by ſeducing the affections of his darling niece, and with that object in view, refuſed to accept of any ſituation out of the family.

With all the colourings of Sir Solomon there was ſomething in this ſtory that warmed the Colonel's heart towards the young culprit.

For an indigent youth, even under his patron's roof, to find all ſenſe of obligation too weak to defend his heart from the charms of his heireſs, was a ſituation in which he knew it was very poſſible honour might find itſelf; and he enquired with the tremor on his voice, if the young lady's affections were fixed on this deſigning youth.

"Not yet," and Sir Solomon devoutly thanked God; "but if he was not removed,——Yet he could not find in his heart to treat the ill judging boy with harſhneſs; and what to do with him——"

Thus far had Sir Solomon proceeded like a ſkilful engineer, and was well prepared to go much farther; but the Colonel recollecting that in taking on himſelf the fortunes of a youth ſo dear to his friend, he ſhould more engage his kindneſs to Roſa, as well as ſooth the mind of a youth whoſe paſſions might be his ruin; and not doubting the truth of a ſyllable he heard, eagerly ſwallowed the bait, and offered to procure an appointment on the Bengal civil eſtabliſhment, if Sir Solomon thought the young man would conſent to accept it.

"Accept it! ſaid the overjoyed Knight, "he muſt —he ſhall—he—if he do not, he—he——." It was a happy

a happy and timely recollection, that Horace had hitherto obſtinately rejected all the good things that had been offered him. "If—if I have any weight,—any——Ah Colonel! never, never can I repay this obligation,—but your little Roſa—yes, ſhe ſhall be dear,—ſhe—"

The Colonel interrupted what was intended to be a moſt moving ſpeech, by a warm embrace.

The bargain was immediately ſtruck: Horace Littleton muſt be a writer in the India Company's ſervice; his future welfare the Colonel made his own; and Roſa, the only dear object of her benefactor's love, be to Sir Solomon,—what indeed was ſhe not to be?—as dear as his own nieces, with whom indeed, ſo great was his attachment to her, he hinted ſhe might poſſibly ſhare his fortune; and ſo ſtrongly did this intention ſeem to be taken up, that it required a vaſt deal of reaſoning on the part of the Colonel to perſuade the generous Knight ſuch an arrangement would be not only unjuſt but unneceſſary; as he ſhould make her his own ſole and undoubted heireſs. A ſecond embrace, with feelings one party *could* not, and the other *would* not, give to words, ſealed the compact.

Sir Solomon's next care was about the neceſſaries for ſo long a voyage. The Colonel, while he held Roſa on his knee, inſiſted that too ſhould be his concern.

Sir Solomon could not bear ſuch exceſs of generoſity.

"Oh it was nothing—a trifle to be repaid in ſweetmeats to Roſa."

"Be it ſo," ſaid the Knight, bowing with a look at Roſa worth a million in her patron's eſtimation. He then took leave, to inform Horace of his good fortune.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Shewing the difference between parting with, and getting rid of a friend.

HORACE LITTLETON, when he received his patron's ſummons, to go for the firſt time to the metropolis, was reading the Æneid of Virgil. He coolly put the book in his pocket, ſtepped into the chaiſe, and was found by the Knight in his parlour, by the embers of a fire he was too much engaged or too indolent to ſtir; Virgil on the table, and without a trait of curioſity or intereſt on his countenance, reſpecting the ſummons he had received.

Sir Solomon augured no good from an indifference that could not increaſe, and had not abated ſince his laſt great offer, to bind him apprentice to a corn-dealer at Ryegate: he however commenced his harangue in the uſual flowery ſtile, that preceded every new ſcheme to get rid of his dear Horace.

Parental fondneſs, unbounded affection, grief of heart, kindneſs, and protection that ſhould end but with life, were ſeverally profeſſed and enlarged on; then came the intereſt he had made, the trouble he had taken, the expence he had already been at, the ſums it would yet coſt; nothing indeed in compariſon with the returns a genius like his might in a ſhort time make.

Horace liſtened with the moſt frigid apathy, and as he marked the paſſage he was reading, before he cloſed the book, his lips ſevered to reply; but Sir Solomon, who at this moment dreaded nothing ſo much as an anſwer which he ſaw, by the turn of the young man's countenance, would be unpropitious, deſired him to come to his ſtudy early in the morning, wiſhed him a very good night, and abruptly left the room.

In the ſtudy, then, the next morning, Sir Solomon Muſhroom waited the tardy approach of the youth, whom he had every hour ſince the "*very good night,*" at parting the evening before, conſigned to perdition, but

but whom he now received with an appearance of placid affection.

Horace affected neither to thank, or be obliged by the profeſſion and exertions of his paternal friend. A confuſed remembrance of ſolemn promiſes, which the hoſt of heaven were abjured to witneſs, and which, like the ſun-beam on the clear ſurface of the water vaniſhed with that bright orb, had left him incredulous and reſentful; his memory tenacious, and his ſenſe of injury acute.

When Sir Solomon, after a repetition of all the fine things he ſaid the night before,—after parentheſis within parentheſis, and circumlocutions without number, named the place of his deſtination, repugnant ſuſpicion darted from the eyes of Horace, and he coldly but reſolutely negatived the whole propoſal.

The moſt conſummate art and preſence of mind were at this moment inſufficient to calm the anger, or conceal the diſappointment of the outrageous Knight.

Perſuaded no man in the predicament of Horace Littleton, without friends, money, or even a home, if deprived of his, would refuſe to go well accoutred to the Indies, to fill a lucrative poſt, if he were not ſure to make a fortune with leſs trouble at home. *His* intereſt, *his* fortune, *his* Charlotte, all, all, muſt be the goal of Horace's ambition. It was too much; he gave way to fury; a torrent of invectives, upbraiding, and inſults ſucceeded; and he at length demanded, in a voice of thunder, of the undaunted youth, if he expected to be maintained in idleneſs for ever?

The eyes of Horace flaſhed fire. "When you offer a choice, I ought to make a propoſition I dare accept; you will find your maintenance and yourſelf are my ſcorn; misfortune may reduce me, but I will never degrade myſelf; nor by my own credulity ſanction villainy."

Sir Solomon Muſhroom bluſhed in his turn; his large gray eye fell under the piercing black ones that darted into his very ſoul.

"Oh very, very fine! vaſtly fine!" ſaid he; "ſanction villany!—very well,—but I *know* you, Sir."

"'Tis well, Sir," replied Horace; "we are then on equal terms, for I KNOW YOU TOO."

Sir

Sir Solomon's red was no more; a ghaſtly pale overſpread his roſy gills; his lips quivered; he trembled with ſomething more direful than rage, and was advancing to ſtrike the preſumptuous youth, when the Colonel entered unannounced, with unuſual alacrity in his looks, and was not more ſurpriſed at the apparent violence of his cool phlegmatic friend, than at the haughty, indignant pale face, of the intereſting young ſtranger.

Sir Solomon's features reſumed their uſual placidity with more eaſe than quite pleaſed the good Colonel, who, like the countryman in the fable, could neither comprehend or approve the art of blowing hot and cold in one breath; he however liſtened to the apology with complaiſance and attention.

The Knight, after many ſolemn proteſtations of affection for the young man, adduced his inactive turn, and rejection of ſo great an offer, as the provocation to that exceſs of paſſion, he was aſhamed his friend had witneſſed.

"He is partial, perhaps to his country," ſaid the Colonel, eyeing him with peculiar regard; "few young men leave Britain from choice; but, Sir, if you would confide."

There was an involuntary reſpect to the dignity of the young man's deportment,—a ſort of ſympathetic tender regard to his orphan ſtate, in the Colonel's addreſs, that diſpelled the reſentment which frowned on his brow, and left the uſual ſadneſs of expreſſion in his countenance.

The Colonel obſerved a change, which he attributed to ſecret paſſion, and remembered Sir Solomon's apprehenſion in regard to his niece; he could not indeed look at Horace, and believe him a mercenary deſigner; and though he knew ſuch things were, was more inclined to conſider his rejection of an appointment really advantageous, as a proof, that young as he appeared, his heart was enſlaved; and in this point of view he became more intereſting, and more the object of his compaſſion.

"My good Sir," ſaid the Colonel, advancing, and taking the hand that ſeemed to hang lifeleſs to his inanimate form, "there is ſcarce a change in this variable life to which ſome feeling of the heart muſt not be ſacrificed; time may reconcile you, as it has done me, to the

the moſt cruel deſtiny; learn of me what it is to ſuffer, and yet be a man, if you accept my protection."

Horace ſtarted; he gazed at Colonel Buhanun, and at Sir Solomon Muſhroom; he doubted his ſenſe of hearing; looked wildly round; then his eyes, reſting on the Colonel; "Your's Sir! did you ſay your's? your protection!"

"What is there, Sir," anſwered the Colonel, coldly, "ſo terrific in *my* protection? it has been often vainly aſked, but never before refuſed."

Horace could not ſpeak; the film that deadened his fine eye diſperſed; he wiped the ſweat from his forehead, knelt on one knee, his ſpread hand on his breaſt, and burſt into tears.

"What's the matter now?" cried Sir Solomon peeviſhly.

The ſympathizing Buhanun thought the poor youth was torn with hopeleſs love; he turned to Sir Solomon with an expreſſion in his eye that implored pity; the eye of Sir Solomon anſwered a flat negative; he knew all things had their ſeaſon, and remembered Roſa. "I am ſorry, Sir," ſaid he, addreſſing Horace, "you are ſo averſe, but if—" "Averſe! averſe! Sir," at length replied the agitated young man, "averſe! ah great God! you know not, Sir, the heart that would glory in devoting all its faculties to the commands of Colonel Buhanun. Averſe! what, to look up to a man of honour, of humanity, for favour and protection! alas! it was in deſpair of ſuch happineſs, that the enthuſiaſtic ardour of youthful hope expired; that I ſtood in ſullen apathy, deſpiſing the miſerable exiſtence I languiſhed to reſign. Say, Sir, oh once more bleſs me with the ſound! ſay *you* are my protector. You ſpake of countries; yes, this happy iſland may be dear to thoſe who have kindred and inheritance; but for me, wretched, forlorn, unallied, poor, and inſulted, outcaſt from every tie that unite the happy relatives of ſociety, that country is mine where it will be remembered, with all my wretchedneſs, I too have memory, have feeling, and am a man."

"What," ſtammered the Colonel, "this can't be—this muſt be all rant."

Horace

Horace looked no lying evidence.

" Well then," ſaid the Colonel, " I have got a boy to my girl; have I? yes, I will be thy protector, thy father, and little Roſa ſhall be thy ſiſter."

The emotions of Horace became too ſtrong; he was obliged to leave the room; and the Colonel congratulated the Knight on the aſſurance, that his niece was not in ſo much danger as he had apprehended.

" An ungrateful villain!" exclaimed Sir Solomon, who knew from his own practices, how ſeldom appearances were to be truſted, and who was moſt ſeverely humbled by the very conduct that inſured the ſucceſs of his ſcheme.

The rapture with which Horace changed his patron, if it did not prove him the ungrateful villain he called him, certainly did not ſay much for regret at changing one patron for another.

Had Colonel Buhanun been as deep in the ſecret ſprings of worldly actions, as he was in thoſe of urbanity and honour, he would from this little incident have been, as the editor flatters herſelf ſome of her readers already are, rather uneaſy about the guardianſhip of little Roſa; while others, that is to ſay, every handſome young man of eighteen, without ſixpence in his pocket, will perhaps envy Horace Littleton.

Entire change of circumſtance; the handſome manner in which he was equipped; and the diſtinction with which even Sir Solomon Muſhroom now treated him, was the touchſtone of his ſtrength of mind; he ſoon left the ſplendour of St. Jame's-ſquare, and became a happy member of the Colonel's family.

Had Roſa been as ugly as Mrs. Feverſham's report, and as ignorant as when her rags ſwept the path after the Colonel, her being ſimply his favourite, would have rendered her amiable and intereſting to Horace.

But the truth is, ſhe really was one of the moſt beautiful and engaging little creatures in the world; and as in the common intercourſe between good ſenſe, good nature, and innocence under one roof, affection will creep into the heart, whether one will or not, Horace firſt loved, and then trembled for little Roſa.

Sir

Sir Solomon Muſhroom in this interval ſeemed to have but two points to carry; the firſt to make Colonel Buhanun believe all he ſaid at preſent; and Horace to forget all he had either ſaid or done in the paſt.

In the former he was wholly ſucceſsful; but the latter was impoſſible; and among other things that perpetually recurred to the young man's recollection, were the opprobrious epithets he had heard liberally and conſtantly beſtowed by his late patron on the *dear little* Roſa, of whom he was now ſo fond.

The contempt in which he had avowedly held the benevolence that reſcued her from beggary, was ſo ſtriking a contraſt to the adulative praiſes, which, as often as the ſubject occurred, flowed from lips Horace well knew was not in the practice of ſpeaking truth, that it both alarmed and diſtreſſed him.

Yet what could he do? juſt received into the favour and confidence of a man of honour, could he venture to reveal ſuſpicions, which being but ſuſpicion, might be doubted? Obligations he certainly did own to Sir Solomon Muſhroom, and undeſired as his confidence was, ſtill all he could ſay was ſimply what had been truſted to him in that confidence; and it would require ſtrong reaſons as well as proofs, to convince one patron he betrayed the other, from motives of humanity.

'Tis true, his knowledge of the man warranted ſuſpicion; he was certain, whatever were the inducements, he was acting a part. But in order to render this as clear to others as it was to himſelf, they muſt know him as well, and that in the preſent inſtance was impoſſible.

Thus then poor Roſa was the object of Mr. Littleton's pity; and it was with an aching heart he was obliged to conceal his wiſh, rather to have her left without a guardian, than ſuch a one as his late patron.

The tenderneſs to which ſhe was now enured, had obliterated all traces of her miſerable origin; and though infantine recollections could not wound her mind, as they had often done his, yet harſh treatment or neglect would now be more hard to bear, than if the fortunate reverſe in her ſituation had never taken place. Such were the reflections of Horace, whenever the fondneſs of Sir

Sir Solomon reminded him of the undreſſed part of his character.

But a buſy ſcene awaited him, which allowed little time for obſervation; the ſhip in which they were to embark for India, had fallen down to Graveſend, and was hourly expected to ſail for the Downs, where the Colonel and his ſuite propoſed to join her; and as he could not preſume to drop a hint of his ſuſpicions, without incurring the cenſure of officiouſneſs, and probably ingratitude, as well as wounding the peace, and breaking the confidence of his patron, at a time when he might change without bettering the ſituation of Roſa, he abandoned the idea, and employed himſelf in arranging his own and the Colonel's affairs.

John, whoſe hands and heart were alſo full, had leiſure nevertheleſs to do a good natured action; and remembering James, Captain Macpherſon's ſervant, mentioned him with ſuch praiſe to Mr. Littleton, that he ſent to inquire for him, but Buchan was engaged.

John could not ſay he was ſorry, on Buchan's account, becauſe a ſervant, let him be as good as he will, or as he ſhould, can have but one place at a time; but he was very ſorry Mr. Littleton miſſed him, becauſe he was as honeſt as the day.

As the time advanced for parting, and perhaps for ever, the bond of kindneſs ſeemed more cloſely knit between the four hearts that formed Colonel Buhanun's houſehold, namely the Colonel and Roſa, and John and Betty. Roſa was ſeldom off the Colonel's knee in the parlour, and Betty as ſeldom off that of John in the outer room.

The Colonel had been in cloſe conſultation with Roſa about her doils three hours, when he rang for a glaſs of water, and John, who had been the ſame exact time hearing Betty's lamentations, heaved a deep ſigh as he ſet down the water.

"Friend John," ſaid the Colonel, "the only conſolation I had long known, before I picked up my little Roſa, was thy fidelity; thou haſt a heart, worthy him who gave it."

John bowed; he pulled up his plaited chitterlin, and gave his arm a preparative flouriſh, but a thought of Betty

Betty put Shakeſpeare out of his head, and having been lately much afflicted with the ſalt rheum, drew his left hand acroſs his eye, and dropt the right.

" This dear little deſerted animal, was thrown in my way by Providence."

" I dare ſay ſhe was, your honour, on purpoſe to be ſaved from deſtruction."

" Say rather, friend John, to ſave me from deſtruction."

The Colonel was more in habits of friendſhip than familiarity with his ſervant; he had never but once before unbended, even to John, who now ſtood ſcarce breathing, leaſt he ſhould diſturb the ſolemnity of his maſter's ſpeech and features.

" Ah John! thou knoweſt not how the black poiſon has engendered within me."

" Poiſon!" exclaimed John, " now God, of his infinite mercy, forbid."

A melancholy ſmile paſſed over the Colonel's features.

" Returning health; what had it for me, but a lengthened term of miſery; I have no friends, no country."

" Pleaſe your honour," (John's voice was raiſed; his creſt elevated; he ſtood erect, and looked as if he meant to be a comforter in the hour of need) " pleaſe your honour, you are a Scotſman, and no country in the Chriſtian land has ſo many friends as Scotſmen, becauſe right or wrong, they are ſure to ſtand by one another; our regiment, nineteen out of every twenty, were Scotſmen, and I never heard one of them ſpeak ill of his own country."

The intended eulogiums on Scotland and Scotſmen were loſt on the Colonel; his eyes filled with tears were raiſed to heaven.

" Oh my father! my dear reſpected parent! why, oh why didſt thou plant a dagger in the heart of thy ſon?"

Saving the Shakeſpeare treaſure, and a ſtring of good old proverbs, there could not be a more literal underſtanding than that of our friend John.

" A dagger!" he repeated, " why what a ſinful world is this! a father ſtick a dagger in his ſon! his own ſon!

" —— The

" —— The father of ſo bleſt a ſon ;
" A ſon who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
" Amongſt the grove the very ſtraighteſt plant."

The Colonel wiped off the drops of anguiſh, that diſtilling from his heart ſtood on his haggard brow.

" This child," ſaid he ; " this poor child ! untaught and miſerable as I found her, has ſuch an indeſcribable faſcination about her, ſuch power over my ſenſes, that while I trace her features, obſerve the opening traits of her mind, and liſten to her innocent prattle, I feel, I know not what of painful pleaſure ; the miſery that had ſo long grown to every aching ſenſe is no more ; the paſt, the preſent, and the future, are all loſt in the delirium of the moment ; but that d——d Doctor ——"

" Oh fye !" cried Roſa, clapping her hand to his mouth, " have I not bid you leave off naughty words ? and did you not promiſe you would ?"

The little hand was preſſed to his lips.

" Yes, that puny Doctor awoke me from a pleaſing torpor, by ſimply ſuggeſting, that when I am gone to my duty, poor little Roſa." The tremor on his voice never was more troubleſome, and the rheum overflowed from his eyes. " Poor little Roſa may again become friendleſs."

" Very true, your honour," anſwered John ſorrowfully, " and perhaps her wicked mother may return, and take her."

" I'll be d——d if ſhe ſhall, friend John."

Roſa's hand was again on his lips, and preſſed with increaſed tenderneſs.

" The fortune I poſſeſs has been honourably accumulated."

" Your honour never got a dirty ſhilling in your life."

" My neareſt of kin is my lawful heir ; and to his honour I knew I might conſign thee ; but this child has changed my ideas ; I will make a will ; I ſhall ſtill take care of thee."

John drew the back of his hand acroſs his eyes.

" Your honour has always done that."

" Thou haſt the two letters I gave thee directed to Major Buhanun."

" Safe

" Safe in my box, your honour."

" I will write my own will, which, when done, thou may deſtroy the letters, or keep them as thou likeſt."

John affected to recover his ſpirits; he deſired his maſter would not doubt he would at the hazard of his life obey him; and as to me, your honour, he added,

" I am a true labourer—I earn that I eat—get that I wear —owe no man hate—envy no man's happineſs—glad of other men's good—content with my harm, and the greateſt of my pride is"

to live and die with ſo good a maſter."

The Colonel caſt a look of kindneſs at his ſervant, and dipped his pen in the inkſtand before him.

" Men," continued John,

" ——— Men muſt endure
" Their going hence, even as their coming hither,
" Ripeneſs is all."

And what is life

" —— But a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
" That ſtruts and frets his hour on the ſtage,
" And then is heard no more."

John was never more in grace with himſelf; never more happy in the appropriate motion of his right arm; nor were his feelings ever more in uniſon with Shakeſpeare; he had half a dozen more quotations ready to pour in upon the ſubject, and was in attitude to proceed, when the Colonel, drawing his writing table nearer, mildly diſmiſſed both him and Roſa.

" He is making his will," ſaid Betty, the moment ſhe ſaw John, " and I really think Mr. John, it would have been but doing as you would be done by, had you juſt put in a word for me; I dare ſay he won't live the year out."

" God forbid! Mrs. Betty," replied John.

" Nay, Mr. John, I am very far from wiſhing my maſter ill, but only as he is ſuch a poor ſhadow of a man, and as he was talking about making a will."

John never thought of the how Mrs. Betty came by her intelligence; her ſagacity was the only thing that ſtruck him in the buſineſs, which he had reaſon to admire ſtill more on being rung for by the Colonel, and bid to write his name directly under that of the landlord, to his

laſt will and teſtament, which was ſigned, ſealed, and delivered in the preſence of both the ſubſcribing witneſſes.

After this important tranſaction Colonel Buhanun became more chearful and more apparently fond of Roſa.

Sir Solomon had been ſo kind as to make the arrangements for Roſa's reception at a very reputable boarding-ſchool in the neighbourhood of Penry, where he aſſured the Colonel, that as he ſhould himſelf be dumb on the ſubject, as the child was ſo much altered, and as by his direction her name was changed, it would be impoſſible ſhe could be recogniſed as the little beggar. As this was a point on which the Colonel was extremely delicate, the Knight ſpared neither argument nor pains to make him eaſy, and in the end entirely ſucceeded.

But though it would doubtleſs have been a ſatisfaction to the Colonel, to have ſeen the child ſettled at ſchool, he could not prevail on himſelf to forego the greater pleaſure of keeping her with him to the laſt moment; and during the ſhort time that now remained of his ſtay, his whole attention was engroſſed by little Roſa.

The day at length arrived when the purſer gave notice of having received the laſt diſpatches and of his immediate departure, when the wind being fair, the ſhip muſt certainly ſail; and poſt chaiſes were ordered by the next morning's dawn; one for the Colonel and his ſervant, another for Mr. Horace Littleton and the perſevering Sir Solomon Muſhroom, who inſiſted on accompanying his two dear friends, as long as they remained on Britiſh ground; and to avoid any delay, both him and Horace ordered beds at the hotel.

When the cloth was laying for ſupper, who ſhould gravely walk up to the ſide board, in a new ſuit of the Colonel's undreſs livery but James Buchan.

"Angels and miniſters of grace defend us,"

Stammered John, dropping a tumbler out of his right hand.

"Before the ſupper is ſerved," ſaid the Colonel, gravely, "give me thy hand, friend John,—thou art no longer my ſervant."

From

From the time Colonel Buhanun had been ſo unexpected a witneſs of the tragical ſcene between John and Mrs. Betty, he had ſpoke leſs frequently than uſual to the former, but as his kindneſs to the latter had increaſed in double proportion; and as it was not Mr. John but Mrs. Betty's lynx eye, that was always on the gaze when intereſt was at ſtake, the alteration had not till this tremendous moment occurred to him; but unconſcious of a thought in which affection was not blended with duty, and hurt at the apparent treachery of his friend, his heart was too big for the breaſt of a common ſoldier.

"Pleaſe your honour, you may turn me away," ſaid he, "but you can't diſcharge me the regiment without a court martial. John Brown was never the man yet that ſhowed his back to the corporal, or flinched from his duty, and if I—if I do leave——"

Here John's rhetoric ſtuck; here the big heart overflowed; he fell on his knees, wrung his hands, and wept like a child.

"Riſe, my good fellow," ſaid the Colonel; "yes, I repeat you are no longer my ſervant,—but you are, and ſhall always be one of my moſt valued friends."

"But, oh my honoured Colonel," with an emphaſis on the Colonel, "why am I diſcharged? what have I done? If I have neglected duty, or diſobeyed orders, puniſh me, turn me into the ranks, do any thing, kill me, ſo I am in your ſervice, I ſhall die contented."

After a pauſe, during which Sir Solomon turned himſelf full round, to loſe no iota of what was paſſing, and Mr. Horace precipitately left the room, he added ſobbing,

"If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
"And in thy ſight to die, what were it
"But a pleaſant ſlumber."

"You affect me, John," ſaid the Colonel, "and I am already ſick at heart. Couldſt thou think, after the ſcene I witneſſed with that worthy girl thou loveſt, I would prefer my own convenience to thy happineſs, and take thee from her? no, thou ſhall marry her."

"Marriage, and pleaſe your honour," replied John, in a ſullen unthankful tone, "is an awful undertaking; if a man takes a voyage to India, why he knows the end of his hardſhips ſetting caſe he ſhould meet with a few ſtorms, why he either gets into good quarters at laſt, or dies like a man, and ſo is eaſy one way or other; but as to marriage———"

"Why, John," joined Sir Solomon, "how would pretty Mrs. Betty reliſh thoſe ſtrong arguments againſt marriage?"

"'Tis an honour———

ſhe

"———dreams not of,"

replied John," in ſorte, and then with pitiful looks was going to offer more reaſons, "why a voyage to India was all to nothing a better venture than marriage;" when the Colonel ſtopped him ſhort.

"Thy arguments, John," ſaid he, "will never make converts, becauſe they are againſt thine own conviction"

"I can't deny my love for Mrs. Betty, your honour; but neither can I leave my commander; your honour's own words, when you were minded to abide with Miſs Roſa, were, "a ſoldier ſhould not lye by when his comrades are facing the enemy," like

"——— Cowards living,
"To die with lengthened ſhame."

Now, pleaſe your honour, every one that can pull a trigger, tells for one; and though your honour knows, and every body knows, a hundred privates won't make up for one commiſſioned officer, eſpecially in that ſweltering place, where we ſo often faced powder; yet I am ſure my noble Colonel would not wiſh John Brown to be off his poſt, when he ſhould be obeying the word of command."

"Sit down, my friend," ſaid the Colonel, taking his hand, "and hear how thou mayſt do me the beſt ſervice; how thou mayſt make thy maſter happy, and yet do thy duty."

"That," anſwered John ſullenly, "may be ſoon ſettled; it is one and the ſame thing."

"In

" In the firſt place, there is thy diſcharge from the regiment."

John ſobbed, and his hand involuntarily retreated.

" In the next, thou knoweſt my fooliſh fondneſs for this little child."

" God bleſs her heart, and your honour's heart, for being ſo good to her, poor dear, ſhe is worth it."

" Well, thou knoweſt I cannot take her with me."

Sir Solomon now made another change in his poſition, to loſe no iota that fell from the Colonel.

" Why, no, to be ſure," ſaid John, " your honour can't do that; taking a child to India, is carrying coals to Newcaſtle."

" Sir Solomon Muſhroom promiſes to be a father to her."

Sir Solomon bowed.

" I wiſh he may keep his word your honour."

Sir Solomon's red cheeks turned blue.

" I do not doubt it," replied the Colonel.

Again Sir Solomon bowed, he hoped not.

" But Sir Solomon is not immortal."

" No, God forbid, your honour."

" He may die."

Sir Solomon was again ready to hope not.

" To be ſure your honour, the young may go, but the old muſt;

" Seeing that death, a neceſſary end, will come when it will come."

" And who will be a father to my Roſa, then?"

" As I told your honour before, there's Mrs. Betty, a ſober, honeſt, true hearted, ſtaid young body."

" True, friend John; but Betty, poor Betty! who will take care of her? if ſhe has no huſband, ſhe will want a father herſelf."

John ſobbed aloud.

" And then, poor girl, ſhe has fits."

" She'll be broke of that, your houour; ſhe thinks if ſhe was ſettled, and had a home."

" I dare ſay ſhe would; and then my little Roſa would never want one."

" I'd be d——d if ſhe ſhould!"

As this is the firſt time John has made an immoral ſlip, although he had the advantage of ſuch conſtant example, good folks will forgive him.

"Well then, the ſum of the matter is this: Roſa muſt have a home, and Betty a huſband."

"She will as ſoon expect to fly in the air, or as I did your honour would turn away an old ſervant."

"Do not haraſs me, friend John," ſaid the Colonel, in a moſt affectionate manner, "with thy grateful fidelity; I do not turn thee away, I only change the nature of thy ſervice; I appoint you and your wife guardians under the direction of Sir Solomon Muſhroom, of this my adopted child."

"Fine talking about guardians and marriage, and this, and that, and t'other, but who is to take care of your honour, when your bile returns? Oh Colonel! you'll think of poor John, mind I ſay it."

"I ſhall always think of poor John; but if I do not go away eaſy in my mind about this child, the bile will not only return, but kill me; therefore ſay no more about it; get married as ſoon as you can; here is ſomething to begin the world with; if that be not enough to put you into a decent ſituation, Sir Solomon will have the goodneſs to make what addition you may require. Your cheſts are all unſhipped and brought back; ſo God bleſs thee, my good fellow; thou ſhalt find I never can turn thee off, as thou call'ſt it; go make thy good girl happy, and attend me after ſupper; Buchan ſhall wait."

"*Go make thy girl happy!*" Was it in nature, after ſeeing Buchan enter in the Colonel's livery; after the doors were all cloſed, when every body was engaged, that a key-hole could remain unoccupied while Mrs. Betty had an ear?

All that was wanting to make Betty happy, when John's ſorrowful phiz came in contact with her keen eye, was to know the exact and ſpecific value of the bit of paper he ſtill held crumpled in his hand, which ſhe underſtood was deſigned to ſettle a home for John's good girl and Miſs Roſa; he however had forgot every tittle of the buſineſs, except his diſcharge; he held the paper indeed in his unconſcious hand, but was totally unintereſted in its value.

Betty

The flappers of Laputa could not be more dexterous in recalling the diſciples of profound ſtudy to their occupation, than Mrs. Betty at recollection, where dear ſelf-intereſt was at ſtake; the "How much is it?" which nonpluſed poor John at the beginning of a very affecting detail of what had paſſed between him and his maſter, proved a ſeaſonable relief to both; Betty was out of her wits for joy, and John ſtupified with grief, as they with difficulty ſpelled a bank note for two hundred pounds.

"Well, God bleſs his dear generous heart, and ſend him ſafe back to old England, ſay I," quoth Mrs. Betty.

"Amen, amen, pray God, amen," joined John.

——————— "May he live
"Longer than I have time to tell his years;
"Ever beloved and loving may his rule be;
"And when old time ſhall take him hence,
"Goodneſs and he fill up one monument."

"Ay, if he lives to come back, and have a Chriſtian burial; for I dare ſay there are no monuments at Ingee; however I hope he'll let me pay my dooty before he goes, and I'll warrant I'll take care of Miſs Roſa. I ſhall never forget the time when I ſpoiled a new pair of Saliſbury ſciſſars by cutting off her naſty hair."

Betty had ſcarce ſpoke when her maſter's bell rung, and ſhe was ordered up with John.

The Colonel prefaced his commands by a gift of all the valuable little neceſſaries which people of elegant ideas, though in furniſhed lodgings, will rather purchaſe than become familiar with more ordinary accommodation.

Betty courteſied to the ground, and ran over in her mind the tea, coffee, and milk pot, caſters, ſpoons, writing ſtand, candleſticks, &c. of ſilver; then her mind's eye was dazzled by china, decanters, rummers, and goblets, of the fineſt cut glaſs; and to theſe ſucceeded a large quantity of fine table and bed linen.

John, on his knees, preſſed his maſter's hand, and then, unable to ſpeak, ran out of the room.

The Colonel ſolemnly recommended Roſa to the care and affection of the delighted Betty; he charged her to make a wife worthy the honeſteſt fellow in the world; and feeling himſelf unable to proceed, wiſhed her happy, and motioned for her to retire.

Again Betty courteſied to the ground; but having reached the door, ſtopped ſhort: "All the things,—did your honour ſay, *all?*"

The Colonel had perhaps for the laſt time ſeen the affectionate domeſtic, who had been his only comforter many a ſad and dreary hour; his heart was too full to remark the very oppoſite virtues of his intended wife; aſhamed of the tears that would roll unbidden down his cheeks, he could only ſay, "Every thing; go, woman, God bleſs you!" And away tripped Mrs. Betty.

The feelings of the Colonel were at this moment ſo acute, that he formed a ſudden reſolution to ſhorten the pains of ſeparation. He really dreaded again ſeeing his faithful ſervant, and therefore communicated his deſign to Sir Solomon Muſhroom and Horace, each of whom, from different motives, approved the idea; and Sir Solomon himſelf went to order the chaiſes to the door immediately, inſtead of day break, while the Colonel retired to write a farewell to John; put down ſome memorandums reſpecting Roſa; and hang over the ſleeping object of his love and charity, in fondneſs and agony unutterable; he kiſſed her lips, eyes, and cheeks, with paternal fervor; bathed them with tears; then ruſhed into the room where Sir Solomon was returned, and had been *not giving*, but *receiving*, a lecture from Horace Littleton.

"We may not, Sir," ſaid the Colonel, after ſolemnly embracing the Knight, "have a moment for converſation, when we leave the carriage; I therefore once more recommend to you an infant, to whom God has given a claim on your humanity. This is my will; it is duly executed; I have adopted Roſa, and left her my ſole heireſs, with the exception of very few legacies; if I die without again ſeeing her, let her know, ſhe inherits the fortune of a man to whoſe ſoul ſhe is dear; one who, having never broken his own word given to man or woman, ſuſpects not that in others, he would not dare to be guilty of himſelf; in that principle he reſts with entire confidence on the integrity, the honour, and the reiterated promiſes you have made. The engagement we have entered into is not merely between man and man; it is a compact before heaven; the object of it is an innocent child, on whom the Almighty has ſtamped his

own

own moſt perfect image; *he* ſees our motive, *he* approves our act; we have adjured *him* to witneſs both; and as you act towards my poor Roſa, the child of my love, may *he* bleſs or curſe."

The marking brow of Horace was contracted, his under lip fell, he repeated, looking ſternly at Sir Solomon, "Bleſs or curſe you."

Sir Solomon echoed the A, in piano; but aſhamed, no doubt, of his want of ſomething or other, added the "men," in a higher key; and then, in grand forte, and appropriate ſolemnity, gave the "Amen, amen."

The Colonel ruſhed to his chaiſe; Buchan was ready; Horace and Sir Solomon followed in theirs; the drivers had previous orders; they ſeemed to tear up the pavement; in one minute the kind, the charitable benefactor; the moſt ſincere and candid of friends; the beſt and moſt generous of maſters, was no more ſeen or heard.

CHAP. IX.

Shewing three perſons in their proper elements: A proud man in proſperity; a humble one in diſtreſs; and a waiting maid collecting her perquiſites.

IT was not the weather, for the pitileſs ſtorm rattled againſt the glaſſes; nor the roads, for they were deep and heavy; nor the proſpect, for that was obſcured by the rain and miſt; but a ſomething there certainly was, which, as the chaiſe wheels rolled along the Kent road, rendered the journey from Deal to London one of the moſt pleaſant Sir Solomon Muſhroom had ever taken; and if, as John would ſay, "*there is nothing good or ill, but the mind makes it ſo by thinking*," it is that deep well guarded cavern, his mind, we muſt explore for the latent cauſe of ſatisfaction which ſhone in Sir Solomon's eyes, and glowed on his cheeks, when he wrapped his ſurtout cloſe round, and leaned in one corner of the carriage to —meditate—after parting with his friends.

Col. Buhanun had foreſeen that but little time could be given to friendſhip at Deal: the wind continued fair, and the ſhip being under weigh, they inſtantly embarked. Sir Solomon's abſence from London was not thirty hours, and the pleaſant reflections that occupied him on his return, rendered the laſt ten, ſhort as minutes: They were exactly theſe.

He had, without a ſhilling expence, ridded his conſcience and feeling of an object that had been no ſmall tax on both.

He was relieved from apprehenſions which had lately haunted both his waking and ſleeping thoughts; his girls were no longer expoſed to the intereſting company of a youth whom he knew was ſo amiable, that eſteem muſt follow his acquaintance with every being, whoſe heart was not, like his own, doubly caſed with avarice and pride.

He might boaſt, for who could now deny it? of the great things he had at length done for one who was beloved by all his family, and reſpected by all his dependants; of what intereſt he had made for the appointment; and of what a large ſum he had paid for the equipment. He had even found an expedient to turn his former hatred of the Colonel, and contempt of the vagabond to account; for half madman, half fool, and confeſſed murderer, as was the former, what but to ſecure his good offices or Horace, in India, where he allowed him to have great connexions, could tempt him to cultivate his friendſhip; or what but his extreme regard for that dear youth, could have induced him to charge himſelf with the care of a low born beggar, adopted by caprice and ſupported by whim; whoſe maintenance and education muſt coſt him ſome trouble, and indeed riſk, as he intended it ſhould appear.

While framing this repreſentation of the buſineſs, how could Sir Solomon be other than perfectly pleaſed? beſides, he had no longer on his own demeſne, among his own tenants, an example, which by impertinent compariſon leſſened the reſpect he proudly exacted from all over whom he had power; nay, the charity which had given the Colonel's character ſuch eclat, was now reverting to his own, ſince he might exaggerate the expence of the beggar, without troubling himſelf to notice the property

ſafe in his banker's hand, for which the Colonel had neither witneſs nor acknowledgement.

It is true, he had ſolemnly promiſed to keep the little beggar's hiſtory a ſecret, and it is as true, that the alterations in her perſon and circumſtances would have enabled him to keep that promiſe inviolate, even ſo near Penry as Mount Pleaſant; but how then could he arrogate to himſelf the merit he pre-reſolved ſhould fill the village, and indeed the whole country, with wonder? and as to a promiſe, does any wiſe man ever make one without mental reſervation in favour of his own convenience? Sir Solomon never did.

On his arrival at the hotel, he went directly to the apartment generally occupied by John and Betty, chuſing rather to commence his connexion with them in a mood of familiarity, which formally ſummoning them to his preſence, might impede; indeed the only alloy to the triumph of his heart, was a circumſtance that in the plenitude of ſucceſs, had eſcaped his recollection, namely, the kind of Co. guardianſhip which, by joining the Lord of the Manor of Penry, in a ſort of connexion with ſuch low creatures as John Brown and Eliz. Clark, proved Colonel Buhanun not quite ſo careleſs as he was willing to believe; ſaddling the truſt with two ſuch deputies, would have been a ſtill more terrible draw back on his ſecret content, had it been poſſible for him to foreſee the vaſt difficulty in rendering the ſimple honeſty of the man, and the covetous vanity of the woman, ſubſervient to his profound wiſdom.

He found John meaſuring his length on the ground, lamenting the loſs of the beſt of maſters in one breath, and upbraiding him for his cruelty in parting with ſo faithful a ſervant in the next.

"Come, come, John," cried our knight, "rouſe thee, man; what! a ſoldier lay down and cry like a baby; come, be adviſed by me."

John half raiſed his head, then without the uſual accompaniment of motion, ſobbed,

"I pray thee ceaſe thy counſel,
"Which falls into mine ears as water into a ſieve;
"Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
"But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine."

"Bleſs

" Bleſs me, John," quoth Mrs. Betty, " what nonſenſe; how can you talk ſo unreſpectful to Sir Solomon Muſhroom?"

" Alas, Betty!

" An heavy heart boaſts not an humble tongue;

" I to the world am like a drop of water,
" That in the ocean ſeeks another drop.

" I would have broke mine eyeſtrings, crack'd them but
" To look upon him ——
" Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
" The ſmallneſs of a gnat, to air, and then
" Have turned mine eye, and wept.

John now turned his face from the two comforters.

Sir Solomon Muſhroom took a chair, and Mrs. Betty returned to a buſineſs that had moſt delightfully occupied her from the moment ſhe knew the Colonel was actually gone to that of Sir Solomon's return, namely, collecting, ſorting, and arranging the parting preſents of her munificent maſter; a work of time and ſweet labour; during which ſhe could not repreſs the expreſſions of rapture which a particular inſpection of every article, and a calculation of their value, gave riſe to; what every thing was worth, was in her reckoning, what they would fetch. Beſides the articles already enumerated, there were ſeveral things from India, of which ſhe knew neither the value nor uſe, and which, as well as the plate, Sir Solomon thought might with more propriety have accompanied the two thouſand pounds in his poſſeſſion; but as that could not now be, an arrangement immediately took place, to the entire ſatisfaction of the real and the would be poſſeſſor.

Sir Solomon offered, out of his great reſpect to Colonel Buhanun, to take the writing ſtand, candleſticks, and coffee urn, which could not be properly made uſe of by people in her ſtation of life, at a certain ſum, which, though not above half the value, being in the ſame proportion as much more than ſhe expected, or had ever before poſſeſſed, was thankfully accepted, the money paid, and the bargain conveyed to a coach, while John continued to weep, to lament, and to reproach his regretted maſter.

When

When theſe affairs were duly ſettled, and Sir Solomon gone, Mrs. Betty having nothing elſe to do, thought ſhe might as well attend a little to her poor chicken hearted fellow ſervant that had been, and huſband that muſt be. She was perfect miſtreſs of every avenue to his honeſt heart, though ſhe had abandoned it to all the ſorrowful workings that had prevented his taking food or reſt; the pleaſing hurry of her ſpirits had indeed ſo entirely engroſſed her, that little Roſa would have ſhared the fate of poor John, had not her uſual good fortune of making friends, ſtill predominated; not only the ſervant, but the miſtreſs of the hotel, vying with each other in kindneſs and compaſſion, for a child ſo doated on by a maſter, and ſo ſoon neglected by his confidential ſervant.

Mrs. Betty having vainly implored her dear John to think no more of what could not be recalled, had recourſe to her handkerchief, which ſhe was under the neceſſity of keeping very cloſe to her face, to hide the *no* tears, proteſting, that well as ſhe loved him, and to be certain her poor heart muſt have broken, if he had gone; but however ſhe would have waited ſeven years, and ſeven to that, if *poſſible*, rather than let ſo good a maſter go beyond ſea, without a ſervant who knew all his odd ways and humours, if he had not himſelf ſo ordered. That to be ſure the good Colonel took care of every body; and now he was gone, to be ſure they muſt take care of one another; for why, charity begins at home; and to be ſure ſhe had no body in the varſal world, to hold her poor head that ached ready to ſplit, with crying night and day, but her dear John.

John was not proof againſt all this; poor Betty's aching head found a pillow, and ſhe coaxed him to drink one tumbler of arrack punch, his favourite liquor, of which his maſter had left an ample ſtock; and "dry ſorrow" having, as he told Sir Solomon, "drunk his blood," he coaxed himſelf to a ſecond, that was ſucceeded by others, which on an empty ſtomach and heavy heart, had a ſoporific effect, and ſent one, if not both of the contracted parties to enjoy the "heavy dew of ſlumber," which John had juſt recollection enough to ſay,

"Seldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth
"It is a comforter ——"

When

When John recovered from the effect of an intemperance which afforded but a ſhort relief to his overcharged mind, he was unable to riſe; the fumes of the liquor, want of reſt, regret, which became every moment more poignant, gave him both fever and head ach, which was increaſed by Roſa, who having been ſucceſsfully amuſed the firſt day after the Colonel's departure, began to feel his abſence, and had crept to his room, to aſk what had become of her dear papa?

Betty, who was notably buſtling from room to room, happening juſt then to enter, anſwered, that he was gone to India.

Roſa burſt into a flood of tears.

"Never mind, Miſs," continued Mrs. Betty, "a fat ſorrow is better than a lean one at any time; if he ſhould not live to come back, you'll never be a beggar again, for he has taken care of you; Sir Solomon Muſhroom ſays, and to be ſure he knows every thing, 'tis ten to one if he gets alive to India, and if he does with his crazy conſtitution, 'tis impoſſible he can live there—and to be ſure—"

Betty's harangue was ſtopped by John's jumping off the bed, and Roſa's falling on the floor.

Betty ſcreamed; flippant as ſhe was, ſhe was not at the bottom ill natured, and really had ſome affection for both the beings on whom ſhe had been inflicting torture.

Poor Roſa, who comprehended nothing of Sir Solomon Muſhroom's calculations, was however quite alive to the idea that her benefactor was gone, and that ſhe might never ſee him again; her little fortitude gave way; ſhe fainted; and John, raiſing her in his arms, told Betty with a ferocity in his looks perfectly new to her, ſhe had killed the poor child.

Betty continued to ſcream, and the houſe was in an uproar.

Sir Solomon, whoſe induſtrious mind ſeldom gave way to laſſitude, while there was any thing to do, was by this time returned, and having had ſome converſation with Mrs. Betty, had been ſitting quietly reading the paper, when he followed the crowd to the chamber from whence the alarm proceeded.

"Dead!"

"Dead!" ſaid Sir Solomon; "impoſſible!" That event would have been indeed at this time rather premature; the Colonel had not probably cleared the land; the news of ſuch a diſaſter might yet reach him, and occaſion a transfer of property no way deſirable; he reproved Betty ſo ſeverely, and applied himſelf ſo earneſtly to the recovery of the child, that the former exclaimed, "Why, Lord have mercy on us! why ſure you have not in earneſt learned of my maſter to be loving and charitable!!"

Sir Solomon underſtood the inſolent meaning; he ſaw Betty added to vanity and covetouſneſs, more cunning, and even penetration, than he had given her credit for, and reſolved to treaſure his obſervation.

Roſa revived; ſhe hid her face in the boſom of John. The gentle, the ſoothing Sir Solomon, took her from her early protector; ſhe was glad to ſee him, and aſked with every feature animated, if indeed her papa was gone? if he had left his poor Roſa? if ſhe never, never, muſt ſee him again?

Sir Solomon darted an angry glance at the affrighted Betty, and leading Roſa away, told her, his friend was gone only for a ſhort time; that he would ſoon return; that in the meanwhile ſhe ſhould ride out in a coach every day, and go into the country, where ſhe would have many play-fellows.

The infant mind is ſoon diverted from painful objects; ſatisfied ſhe ſhould again ſee her papa, ſpace was what ſhe had not yet learned to think of; warmed by ſentiments of gratitude inherent to her diſpoſition, and comforted by the preſence of a perſon for whom ſhe felt a fond attachment, her vivacity returned, and while Betty was making peace with John, Roſa was actually taken by Sir Solomon in his coach to ſee the wax-work, and buy play-things; and thus diſſipated her ſadneſs, till her return home, when happening to caſt her eyes on the Colonel's ſlippers, ſhe inſtantly abandoned the toys, and ſat on the ground, in the darkeſt corner of the room, claſping them to her boſom.

Sir Solomon, who had exhauſted a moſt unexpected ſtock of humanity, could no longer act the comforter, but left her to John and Betty, having given directions

to

to the latter to make the proper preparations for Roſa's equipment while they occupied the apartments at the hotel, for which the Colonel had paid a fortnight yet in advance.

This was a mode of proceeding totally contrary to Betty's expectation, and was moreover at leaſt a golden guinea out of her privy purſe; for the hotel being extremely crowded juſt then, and ſhe conſidering the giving up the apartments an act wholly dependant on herſelf, had no doubt but a proper compliment muſt follow the immediate evacuation.

Then ſhe had, from Sir Solomon's great regard for every thing belonging to Colonel Buhanun, expected he would invite Miſs Roſa, John, and herſelf, to Muſhroom-place, where, beſide being treated as a regular lady's maid, ſhe could manage all affairs reſpecting the White-Horſe, old Parker being at the laſt extremity, without expence; and be of double importance in the village, on account of the reſpect paid her at Muſhroom-place.

But Mrs. Betty had now to deal with a man, who, expert as ſhe was at calculations where her intereſt was concerned, out calculated even her.

If the child continued where ſhe was, while Betty made thoſe preparations which he expected would have been totally left to himſelf, there would be no reaſon why the two ſervants ſhould not be diſcharged in London, without a pretence to interfere further in the future management of Roſa, than viſiting her at ſchool; whereas if he took them to Muſhroom-place, he could not let the ſo valued domeſtics of a man he profeſſed to reſpect, who were on the point of ſettling, leave his roof till they had one of their own, without the groſſeſt breach of appearance; then their marriage, if it took place under his auſpices, muſt be attended with expence; and ſhould they, when at Muſhroom-place, take it into their heads, to fix in the neighbourhood of Penry, that would keep up certain remembrances he wiſhed himſelf to forget. Of the White-Horſe ſcheme he was totally ignorant, and in the humour in which he now left Mrs. Betty, it was moſt probable ſo he would continue.

Betty

Betty abuſed Sir Solomon to the maſter of the hotel as ſoon as he was gone, for his ſhabbineſs, and when his back was turned abuſed him for not joining her; but with all her love of money, and the many important ſchemes ſhe had yet to bring to muturity on her mind, ſhe could not ſee Roſa in the ſituation we have deſcribed, without being affected.

The ſlippers hugged to the child's little boſom, and wet with tears, brought to her recollection certain promiſes for which ſhe had been moſt liberally paid before hand, and reminded her alſo of a being, whom in the chaos of her active mind, fluſterated as ſhe ſaid ſhe was, had been for ſome hours totally forgotten.

After kiſſing Roſa, ſhe took her in one hand, and a baſon of ſoup in the other, to viſit the neglected partner of her heart and fortune. Had Betty beſtowed as many ages in the ſtudy, how to reconcile herſelf to her offended or grieved lover, as ſhe had now done minutes, ſhe could not have hit on a more conciliating plan.

Roſa wept as if her little heart was breaking, and Betty placing her on her knee, began an exhortation to John. "It ſignified nothing," ſhe ſaid, "for folks in trouble to lie on their backs, and cry God help; as for why, folks that would not help themſelves, could not expect ſilver ſpoons to drop into their mouths; and as to Miſs Roſa, though that ſhabroon, God forgive her for calling a member of parliament by that name, ſhe believed, God help the poor child! all his fine promiſes——"

Up ſtarted John, "What," ſaid he,

> "Ingratitude! thou marble hearted fiend,
> "More hideous than the ſea monſter,"

already haſt thou ſhewn thy fang?"

"To be ſure he has," replied the damſel; "do you think, if he had the leaſt particle of regard for Miſs, he would not have invited us all to Muſhroom-place, bag and baggage? love me, love my dog,—and now I think on't there's poor old Dido left behind, and I don't think nobody has minded to give her a morſel ſince maſter went. You ſee that's another proof of Sir Solomon's

Solomon's ſhabbineſs; he mought have ſaid the dog ſhould take the run of his kitchen, for——"

"Mrs. Betty," interrupted John, with a haſty ſolemnity in his manner,

"Virtue cannot live
"Out of the teeth of emulation;"

if we, who have ſo much more reaſon to love our maſter, neglect this child whom he left to us, or Dido which he forgot,—

"If you who with ſuch ſmall claims have."

Betty neither liked the matter or manner of this addreſs, which, truth to ſay, was very unlover like.

"Me!" interrupted ſhe, kiſſing Roſa, "me neglect the dear little creature! no, no, John, you don't know me."

Betty never ſpoke a word more true.

"But where is Dido? why have you not taken care of her?"

"Poor creature, could I be a witch, John? no, John, you know I am not a witch, elſe I am ſure I would not let you be ſo croſs; I did not know poor Dido was here; ſhe crept under maſter's bed, and would not ſtir till the chambermaid beat her out with the broom.

"Beat her! beat Dido! gods and goddeſſes! did Betty ſuffer a chambermaid, with her unhallowed broom, to beat the faithful favourite of the beſt of maſters?"

Betty had never but once before ſeen John angry. He left the room in ſearch of Dido, with too much precipitancy to obſerve the chryſtal drop on her cheek; but Roſa, whoſe affectionate heart ſympathized in the apparent grief of her friend, followed and begged John would not be ſo croſs, and make poor Betty cry.

"Cry!" repeated John, "Miſs Roſa, what does ſhe cry for?"

The altered tone of his voice was a ſignal for Betty; ſhe had an hyſteric fit that frightened Roſa, cured John's head-ach, and made all up.

John's firſt rational act after the Colonel's departure, was to write a long letter to ſend after him. He felt the force of the obligations he had entered into, of taking particular care of Roſa, and the no leſs binding, though

though voluntary one, of being kind to old Dido, and as well as he was able, committed thoſe feelings to paper.

Betty was in the meanwhile full of buſineſs; ſhe had received fifty pounds of her maſter for Roſa's equipment; half that ſum would, ſhe ſaid, have done, but for the inflexible folly of John, who inſiſted on ſeeing bills for the whole amount, even to the laſt farthing; and it was not her cue now, to indulge in her natural penchant for contradiction; inaſmuch as, although he had punctiliouſly adhered, not only to his maſter's given orders, but alſo what he thought he would have continued to give; he had not yet mentioned one ſyllable of that moſt important part, which reſpected the ceremony that would unite them for ever, or at leaſt during the natural life of one party; and as ſhe was in momentary expectation, when that would have its turn, ſhe was too wiſe to throw any impediments in the way herſelf; ſo nothing was ever ſo ſweet, and ſo complying as Mrs. Betty.

But though Mrs. Betty was not invited to Muſhroom-place, where ſhe longed to exhibit her conſequence, there was nothing to prevent her taking an excurſion to Penry, when Miſs was ready to go to ſchool, which was only two miles further.

Conſidering Sir Solomon Muſhroom's great fondneſs for the pretty Roſa, there are who would ſuſpect, as his coach rolled down to Penry every week, with only his conſequential ſelf in it, he would have placed the child and her maid on the vacant ſeat; but as the truth, which ſhould not be told at all times, will ſome time or other come out, the reader will pleaſe to underſtand, that all Sir Solomon's affectionate feelings, which had been very hard worked during the laſt ſix or ſeven weeks, evaporated like ether from an uncorked bottle, within a few hours after the failing of the India fleet had been finally announced in Leadenhall-ſtreet.

If indeed John and Betty had not been in the way, and the price of a poſt-chaiſe could have been carried to the debit ſide of the Colonel's account, there is no ſaying what might have been done; but as matters ſtood, having placed the two thouſand pounds in the funds, got rid

rid of Horace, and in moral certainty the Colonel was out of reach of the tittle tattle of his two ſpies; he began to find, he had impoſed on himſelf a very degrading taſk; and as the careſſes of the little beggar grew more diſguſting from the information of an inward monitor, which told him they were unmerited, ſhe was every moment leſs the object of his perſonal notice.

Indeed he now exceedingly regretted the recommendation he had given of Mrs. Harley, and her ſchool, as it really appeared a kind of preſumption in the Colonel, to think of having his beggar ranked with the Miſs Muſhrooms, and he deliberated whether after all he ſhould—or ſhould not, enquire for ſome ſeminary of inferior price, and more ſuitable to her upſtart claims. He was, he recollected, a governor of the aſylum; yes, reader, Sir Solomon Muſhroom's name was ſeen in moſt of the printed liſt of ſubſcribers to public charities. The food and dwelling of theſe female orphans, were they not luxuries to what ſhe could claim from right? and as to cloathing, were not all the ſuperfluities with which the Colonel had inveſted her, badges of the ſame order, though different in appearances? Ay, but the death of her patron, though very likely, was not quite certain, and then thoſe hateful ſervants; beſides it was not abſolutely impoſſible but ſome ill wind might ſtill keep the fleet within reach of letters; yet to have this vagabond careſſed, reſpected, and educated with the Miſs Muſhrooms, two young ladies he predetermined ſhould ride in coroneted coaches. Well, he had one card to play that might ſtill prevent it; ſo Sir Solomon Muſhroom's carriage ſtopped at Mount Pleaſant two days before that appointed for Mrs. Betty's conveyance of Miſs Roſa in a poſt-chaiſe to Mrs. Harley's boarding-ſchool for young ladies.

CHAP. X.

The Boarding-School.

WHEN Sir Solomon Muſhroom had, with due ceremony, taken the arm chair Mrs. Harley ordered to be ſet for him, and that lady's diſmounted ſpectacles were laid on a book ſhe had been reading, he entered without ceremony on the ſubject on which he had before honoured her with a viſit.

The recommendation of a ſcholar demanded the acknowledgment Mrs. Harley was about to make, when he, to her ſurpriſe, confeſſed he had his doubts, whether after the explanation, which he felt himſelf as a man of honour and veracity bound to make, he ſhould not rather be thought to merit reproof than thanks.

Mrs. Harley was all ear.

But he aſſured her, however he might have erred in judgment, his meaning was good.

Mrs. Harley could not, *would* not doubt that.

He ſcorned impoſition, although having received an obligation, as he conſidered every kindneſs ſhewn to his dear Horace, from a friend not quite ſo ſcrupulous, he had really been imperceptibly led into an error, which he now waited on her to repair: The young pupil he had recommended, was repreſented to her as the daughter and heireſs of a gentleman; but he could not juſtify himſelf to himſelf, if he did not inform her that ſhe was in fact an object of charity, taken from the loweſt order of deplorable mendicants; her mother an abandoned wretch, whoſe evil propenſities ſhe had imbibed, and with whom ſhe was ſuſpected to have ſecret interviews, though too well taught to betray them. Colonel Buhanun, a good ſort of a weak man enough, had made her his caprice, and indeed rendered himſelf mighty ridiculous by his fooliſh attachment to her. The poor Colonel was a pitiable dupe not only to this girl's cunning, but two artful ſervants, who helped to tutor her, and between them——but, poor man, he was ſenſible of their practices before he left England; the ſervants he had diſcharged,

diſcharged, but ſuch an improvident adoption was not ſo eaſily diſcarded; like an excreſcence on the ſkin, though ſore and troubleſome, he had not reſolution perhaps to——

Mrs. Harley liſtened thus far in ſilent attention; but prevented the great orator's proceeding farther, by peremptorily declining to take a pupil of that deſcription, and expreſſed herſelf hurt at his propoſing it.

This was exactly what our Knight aimed at; and leſt her reſolution ſhould waver, he proceeded to urge her to think again on the very pleas he knew would be moſt objectionable. If poſſible, to reconcile what now appeared inimical to propriety, he truſted ſhe would do it; he begged her to conſider as the girl was really pretty, and certainly older than her looks; if the horrible mother got her into her power, which no doubt ſhe would attempt, more particularly, as the girl might poſſibly retain ſo much of the old leaven in her as to hanker after the vices ſhe had ſucked with her milk, ſhe would perhaps ſell her for the vileſt purpoſes; whereas the example and inſtruction of ſo good a woman might ſave her from deſtruction, though indeed he confeſſed, when the mind was once contaminated, certain habits were difficult, and in many caſes impoſſible, to eradicate.

Mrs. Harley ſhrunk with horror from an idea of the remoteſt connection with ſuch a mother; and the introduction of a girl from the refuſe of ſociety, among children of family and fortune, many of them equal to the Miſs Muſhrooms, was an act from which her mind revolted; indeed ſhe appeared both ſurpriſed and offended, that Sir Solomon ſhould ever have propoſed it.

He ſtood corrected; but his apology was the intereſt of his dear Horace; he hoped Mrs. Harley would forgive him, and indeed that ſhe would weigh well the arguments he had troubled her with; in which hope he took his leave, and after ſaying the girl would certainly be brought to Mount Pleaſant, and departed, fully ſatisfied he had ſhut the doors againſt her, and that in conſequence he ſhould be at liberty to diſpoſe of her more properly.

Mrs. Harley was a ſenſible elegant woman, eaſy in her circumſtances, and contented in her ſtation; the graces both

both of mind and perſon were cultivated at Mount Pleaſant, by thoſe who poſſeſſed them in the higheſt degree themſelves; every ſcience, language, and accompliſhment which are eſteemed ornamental to the female mind, were there well taught and well learned. The welfare and improvement of her pupils were not merely Mrs. Harley's profeſſion but her delight, and the affection ſhe felt for them was truly maternal.

Sir Solomon's viſit, his converſation, and alluſions to the intereſt of his dear Horace, were altogether extraordinary; ſuſpicion marked no part of Mrs. Harley's character; but ſhe had ſenſe and penetration; her heart had as many times deplored the fate of that young orphan, as ſhe had witneſſed how *very dear* he was to his patron; and that Sir Solomon Muſhroom ſhould on that or any conſideration, agree to introduce an object ſuch as he now deſcribed, to aſſociate with his nieces, was an enigma, which left her mind in ſuch a ſtate of incertitude as, happily for our beggar, delayed her intended rejection till the chaiſe ſtopped at the door, and Mrs. Betty, in loud and familiar tones, inquired if Sir Solomon Muſhroom was there.

The Knight had indeed promiſed to Sir Clement them into Mrs. Harley's preſence; but as we ſaid before of promiſes, *his* had always a mental reſervation.

Mrs. Harley's looks were ſevere, her manner cool, and her words few; her eyes ſeemed to penetrate the heart, or as Betty ſaid, "ſhe looked as if ſhe had a mind to eat them." Roſa, who had now been uſed to the kind attentions every body allows due to the pet of a rich man, who gave away a great deal of money, hung back; and ſo hurt was Mrs. Betty, that one conſideration only prevented her flying off in a huff, and taking Miſs Roſa with her.

When Mrs. Betty planned the excurſion to Penry, ſhe did it with all poſſible regard to her own intereſt and convenience; and though the grand affair of her marriage ſtood preciſely in the ſtate in which the Colonel had left it, neither advancing nor receding; yet, as old Parker was certainly dying, ſhe thought a dinner at the White-Horſe, to which were invited her brothers, ſiſters, aunts and couſins to the third and fourth generation, might

might poſſibly make John ſpeak his mind; accordingly, as it might not be decorous to let him convey Miſs Roſa to the ſchool, ſhe had ſet him down at a turning of the road, within a mile of Penry, and extorted a promiſe from him, to dine with her and her friends, when ſhe had left Miſs at ſchool; extorted this promiſe certainly was, for he had moſt agreeably entertained her all the way from London with his averſion to Penry on account of the falſehoods invented there of his dear maſter, with the very civil concluſion, if he had *not* carried his Colonel to Penry, his Colonel *would* have carried him to India, a diſappointment he hourly regretted.

Mrs. Betty had then the fortitude to be ſilent, and in conſideration of certain conſequences ſhe had a preſentiment would reſult from the dinner at the White-Horſe. From the ſame motive ſhe had now the patience to lead Roſa forward, telling her the lady would be very good to her.

Roſa hung her head; ſcalding tears rolled down her crimſoned cheeks, from eyes that dared not again meet the repulſive glance of the ſtranger to whom ſhe was now conſigned.

Mrs. Harley, while ſhe earneſtly and ſilently examined the features of the pretty beggar, felt a growing diſpoſition to doubt the explanation Sir Solomon Muſhroom's *honour obliged* him to make.

There was a delicate ſoftneſs in the countenance of Roſa, which wholly contradicted the axiom ſome people are fond of maintaining, "that elegance and vulgarity are hereditary features;" ſince if ever true elegance was ſeen in the peculiar expreſſion of a beautiful face, it was in that of our beggar.

"How old is this child?" ſaid the Governeſs.

"Lord mam!" anſwered Betty in her pert way, impatient at being detained, "how ſhould I know?"

Betty for once recollected her maſter's orders, and added, "Her papa, I ſuppoſe, knows."

"Her papa!" Mrs. Harley was ſtill ſcrutinizing the face of our heroine, and it was fortunately of a deſcription that would bear it.

"Will you ſtay with me, child?"

"If

"If you will love me like my papa, and Sir Solomon Muſhroom."

"Who, child?"

"What! don't you know Sir Solomon Muſhroom, who promiſed papa to love me dearly, and let his little girls play with me?"

Juſt then a fine girl, a head taller than Roſa, ſkipped into the room with the boldneſs and authority of a favourite, to aſk ſome trifling queſtion, and caſting her eyes on the little ſtranger, caught her in her arms, exclaiming, "Oh, you ſweet creature, are you come to ſchool? you are quite a little angel! I never ſaw any thing ſo pretty; you ſhall be my child; will you come with me and ſee the other ladies?"

Roſa, who though ſtanding before Mrs. Harley, had ſtill hold of the corner of Betty's cloak, let it go, and ſmiling through her tears, gave her hand to her new friend, who ſkipped with her out of the room with as little ceremony as ſhe entered.

Betty, glad to ſee Roſa ſo well diſpoſed of, and more glad to be at liberty, took advantage of Mrs. Harley's profound reverie, and making all poſſible haſte to quit her preſence, jumped into the chaiſe.

"This Governeſs," ſaid ſhe, "is but an odd ſort of a frumpiſh ill manner body for a ſchool miſtreſs;" but Penry's white ſteeple appearing through the trees juſt at that moment, carried thither her thoughts, and they were ſoon completely occupied.

But before we proceed to the important dinner at Penry, as we flatter ourſelves the beggar has made ſome little intereſt in the hearts of our readers, we muſt inform them, that when Mrs. Harley awoke from her reverie, ſhe was both pleaſed and diſpleaſed at the introduction of Roſa, or as ſhe will now be called, Miſs Buhannn, among her ladies: She felt her ſtrong prepoſſeſſion in the child's favour repreſſed by the idea, that it would expoſe her to probable, if not certain difficulties, ſuch as indeed might be hurtful to the reputation of her ſchool: but it was now paſt recall; ſhe however gave particular charge to her teachers, when it ſo happened ſhe could not keep the child near herſelf, to

obſerve every word and action, and to make immediate report of the ſmalleſt impropriety.

The young protrectreſs of our heroine, was the Miſs Bawſky with whom the reader is already ſlightly acquainted.

Miſs Bawſky, a ſtout, tall girl of ten years of age, without being remarkable for talent, genius or abilities, was the firſt favourite in the ſchool, as well with the Governeſs as her ſcholars. Lively, good-natured, friendly, generous, and agreeable, the unbounded indulgence of her uncle and aunt had not power to ſpoil a temper that endeared her to every body.

Doctor Croak and his chere amie made it ſo much the buſineſs of their lives to prevent her wiſhes, that, except at times, when the young ladies were permitted to viſit her, the produce of their very fine garden was ſent to ſchool, and thus united ability, generoſity, and diſpoſition to oblige. The liking of the moment, which among ſchool girls generally depends on local circumſtances, was in this inſtance permanent; her attachment to Roſa was no leſs laſting than ſincere; at her earneſt and particular requeſt ſhe was permitted to exchange her preſent bed-fellow, and to ſupply her place by her new favourite; ſhe inſtructed her in all the rules of the ſchool; and as the moſt ſtrict obſerver could diſcover none of thoſe traces of vice, cunning, or vulgarity, of which Sir Solomom Muſhroom had himſelf expreſſed his fear, and taught Mrs. Harley to apprehend, this lady indulged feelings natural to her diſpoſition, and inſtead of reproaching the child becauſe ſhe was the offſpring of miſery, her heart dilated with compaſſion; and the ignorant and unpoliſhed ſtate in which, notwithſtanding the Colonel's care, ſhe found the mind of Roſa, when compared to the children of her age, whoſe better fortune had placed them at an earlier period under her excellent tuition, excited the ſtrongeſt deſire in her to make up by a double proportion of attention for the time ſhe had unfortunately loſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

A way to get married, and an agreeable ſurpriſe.

AT the White-Horſe chance or miſchance was working for Mrs. Betty in a manner ſhe had not dared to hope: The dinner was, as ſhe directed, ordered and provided there; but it was agreed among her relations this family meal ſhould be eaten at her ſiſter's, leaſt an event that happened the ſame morning ſhould make them all melancholy.

This event was no other than the long expected death of old Parker.

John had formerly hinted a diſtant wiſh to become, one day or other, landlord of the houſe in which he was born; but though that wiſh had not ceaſed one hour to occupy the head and heart of his fellow ſervant, it had not a ſecond time entered his own. If indeed there was one place on the face of the earth, more diſagreeable to John at this moment than another, it was preciſely that where he underſtood, as ſoon as he entered the village, he was come down to ſettle in. The matter had been brought to ſuch a certainty by Mrs. Betty and all her confidants, that every body he met ſhook hands, and wiſhed the new landlord, as they called him, ſucceſs.

Surpriſe tied his tongue; he eſcaped from the crowd, and walked towards Mount Pleaſant, to meet the chaiſe, and communicate the ſurpriſe to Mrs. Betty.

"Dead!" cried the damſel; "and is he really dead? is old Parker then gone at laſt? well, I ſee nothing at all ſurpriſing in the matter."

"Not in death, Mrs. Betty; 'tis the common lot, it is

"——————— a neceſſary end,

And

"Will come when it will come.
"Cowards die many times before their deaths;
"The valiant never taſte of death but once;

And

" ——He that cuts off twenty years of life,
" Cuts off ſo many years of fearing death."

but what ſurpriſes me is the invention of this little village, where I think

" ————Slander lives upon ſucceſſion,
" Forever houſed, where it once gets poſſeſſion."

Betty's heart beat; this was the moſt important minute of her life; and after collecting her ſpirits and memory, ſhe replied, *That* was the only thing ſhe wanted.

" What?" aſked John, with aſtoniſhment.

" To be houſed," replied ſhe; " this is no time to ſtand ſhilly ſhall I; did not our good dear maſter, God bleſs him!"

" Ay, Mrs. Betty, we who knew him may well ſay ſo, in ſpite of the ſlander of this curſed village."

Mrs. Betty bit her lip, and having got over the ſorrow that ſoftened her voice when ſhe mentioned her maſter, went on.

" Did not their dear maſter beg and deſire them of all love to ſettle? had he not moſt generouſly given the means? could any thing ever offer ſo lucky as the ſelf ſame houſe, where her dear John's father and mother lived and paid every body their own,—where they had nine children live born and chriſtened?"

John's eyes grew moiſt, and Betty threw her arms round his neck, begging him for God's ſake, and what was more, for her ſake, to conſider, " that a bird in the hand was worth two in the buſh;" " time and tide ſtayed for no man;" " many things happened between the cup and the lip;" " delays were dangerous;" " he that will not when he may, when he will he ſhall have nay;" with a variety of other axioms equally appoſite, and concluded by ſaying, that as old Parker died that morning, he might be buried in two days; they might be appraiſed in the third; go to London for their things the fourth; return the fifth; be married the ſixth; get ſettled, and have their friends about them the ſeventh, which would be a comfortable week's work.

John was aſtoniſhed at the fertility of thoſe ideas which he believed to have ariſen that inſtant in her teeming mind;

mind; and as he really could offer no other objection to the White-Horſe, than the ſin of defamation againſt his maſter, of which, after all, that commodious inn might be wholly innocent, he was at a loſs to account for, or excuſe, a certain repugnance, and ſecret dread he felt of that happy ſtate, from which he ſaw no poſſibility of eſcaping; he ventured to look into the eye of the fair tempter, and made a ſucceſsleſs effort to flouriſh his right arm, and put his beſt leg forward, as he repeated,

" Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
" Have I not heard the ſea, puffed up by wind,
" Rage like an angry boar, chaffed with ſweat?
" Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
" And heaven's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
" Have I not?"————

" Lord, John," interrupted Mrs. Betty, " how can you ſtand there, talking of ſights you have ſeen in the outlandiſh country? 'tis well enough of a winter evening, when one has nothing to do, but when one may ſee ſo many finer ſights and all one's own, 'tis quite gibberiſh: talk of lions, bears, and thunder; Lord bleſs you! what are they to compare to the White-Horſe?"

John was nonpluſed; but after one whole minute ſilence on the part of Mrs. Betty, and meditation on that of her lover, he boldly anſwered in language more congenial to her underſtanding; " that fair and ſoftly went far;" " that repentance often overtook ſpeed;" " that things done in a hurry were ſeldom well done;" " dead men's ſhoes never wore well before the corpſe was ſhrouded;" " yes was ſooner ſaid than unſaid;" " it was eaſier to do much than undo little;" " to marry in haſte was to repent at leiſure;" and finally demanded how ſhe had left the child.

" Fiddle de dee of the child," anſwered Mrs. Betty, not a whit the wiſer for John's eloquence, though heartily provoked at his procraſtinating diſpoſition.

" Fiddle de dee of the child!" roared John; " let me tell you, Mrs. Betty—"

Betty burſt into tears, and John's voice ſoftened.

" Let me tell you, Mrs. Betty, my dear girl, the ſin of ingratitude is worſe than witchcraft, and

" ——— 'Tis called ungrateful,
" With unwillingneſs to pay a debt,
" Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent,"

We ſhall never proſper if we do not take care of the child."

" And how," ſaid the ſobbing Betty, " can we take better care of her, than by having, as my poor dear maſter ſaid, a home for Miſs Roſa, and a houſe for Dido? for as to that old canting Succubus, Sir Solomon Muſhroom, he—"

" What!" interrupted John, colouring, " is he not kind to her then? has he? but

" ——— Theſe old fellows
" Have their ingratitude in them hereditary;
" Their blood is caked, 'tis cold,
" 'Tis lack of kindly warmth."

" He kind!" replied Mrs. Betty; " yes, yes, he'll take care of number one; charity begins at home with him; what's bred in the bone, you—well, I ſay nothing—if maſter comes home, which pray God——"

" Amen!" quoth John.

" But if he ſhould do other ways than well."

It was now John's turn to ſob.

" Which you know is very likely, conſidering what a poor thing he is."

" Oh ſay no more, ſay no more, my dear maſter, oh that I were with him!"

" Thanky, Mr John."

There was no little ſpite in Mrs. Betty's " Thanky."

" Oh," cried John,

" When ſorrow comes, they come not ſingle ſpies,
" But in battalions."

" Well, well, I have done; I am always to blame; but I am ſure I am no ſpy; I would not hurt a hair of a fellow ſervant's head; but if maſter dies——"

John could no longer reſtrain his paſſion; he curſed himſelf for accepting his diſcharge; lamented he had not followed the kindeſt of maſters and beſt of friends; and taxed himſelf with ingratitude, " For ſince," and he ſhook his head,

" —— He

" ——— He that can endure
" To follow with allegiance

even

" ——— a fallen lord,
" Does conquer him who did his maſter conquer,
" And earns a place in ſtory;

But

" I have ſeen the day of wrong through the little hole of diſcretion, and will riſe myſelf like a ſoldier."

Betty's eyes were now opened wider than John had ever ſeen them; at preſent he did not ſee them at all, for his own were fixed on the vacant air, and he went on lamenting his maſter till he had worked himſelf up to a reſolution to enliſt as a recruit in the India ſervice, that he might again ſerve under his brave Colonel.

There was no bearing this; juſt as fortune, in contradiction to Shakeſpeare himſelf, came " with both hands full:" The landlord of the White-Horſe dead; the little throne in the bar wanting nothing but an occupier; when all Mrs. Betty's friends and relations, which compriſed not only the inhabitants of Penry, but thoſe of the two or three adjoining pariſhes, had let her down as the certain envied ſucceſſor to all its honours; to ſee a man ſtand humming and hawing; talking nonſenſe out of books, about maſters, when nothing hindered his being a maſter himſelf; her laſt expedient was a fit; the chaiſe ſtopped; and the whole village, alarmed by her ſcreams, collected to offer aſſiſtance to the new landlady.

After a decent time taken for recovery, John, reminded every third minute that Miſs Roſa being now ſettled at Mount Pleaſant, and Mount Pleaſant being but two ſhort miles from Penry, he might not only conſtantly viſit her in the pretty chaiſe cart, new painted, but even ſometimes bring her *home*, as his poor dear good maſter wiſhed; and conſidering that his repugnance to entering into the holy ſtate of matrimony muſt give way to the neceſſity of the times, he fixed his eyes on Betty with a look that had more of exhortation than " ſmooth tongued wooing" in it, and ſighed out,

" ——————— To wilful men,
" The injuries that they themſelves procure,
" Muſt be their ſchool maſters."

" School maſters! Lord John, good John, don't talk ſo wild; you are no more fitter for a ſchool-maſter, than I for a parſon; beſides there's enough of them there rubbiſh every where; you ſhall be a landlord, John; you forget what you ſaid once?"

" No, Betty, but

" An habitation giddy and inſecure
" Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart."

" Vulgar! I am ſure you make *me* giddy; do you call Penry vulgar? is not there Sir Solomon Muſhroom's fine place? and Doctor Croak's? and Mr. Quibble's that was, Squire Quibble's that is? and my Mrs. Feverſham? and didn't old Parker new tile the old thatch and white waſh but laſt ſummer, as ever was——"

" Well, well," ſaid John, folding inſtead of flouriſhing his arms,

" There is a ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow; if it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet

and he ſighed deeply,

it will come; the readineſs is all; ſince no man——"

" Ready! every thing is quite ready," interrupted Betty, paſſing her arm under his, and leading towards the dear White-Horſe; " they are all waiting for us; do walk a little faſter."

John ſtopped, " I ſee," ſaid he, deſcending from Shakeſpeare into the ſort of quotations Mrs. Betty could not miſtake, " 'tis in vain to pull againſt the ſtream; he that's born to be hanged need not fear water; needs muſt, when the———"

" Thankye, dear John," and Betty's pretty hand ſtopped his mouth; " no you ſhall not call me names; I never called you names, and what's more never will."

There was a witchery in her look and voice at this moment which John could not reſiſt; he mended his pace, and bid her do as ſhe pleaſed, only to remember,

" —— Our

" ——— Our natures do purſue,
" Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
" A thirſty evil.

remember that, Betty."

" I will if I can, John."

" —— and when we thirſt we die."

" God forbid! beſides we ſhall keep good liquor."

They were now met by Mrs. Betty's ſiſter, who joyfully conducted them to her own houſe, where they dined; after which ſhe made ſo good a uſe of John's leave " to do as ſhe pleaſed," and her friends were ſo ready to give her every aſſiſtance, that the bargain was ſtruck, and all matters ſo ſettled, that according to the letter of her arrangement, ſhe had the pleaſure of topping the landlady, with her friends about her, on the Sunday following.

The purchaſe money for the leaſe and furniture being all paid down in hard guineas, which Betty thought looked more ſubſtantial than fooliſh bits of paper, eſtabliſhed the reſponſibility of the new landlord; and the ſilver ſalts, caſtors, tea-pot, milk ewer, ſpoons, &c. went no ſmall way towards fixing the character of his wife.

The landlady's oſtentatious diſplay of all her riches, was meant to prove her own great deſerts, while her huſband conſidered the public exhibition of them as a grateful acknowledgement of his maſter's generoſity.

The countrymen, who are ſeldom deficient in mother's wit, and who in general perfectly underſtand the Dutch proverb of, " *Nothing* for *nothing*," ſmoaked a jeſt; for though in contradiction to the favourite axiom of that ſage people, they had ſeen Colonel Buhanun circulate ſo much money among themſelves, for nothing, or which is next to nothing, a few " Bleſs your honours," and thanks, it was as plain as the ſun at noontide, that the landlady of the White-Horſe had made her huſband's fortune.

Mrs. Brown, who thought of little but ſupporting and increaſing her conſequence, affected to conſider the White-Horſe as a dear bargain, doubled the purchaſe money, and generally finaled with, God knew, hun-

dreds ſoon went; a truth none of her confidents pretended to diſpute; the only myſtery in her caſe, which was not now ſolved, was not how the hundreds went, but how they came; and Harry, the under butler at Muſhroom-place, who, though he had in the village phraſe, kept company with Betty off and on three or four years, was too true a copy of his betters, to have a thought of marriage, had the willow preſented to him by one of his fellow ſervants, while all the reſt felicitated his miraculous eſcape, from the honourable order of antlers.

Sunday, the proudeſt day Mrs. Brown, the new landlady of the White Horſe had ever ſeen, when ſhe ſat at the head of her own table, receiving the congratulations of her friends, at length paſſed; and Monday was the day of triumph to her huſband, as it ſaw him dreſſed in a handſome plain brown coat, ſeated in the new painted chaiſe cart literally loaded with cakes, ſweetmeats, and the fineſt fruits in ſeaſon for Miſs Buhanun; and a neat japan caſe, which being in his own keeping, had eſcaped the Lynx eyes of his wife, containing beſides ſome fine liqueurs, two bottles of otta of roſes for the Governeſs.

Had Mrs. Brown known how highly dames of the Ton value, and how liberally they pay, for this ſame otta of roſes, the firſt queſtion of who ruled at the White Horſe, might have been that hour determined, and though ignorant of the value, it was with infinite reluctance ſhe ſaw it put into the cart; but our landlord pulled out the cambric frill of his ſhirt, proudly mounted his carriage, with Dido by his ſide, and whipping off in the midſt of her expoſtulatory regrets, reached Mount Pleaſant in the conſcious joy of obeying the commands of his maſter, benefactor, and friend.

Sir Solomon Muſhroom, in expectation of the little beggar's rejection at Mount Pleaſant, and naturally concluding both maid and child would return to him, choſe to wait the event in London. The firſt day having paſſed, he ſuppoſed Mrs. Betty had ſtopped at Penry, to viſit her friends. The ſame concluſion made him eaſy the three ſucceeding ones; but when a fourth, fifth, and

ſixth

ſixth alſo paſſed, his mind miſgave him, that all was not in the train he wiſhed.

Merrily rung the Penry bells all Sunday; the bride-groom landlord, had given the ringers a leg of mutton, and plumb-pudding with plenty of amber. Sir Solomon looked out of his carriage window, and ſaw Mrs. Betty dreſſed in virgin white, ſeated in the bar of the White Horſe, and favours in all the hats doffed to the lord of the manor; he pulled the cheque, and out came landlord and landlady Brown.

John bluſhed; Betty ſimpered.

The Lord of the Manor preſumed he might wiſh them joy, and how was Miſs Roſa?

Mr. Brown was aſhamed to ſay ſhe had been at ſchool near a week, without his enquiring after her.

Mrs. Brown wondered Mr. Brown would be ſo ſilly; no news was good news all the world over; ſhe had left Miſs quite pleaſed and happy.

Sir Solomon, having flattered himſelf they had kept the child to witneſs their auſpicious nuptials, was ſo overpowered with this *agreeable* information, that he could not immediately ſpeak; he nodded to his ſervants to go on.

Mrs. Brown, who abated no iota of the notability of her new character, followed with courtſies to the ground, hoping his honour would continue his favours to the White Horſe.

Again the cheque was pulled; Sir Solomon ſtammered, "Why, why, what, what you, are you?"

"The landlady, an pleaſe your honour." Another low courtſy.

Sir Solomon glanced a languid eye at John, who ſo reminded, advanced with his landlord's bow.

Sir Solomon was monſtrous glad they were his neighbours; but then again he was monſtrous ſorry too they had been ſo haſty; feared they were taken in; wiſhed they had conſulted him.

Penetrated by that wiſh, in which he half coincided, John was on the point of raiſing his hand to his head; but a ſmart pull by the ſleeve from his wife, prevented ſo egregious a miſtake.

"So

"So we ſhould," ſaid ſhe pertly, "but ſartain of your honour's friendſhip, and being very buſy, did not think of troubling your honour."

"You are always right, Mrs.—a—a—"

"Brown, an pleaſe your honour."

"Right, Brown; good even, Mrs. Brown; go on." And the carriage proceeded to Muſhroom-place.

Conſidering what the readers do know, and what they do not know, it was wonderful with what philoſophy Sir Solomon Muſhroom took his coffee at home, after ſuch a double diſappointment and mortification; 'tis true he had a trifling head-ach, raved at the houſe-keeper, curſed the butler, and was on the point of actually diſmiſſing his valet; but recovered himſelf ſufficiently to drive his phaeton to Mount Pleaſant next day.

Before the Lord of the Manor's elegant carriage could approach conveniently to Mrs. Harley's gate, his groom was obliged to remove the new painted chaiſe cart belonging to landlord Brown, juſt eaſed of its lading; and in the parlour he encountered the landlord himſelf, with a moiſt cheek, talking to Roſa.

Poor Sir Solomon! was there no end to his vexation? while he thought he could manage the ſervants of his abſent friend, juſt as ſuited his own intereſt and pleaſure, he only held them in contempt; but for ſuch low creatures to intrude themſelves into ſituations which claſhed with his will and pleaſure, was preſumption that juſtly incurred his inveterate hatred.

Having brought himſelf to conſider the aſſociating a beggar with his nieces, as a ſcandalous degradation to himſelf, he had uſed every effort art could ſuggeſt, to prevent what had nevertheleſs happened.

He had taken infinite pains to perſuade Mrs. Harley he wiſhed her to do, what at the ſame time he uſed all the ſophiſtry his great powers could ſupply, to convince her was improper to be done; here too he was foiled; and had he dared to trifle with the known integrity that had counteracted his deſign, the removal of the Miſs Muſhrooms would have been the inſtantaneous conſequence.

No

No three beings on earth could be at this moment more obnoxious to him than thoſe whom it was now neceſſary he ſhould affect to regard with kindneſs.

When our landlord was announced, Roſa was putting the ſilk into Mrs. Harley's netting needle, and giving her a long hiſtory of Dido's good qualities.

John had feaſted voluptuouſly on the approbation of his own heart, till from being elated he had become ſad; tears were in his eyes when he tied his horſe's head to Mrs. Harley's gate, and the ſound of Roſa's voice, ſpeaking of Dido, made them run over.

Dido flew to Roſa, and Roſa flew to receive John, clung round his neck, aſked queſtion after queſtion about papa, without waiting for an anſwer; and the moment her frock was filled with his preſents, ran away, followed by Dido, in ſearch of her friend, Miſs Bawſky.

Mr. Brown would not ſit, and could not ſpeak; he preſented the India caſe, which Mrs. Harley declined accepting.

"It was my maſter's, madam," ſaid he, "my dear honoured maſter, whoſe heart,

"But take him on all in all I ſhall not look upon his like again;"

and why ſhould ſuch a poor ignorant fellow as me talk about *his* heart; his is the fineſt commander in the army; he led his men to glory; yes, led them; he was always firſt in the poſt of danger; ah, how many a hard day and night of duty have I ſeen him bear, without flinching;

"His nature is too noble for the world;
"He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
"Or Jove for his power to thunder.

not but

"He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
"Open as day for melting charity;"

but he diſcharged me; he took another ſervant.

Mrs. Harley was all attention; this was the plain ſimple language of grateful affection, free from that art of which the Knight had accuſed him; but her faith in the

the repreſentations of the great man, had continued to decreaſe from the hour Roſa entered her houſe.

" And why, Sir, were you diſcharged?" ſaid ſhe, in a ſoothing accent.

" Diſcharged, madam; no, I beg your pardon; I can never be diſcharged from doing my duty; my maſter loved that poor dear little, hem-hem; he was fond, very fond of Miſs Buhanun;—ſhe—ſhe—"

" Yes, yes," replied Mrs. Harley, " I perfectly underſtand *all ſhe* is—"

Mr. Brown looked ſurpriſed.

" I know her claims on Col. Buhanun," continued Mrs. Harley.

" And, pray, madam, who could be ſo buſy as to inform you?" aſked Landlord Brown.

" Sir Solomon Muſhroom to be ſure," anſwered Mrs. Harley; " do you think it would have been proper to recommend a child like this, to ſuch a ſchool as mine, without informing me of every particular concerning her?"

Mr. Brown put on his hat, though in the preſence of a lady.

" Why, look you, madam," ſaid he, " as to what is proper to be done, in regard to ſuch a ſchool as yours, I know nothing about it, but I always thought it not proper for a gentleman to break his word: I never do: nor my Colonel never did; it is a meanneſs in a gentleman, and a vice in a private.

" Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
" Holds honour far more precious dear than life."

having once ſaid he would take care of that pretty young gentleman, Mr. Horace, my Colonel will be ſure to keep his word; but as to this Sir Solomon, it is quite another thing; I heard him promiſe, but

" Promiſing is the very air of the time; it opens the eyes of expectation;"

and his was made with,

" The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on,
" T' entrap the wiſeſt;"

ſuch men

" Like

" Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
" Too intricate t' unloofe; ſoothe——"

Mrs. Harley, who was not quite ſo familiar with, nor perhaps ſo enamoured of Shakeſpeare, interrupted John, by aſking what Sir Solomon had promiſed.

" Why, madam," he anſwered, in a firm voice, " he promiſed, nay he ſwore, he would not tell any body, not even his own nieces her play fellows, any thing about, about her, Miſs Roſa; Sir Solomon is a great man; more's the pity; but he's no changeling, though he is ſo proud, and

" Small things make baſe men proud;"

however one cannot waſh the blackamoor white; ſo I ſhan't ſay any more about him—

" An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told."

My maſter, as he ſaid, and it was one of the laſt things he did ſay, changed the nature of my ſervice on purpoſe, if the worſt came to the worſt, that Miſs Roſa might have a friend and a home; God bleſs her, ſhe cannot want either, if ſhe has juſtice, for—"

Landlord Brown was " i'th' talking vein," and Mrs. Harley not in cue for further interruption; but on Roſa's entering, he took off his hat, and the tears ſtood on his cheeks, when, as before-ſaid, Sir Solomon Muſhroom was ſhewn in.

Whatever doubts might yet remain on the mind of Mrs. Harley, reſpecting Sir Solomon's intention to deceive her, were entirely done away by the manner of his accoſting the landlord and her pupil; the frank and friendly appearance he put on to the former, as well as the fondneſs he affected for the latter, coſt him, ſhe plainly perceived, ſome pains to aſſume; nor was ſhe more impoſed on by the exceſs of his civility to herſelf; the whiſpering compliment he paid her on her having conquered her prejudice, had more in it of concealed malice than the approbation his pliant features wore; and while the utmoſt of her penetration could not fathom a motive for ſuch blended cruelty and deceit, ſhe felt all the warmth of her heart, which indeed was the ſeat of benevolent kindneſs, intereſted for the little pratling Roſa,

Roſa, who, ſeated on Sir Solomon's knee, was recounting all the little occurrences of the ſchool.

Mr. Brown, to whom it was now viſibly irkſome to pay any reſpect to the Lord of the Manor, haſtened to his chaiſe cart; and Sir Solomon having ſignified his intention of taking the Miſs Muſhrooms home to dine, left Roſa wondering he did not take her alſo, and mounting his phaeton, paſſed the humbler vehicle of our friend Brown, with ſuch velocity as to threaten its deſtruction, and at the ſame moment, touching his hat with an air of utmoſt condeſcenſion, he ſaid, "What! met again, landlord."

"Yes," replied John, who had with great difficulty kept his ſeat,

"Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bed-fellows."

CHAP. XII.

The Boarding School Miſſes.

MRS. Harley's private obſervations, and reflections on the conduct of Sir Solomon Muſhroom, reverſed all the preſent ſchemes of that profound politician; Roſa became ſtationary in her favour, and every hour increaſed the attachment of her friend Miſs Bawſky.

Elinor Bawſky, as we have ſaid, was the favourite of the whole houſe; but notwithſtanding the attention of the Governeſs and her teachers, ſhe was the greateſt dunce in the ſchool; ſhe would work plain work for the family, from the Governeſs to the kitchen maid; run any where for any body; hop through a country dance, and put her partners out in a reel; but had no voice or ear for muſic; no taſte for drawing; wrote a ſad ſcrawl; and was, in ſpite of all the care and entreaties of the teachers, not only a bad, but vulgar orthographiſt.

So entirely impoſſible was it indeed to make her miſtreſs of a ſingle accompliſhment, that Mrs. Harley, though ſhe tenderly loved her, entreated Doctor Croak to

to remove her to ſome other ſchool, in hope change of inſtruction might produce an alteration in the pupil.

This the Doctor would not hear of; he conſidered Mount Pleaſant as the beſt air near the metropolis; and though no doubt her improvement might be of importance, life and health were his principal anxieties in regard to her. It was indeed not poſſible for the moſt doating parents to be more ſolicitous to preſerve the health and affections of the moſt darling child, than Doctor Croak and Mrs. Bawſky, were of this their reputed niece. The world indeed did ſay, but what will it not ſay? leaving therefore the naughty world, we introduce the more accompliſhed, but leſs amiable, Miſs Muſhrooms to our readers.

Theſe young ladies, who were born heireſſes, and will move in an elevated ſphere of life, were each bleſſed with a certain ſhare of perſonal beauty.

Charlotte, the eldeſt, now entering her ſeventeenth year, a tall, genteel, well made girl, with what is called ſleepy blue eyes, light brown hair, regular features, and a fine complexion, though a little diſfigured by large obſtinate freckles, was the favourite of Sir Solomon.

Maria, juſt turned of fifteen, was ſhorter, and indebted to her ſtay-maker for concealment of a little defect in her ſhape, but her face was much more beautiful than her ſiſter's, and ſhe had a greater ſhare of vivacity; her eyes were alſo blue, but lively and piercing, her eyebrows and hair were more dark, and her complexion as fair and perfectly clear: both had good teeth, and remarkable fine hands and arms.

They had been early told they were great beauties and great fortunes, and they were ordered to attend to the fine accompliſhments, becauſe they would have a right to expect to be peereſſes. Thus inſtructed, no wonder they aſſumed a ſuperiority that rendered them diſguſting to the young ladies, their companions, or that no care and attention could correct their inborn errors; more eſpecially as thoſe very errors were by the ill-judging Sir Solomon conſtrued into their oppoſite virtues.

The intolerable pride which rendered them ridiculous to others, was by him conſidered as omens of future greatneſs; and the fearful ſervility that accompanied every

every act in his preſence, were proofs of dutiful acquieſcence to his will, and reſpect to his authority.

Sir Solomon Muſhroom's whole life was a myſtery the world could not unravel: The young ladies we have been deſcribing as his nieces, were in fact his natural daughters, by a woman of low birth and vulgar manners, with whom, in ſome former ſcenes of his extraordinary hiſtory, he had cohabited, but from whom he had been long ſeparated, obliging her to accept a ſcanty pittance for her ſubſiſtence, ſubject to all the caprice of tyranny and upſtart pride.

The woman did not want ſpirit, and ſhe poſſeſſed a more than common degree of cunning; had ſhe exerted either, the vain man muſt have acceded to any terms ſhe demanded; but he in that caſe ſwore to abandon her children, and on the contrary, if ſhe conducted herſelf properly, he promiſed to ſettle them ſplendidly.

Proud of her daughters and their attainments, and looking forward to the period when he could no longer threaten her with a deſertion of his own children; when the rank they ſhould be placed in would be permanent; when ſhe might aſſert her maternal claims; thus threatened, and thus promiſed, ſhe conſented to give up the title of mother, and aſſume the humbler one of nurſe.

The girls, taken at a very early age from *nurſe*, were placed at Mount Pleaſant, where, while they received the uſual ſchool inſtructions, their diſpoſitions pourtrayed a moſt unamiable mixture of their father's vain pride, and their mother's low cunning.

Every receſs of the ſchool they paſſed at Muſhroom-place; during the two laſt of which the familiar intercourſe between them and Mr. Horace Littleton had improved into a partiality on their ſide, which, though not underſtood by the unconſcious girls themſelves, was quickly perceived by the experienced father who, having no conception of thoſe fine wrought feelings which revolt from advantages which the confidence of innocence might offer, made no doubt but Horace would avail himſelf of ſo favourable an opportunity, and lay a ſettled plan to carry off his favourite daughter, and ſo not only deſtroy the fabric on which he had reſolved to found the future grandeur of his family, but involve him

in

in many difficulties. We have ſeen how his mind was relieved from theſe vexatious ideas, and we have yet to ſee his grateful returns for that relief.

That Sir Solomon loved his children, is not to be diſputed; but the auſtere manner in which he treated and commanded them, was ill calculated to cheriſh a return of natural affection: all the ſoft ſprings of tenderneſs, ſympathy, and filial love were kept in ſubjection to fear and intereſt, the two moſt potent enemies to real attachment; while on the contrary, the mutual, though ſtolen exchange of confidence, bound them unknowingly to their mother, who under character of nurſe, was ſuffered to ſee them, by the good offices of Mrs. Harley's houſekeeper, notwithſtanding Sir Solomon's prohibition. To her they imparted all their little grievances, and from her they received ſuch conſolation as would beſt reconcile them to their lot; and ſuch inſtructions as ſhe, from experience, knew were beſt adapted to retain and increaſe their influence over their father; and thus were they from infancy initiated into the ſyſtem of pride and cunning, which, though in ſuch different ſituations, equally governed Sir Solomon Muſhroom and Dorothy Wright.

They danced well, ſung a little, played a little, drew a little, and were indeed mediocritiſts in all female accompliſhments, to many of which Sir Solomon having been hitherto a perfect ſtranger, he could not but conſider them as miraculous ſpecimens of that perfection which in a ſhort time would aſtoniſh the admiring world.

They were now carried to Muſhroom-place, for the expreſs purpoſe of receiving inſtruction for their conduct towards Roſa.

Young as Miſs Charlotte was, her heart had received a gueſt which it was leſs eaſy to expel than Sir Solomon conceived. She turned pale at ſeeing the place of Horace, at the bottom of the table, occupied by the ſecond ſon of Mr. Quibble, the village lawyer, who ſucceeded him as money teller, account keeper, and amanuenſis; and who, if he was not ſo handſome as his predeceſſor, could at leaſt talk ten times as much.

Charlotte's colour varied every time young Quibble opened his lips, and ſhe was obliged to leave the table, without

without a ſingle inquiry from the politic *uncle* as to the cauſe.

Maria talked, and talked of nothing elſe but Horace; wondered where he was gone; why he went; when he would return; and indeed was all wonderment and curioſity; but as Sir Solomon would not, and Quibble dared not anſwer, the ſubject dropped at table, to be treaſured up between herſelf and ſiſter, for the next meeting with Dorothy; and time, "which is the nurſe and breeder of all good," ſo meliorated the diſeaſe it could not remedy, that with the help of a good nurſe, one of the young ladies ſoon became reconciled to the grand plans, with which their *uncle* began to dazzle them; while the other, under her ſage authority and advice, hugged a ſecret hope to her heart, of which even her ſiſter was not the confidant.

When the Miſs Muſhrooms returned to Mount Pleaſant, their conſequence was not a little raiſed by the comparative meanneſs of the new boarder, whom they now underſtood, was the identical little beggar, of whom they had heard their uncle ſpeak ſo contemptuouſly, before any event was foreſeen that could poſſibly connect ſo deſpicable a brat with them. They conſidered her as a diſgrace to the ſchool; and to do the young ladies' juſtice, nothing could be more liberal than their communication on the ſubject; nor could any thing be more calculated to mortify and diſtreſs our little heroine, had it not been counteracted by Mrs. Harley's poſitive commands the ſubject ſhould never be mentioned in the ſchool, and by the warmth of her ſtaunch friend, Miſs Bawſky, who declared the whole ſtory was falſe; that ſhe knew all Miſs Buhanun's family; that her uncle attended them; that they were all rich people, and kept their coaches; and as Miſs Bawſky's credit was infinitely greater than that of the Miſs Muſhroom's, this alſo was treaſured up for nurſe, and the little beggar was of courſe dropt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Shewing Sir Solomon Muſhroom's generous mode of proving himſelf a "friend in need," and how the Beggar is in danger of being the object of his compaſſion.

IN the meantime the little ſick plant that ſcarce gave hope of life, was ſhooting into perfection; Roſa grew incredibly faſt, and her underſtanding opened ſtill faſter than her ſtature increaſed; ſhe was docile, ingenious, and attentive, ſhe was the pride of Mrs. Harley, the delight of Mr. Brown, and being conſidered as a young lady who would have a large fortune, was a great favourite of the fineſt of all fine landladies, Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown was indeed ſoon one of the firſt ladies of the ſecond order at Penry; ſhe talked faſter than ever, dreſt fine, and in the afternoon tea way her bar exhibited the genteel thing.

Mrs. Feverſham, her old miſtreſs, regularly read the newſpaper there, and had more than once invited her to dinner; ſo that all things conſidered, no wonder Mrs. Brown grew fat, and forgot one half of her acquaintance.

Mr. Brown, who, poor man, was faſt approaching to perfect inſignificance, he being as his ſpouſe aſſured Mr. Harry, but half ſaved, was moſt opportunely rouſed from the bench at his door, where he ſipped amber, read Shakeſpeare, and meditated from morning till night, declaring,

"Life was tedious as a twice told tale,
"Vexing the ear of a drowſy man,"

by being choſen drill ſerjeant to the militia, in which employment he re-aſſumed ſome degree of conſequence, and took his amber from the hand of his tapſter, with the authority of one, who had, as he proudly ſaid, to teach

"All the unſettled humours of the land;
"Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery volunteers,
"With ladies' face, and dragons' ſpleens,"

the art of looking like ſoldiers; and this employment not only filled our landlord's time in a manner moſt agreeable to himſelf, but added to the importance of his wife.

All

All this was very pleaſant, and it wanted but one thing to be delectable, which was permanence; for truth to ſay, what with fine cloaths, fine company, and fine ſervants; for John having been uſed to attend on a Colonel, and being now a ſort of officer himſelf, could not ſtand oſtler or farmer; and Betty having even, when a ſervant, been uſed to command, could not poſſibly, now ſhe was a landlady, wait on herſelf. The brewer and diſtiller had called rather too often for their bills, and before any letters were received from the Colonel, there was half a year's rent unpaid, for which the landlord was importunate.

Mrs. Brown finding herſelf offended with the fellow's impudence, waited on the Lord of the Manor, and on the credit of her maſter's parting direction, requeſted the loan of an hundred pounds.

Several ſhips had arrived from India ſince the ſuppoſed time of the Colonel's arrival there, but as no letters were received from him, there was more than even chance, that what money remained of his in the hands of the Knight, might be fairly conſidered as part of his own ſinking fund; and in that caſe lending Mrs. Brown an hundred pounds would be giving exactly that ſum out of his own pocket; a thing too unreaſonable to be expected.

Mrs. Brown was put off from day to day, till all the expected ſhips were arrived, without a line from the Colonel; ſo that really Sir Solomon having already diſburſed to ſo large an amount for the girl, (Miſs was already dropped,) he was ſorry it was not in his power to ſerve Landlady Brown.

Mrs. Brown, who reckoning on this ſupply as a certain fund in reſerve, had given herſelf no concern about the bills, was dumb with ſurpriſe and diſappointment; Sir Solomon turned on his heel, and ſhe returned home to abuſe her ſpouſe, the Colonel, and the Lord of the Manor.

"The time paſt!" ſaid Mr. Brown mournfully, "is the time then indeed paſt when we ſhould have heard from my Colonel? Oh he is dead! he is dead!"

Mrs. Brown revived. "Dead," repeated ſhe; "Sir Solomon has his will, and I dare ſay, if he is dead, he has

has left us ſomething; four or five hundred pounds at leaſt"

"I dare ſay not," ſaid John, tartly; "and I neither expect nor deſire it."

Mrs. Brown fired up, well diſpoſed to cavil the point, when ſhe was interrupted by the entrance of Sir Solomon Muſhroom, who, though he had left her an hour before with little ceremony, and leſs good humour, was now full of ſmiles, and even jocular.

Mrs. Brown looked ſullen and her huſband ſorrowful, but neither ſpoke.

Sir Solomon however did ſpeak, and very much to the purpoſe too; he would in the firſt place advance any money they wanted; he was going to fetch his nieces and Miſs Buhanun, to paſs a few days at the Place; and laſtly, he had that inſtant received a packet from Colonel Buhanun, in which were incloſed, beſides his own, letters for Miſs Roſa, for Mrs Harley, and for Mr. Brown.

Our landlord toſſed off a glaſs of brandy, and gave a loud huzza.

Sir Solomon preſented the letter to Mrs. Brown, who according to eſtabliſhed cuſtom, was in the act of breaking the ſeal, when her huſband ſnapped it from her, and retired to his favourite bench to peruſe it.

Such a flagrant innovation of the rules of the houſe, would not have eſcaped a warm reſentment, had not a ſlip of paper, which dropped from the letter while Mr. Brown was weeping, or in his wife's witty phraſe, blubbering over it, been picked up by Mrs. Feverſham as ſhe was paſſing the door, which proved to be a draft on Sir Solomon Muſhroom for 150l. in favour of John and Elizabeth Brown.

Our landlord was taken ill; he was obliged to lie down; the landlady proteſted ſhe would have a new rich ſilk cotlequo gown and coat againſt next ſummer. Sir Solomon was jocular, the country men winked at each other, the bills were paid, and Landlady Brown was a greater perſonage than ever.

Again were the good ſtars of Roſa predominant; with the letter came packages of rich gold and ſilver muſlins, two pieces of which were addreſſed to Mrs. Harley, the reſt to be divided between Roſa and her young friends, the

the Miſs Muſhrooms. Hence the reader will penetrate the motives for ſo ſudden an invitation to Muſhroom-place.

The Colonel's letters were ſhort, but every line breathed that ſoul of benevolence which graced every action of his life; he beſought Mrs. Harley to love Roſa; and he beſought Roſa to love him; avowed his continued intention to make her his heireſs, and charged her to render herſelf worthy that intention.

Miſs Buhanun anſwered his letter in French, which he particularly wiſhed her to cultivate; and Mrs. Harley aſſured him the beſt reward awaited his goodneſs a mind like his was capable of taſting; for that in perſon and mind he would not probably meet the equal of his protegée.

Three ſucceſſive years brought renewed proofs of the ſtability of Colonel Buhanun's affection and generoſity; during which time our heroine was a conſtant viſitor at Muſhroom-place.

Sir Solomon kept the Miſs Muſhrooms at Mrs. Harley's till it was proper to introduce them into the world; and the young ladies not having received counter inſtructions, were ſo fond of Miſs Buhanun as to be jealous of her ſtronger attachment to Miſs Bawſky.

As Miſs Charlotte was now however turned of eighteen, and her ſiſter ſeventeen; as they were as tall and as handſome as he ever expected to ſee them, he began to look round for a chaprone to uſher them into genteel life.

Mrs. Feverſham, the widow of whom we have before ſpoken, had been young and handſome; it was her firſt deſire to continue always ſo.

She had a ſhowy kind of flippant wit about her, which paſſed on ſuch judges as Sir Solomon Muſhroom for good ſenſe; ſhe had ſeen ſome good company and talked of more; her paſſion for dreſs and pleaſure was the torment of her exiſtence, as her income, notwithſtanding ſome ſmall acquiſitions ſince the death of her huſband, was too contracted, to allow that diſplay of taſte, in either, of which ſhe boaſted.

This

This lady Sir Solomon ſelected for the important poſt of chaprone to his co-heireſſes, and his propoſals were accepted with the moſt flattering avidity.

Next to being a beauty and a wit, it was Mrs. Feverſham's hobby to be the adviſer and patroneſs of the embarraſſed, and diſtreſſed of all deſcriptions; ſhe was the privy counſellor of Mrs. Brown; and indeed the monopoly of ſo uſeful a perſon, was no ſmall injury to the village.

As ſoon as Mrs. Feverſham could arrange her private affairs, ſhe removed to the Place, to receive the Miſs Muſhrooms, whom Sir Solomon declared his intention to take a tour before he ſhewed them in London, that they might know *ſomething of life;* and preparations were making for this important buſineſs, under the direction of the oracle, Mrs. Feverſham, while Sir Solomon waited the arrival of an India packet, as Miſs Buhanun, who was now permitted to call him guardian, was very anxious to receive her letters before he ſet off on a tour which he expected would keep him out four months.

Nor was Mr. Brown a jot leſs anxious for this ſame packet. The Colonel's generoſity, ſo far from rendering this managing perſon thrifty, was the ſource of improvidence in her, and intemperance in her huſband.

John was by this time a perfect Boniface; if his clean frilled ſhirt and ſnow white ſpatterdaſhes were in order for drill day; if he could read his Shakeſpeare in peace, and unload his chaiſe cart at Mount Pleaſant every Monday; he never interfered in the management of the houſe, except indeed there happened to be a tap of bad amber; in which caſe Mrs. Brown herſelf was obliged to take ſhelter from the ſtorm.

Well, after waiting week after week, it was rumoured the expected packet was loſt; and as all the other homeward bound ſhips were arrived, the day was fixed for the commencement of the tour, and all hope of letters from India this year given up.

Mrs. Brown who, in expectation of the uſual remittance, had put off her brewer and diſtiller till now, when though they would be very ſorry to inconvenience Mrs. Brown, yet as money was ſo ſcarce, and their profits ſo ſmall, ſhe could do ſo no longer, again waited on Sir

Solomon, with the old ſtory of borrowing an hundred pound, which the Knight dared not refuſe, leaſt ſome miracle might immediately overtake him with letters from India; he however took the precaution of having the leaſe of the White-Horſe aſſigned for his ſecurity, in caſe of *accidents*, which as Mrs. Brown ſaid, ſhe knew could not happen, ſhe readily complied with, and Sir Solomon Muſhroom, with his two heireſſes and their chaprone, with a ſplendid retinue, ſet off on their tour.

CHAP. XIV.

A return to the Boarding-School.

MISS BAWSKY, whoſe attachment to our heroine bid defiance to time or change of circumſtance, was, to her infinite regret, now on the point of leaving Mount Pleaſant.

Doctor Croak, whoſe ſoaring genius had been ſupported God knew how, had lately laid down a large ſum of money for the buſineſs of a practitioner of the firſt eminence in the city. The Doctor might talk of his thouſands as Mrs. Brown did of her hundreds, that they ſoon went; but the myſtery ſtill was, how they came. He took the houſe and furniture of the gentleman he ſucceeded, as they ſtood; converted his chariot into a handſome coach; hired a ſecond footman; and though he retained his villa at Penry, and kept a journeyman there, reſided principally in Walbrook, where Mrs. Bawſky choſe Miſs ſhould accompany them.

We hope the reader has not forgot, that Doctor Croak had a ſon; that ſon, though he dared not ſhew himſelf in his father's fine houſe; though he never approached nearer his elegant carriage than the coach-houſe door; and though his name was never mentioned in the family; was yet alive, in poſſeſſion of all his faculties; and it is a neceſſary, but painful taſk, at this period of the

the hiſtory, to retrace the conduct of his unnatural father, under the influence of his chere amie.

The boy had been indulged, as only children are generally indulged, by his fond unhappy mother, when old Mrs. Croak took on her the management of her ſon's houſe; ſhe would alſo have managed her grandſon had ſhe been permitted ſo to do; but there was a ſpirit of contradiction in the Doctor, which muſt have a ſubject to work on; and becauſe the boy really wanted correction, he determined no body ſhould give it him.

Thus went on old Jackey and young Jackey, till Mrs. Bawſky, delicate lady, left her elevated ſituation at Southampton, to take the reins of government in her own hand at Doctor Croak's; when, among other grand diſcoveries, it came out poor Jackey was naturally both knave and fool. He was ſent to boarding-ſchool, and from having been firſt ſpoiled with blind indulgence, then ſuddenly put under the ſevereſt diſcipline; at home, when he was permitted to come, he was beat for a dunce, and deſpiſed as an idiot.

Mrs. Bawſky's nerves were too irritable to bear him in her preſence; he was therefore conſigned to a corner by the kitchen fire, where he was careſſed and beat as the whim took the domeſtics, without a friend to whom he could appeal or complain.

Doctor Croak, among many other cruel inſults, was in the habit of upbraiding his old mother, with the folly that had ſo often robbed the *round* and *ſound* fund to ſupply his extravagance, which he told her was the ſource of all his errors and misfortunes; and it was perhaps to preſerve his ſon from a ſimilar evil, that he never allowed him a halfpenny in his pocket.

The child thus debarred from the little gratifications and luxuries in which other children were indulged, once watched an opportunity, and ſtole a penny from the coachman, for which he was on the point of being tied up and unmercifully flogged, when the arrival of his uncle, the farmer Doctor, procured a ſort of reſpite from all his miſeries, and got his puniſhment mitigated, like capital offences in Scotland, by a ſentence of baniſhment.

The honeſt uncle, who was conſidered as a fool by his wife brother, fancied there was in the atrocities of his nephew, leſs of fault than misfortune; nor had Mrs. Bawſky's orations on that ſubject any other effect on him than to remind him, *ſhe was not a mother*. He offered to take the young culprit with him to Eſſex; an offer ſo acceptable to the Doctor, that he, in his turn, of his own accord, offered to pay ten whole guineas, per year, for his board, till he ſhould gain ſkill and ſtrength to hold the plough, when, as he then would be able to earn his own keep, it would be but fair the ten guineas per year ſhould ceaſe.

This agreement ratified, Jackey chearfully walked down to Eſſex by the ſide of his uncle's horſe, now and then getting a lift behind, while his father lolled in his coach, and was the gaze of the village of Penry.

But although maſter Jack jogged on very comfortably with his uncle and grandmother in Eſſex, there were three people in Penry he was often anxious to ſee; theſe were a poor barber, who had married Mrs. Dr. Croak's maid, and with his wife, had always proved their regard for the mother's memory, by innumerable acts of kindneſs to her child; and Elinor Bawſky, who, in whatever relation ſhe ſtood to him, whether ſiſter or couſin, returned the affection he bore her, with intereſt, ſhared her pocket money with him, when under cover of the night he walked to his friend the barber's, which he often contrived to do, and there ſtay concealed till the next night, when he returned to Eſſex.

Miſs Bawſky went home every Saturday, and remained there till Monday; ſo that as ſhe walked about the village, when and where ſhe pleaſed, her interviews with young Croak were wholly unſuſpected, and theſe clandeſtine meetings begun in innocent and childiſh affection, increaſed in intereſt as they grew up, and on that account, as well as parting with Roſa, Elinor was overwhelmed with grief at the idea of commencing city belle.

The removal of Doctor Croak was a ſevere trial to our heroine; it deprived her of the only friend to whom ſhe was in the habit of confiding, that grief, and thoſe mortifications

mortifications which reſulted from a clear recollection of the miſery from which her patron had relieved her.

Miſs Bawſky was now in her fifteenth year, and notwithſtanding the advantage in height over Roſa, at the commencement of their acquaintance, the latter was now full half a head the talleſt.

Miſs Bawſky's growth had indeed ſet to be of the luſty ſhort middle ſize; Roſa was tall, ſlim, and light as a Goſſamere; ſhe had out-grown all the defects in her form, which was now remarkably elegant and graceful; her face could not improve, except the beautiful colour that often animated it, without becoming ſtationary, could have been fixed; it however retained all its faſcinating ſoftneſs, and her eyes were brilliancy itſelf; her hands and arms, formed with the exacteſt ſymmetry, were like her face and neck, delicately fair, and beautifully contraſted with the dark cheſnut hair that hung in ringlets to her waſte, and ſhaded her fair forehead.

Such was the exterior of the miſerable outcaſt charity had reſcued from the dunghill on which it was bred, and ſuch, no doubt, would be the tranſformation of many other deplorable objects, were their hearts to make trial.

It was Mrs. Harley's maxim, that the moſt equitable and politic laws are thoſe which are enforced by example.

"Nothing," ſhe would ſay, "is undertaken with ſo much ardour, or compleated with ſo much zeal, as where the road to obedience lies through imitation;" and ſhe was particularly careful to engage ladies as aſſiſtants in the ſchool, ſhe could offer to her pupils as examples, and recommend to their imitation.

Under the care of ſuch a woman, Miſs Buhanun, with the beſt of diſpoſitions, quick perception, retentive memory, ſtrong judgment, and docile genius, could not fail of being an object of general eſteem and admiration. Her voice was melody corrected by ſenſibility; there were no notes in it that raiſed wonder, nor any that did not inſpire a ſoft delight. She played with great execution both the harp and piano forte; ſpoke the Italian like an Engliſh lady, and French like a Pariſian. She drew with taſte, and painted to pleaſe thoſe friends to whom ſhe preſented her little performances; and

though the preſent mode of education ſoars above the "ſteel bar," Roſa was a moſt delicate artiſt at her needle.

The misfortune of her origin, was among the number of thoſe events, which the mercy and wiſdom of the omnipotent, changes to bleſſings. Conſcious of her early deficiencies, nothing could exceed the diligence of her application, and with this diſtreſſing and mortifying recollection ever preſſing on her memory a ſenſe of religious gratitude blended and even ſuperceded that which ſhe felt for him, whoſe benevolence had wrought ſo happy a change in her fate.

But with ſo many reaſons, and ſuch a diſpoſition to be content, a ſecret grief preyed on her mind; to Miſs Bawſky, and to her alone, could ſhe reveal its ſource.

The Colonel, notwithſtanding he had left ſo handſome a depoſit in the hands of Sir Solomon Muſhroom, had accompanied every packet from India with elegant preſents for her pocket, beſides commiſſions ſent by his acquaintance, to order faſhionable trinkets from the firſt jewellers; a watch, pearl bracelets, lockets, &c. were added to her wardrobe, which in quantity and quality ſpoke the generoſity of the donor, and were equally valuable. She had but one wiſh ungratified; that one however conſtantly preyed on her mind, and clouded her moſt brilliant proſpects.

In poſſeſſion of all the elegancies, and all the comforts of life, Roſa remembered ſhe had a mother, who, if living, was probably in want of bread, and groaning in unpitied wretchedneſs.

Miſs Bawſky had, at the expence of a few white fibs, contradicted the reports circulated in the ſchool by the Miſs Muſhrooms, and eſtabliſhed Roſa's grand family, who were, ſhe proteſted, all grand people who kept their coaches; and as her credit was a little better than that of her proud ſchool companions, it was implicitly believed; but though an impulſe to which even Roſa was not ſuperior, and which the author will not pretend to explain, had prevented her contradicting it, ſhe neither was nor wiſhed to be herſelf deceived.

Elinor was the faithful and ſympathizing confidante of all her recollections and regrets; and the good-natured ſolicitude

ſolicitude ſhe not only expreſſed, but felt, to draw the thoughts of her young friend from the miſerable paſt to the happy preſent, was continually exerted; but Roſa, who had been taught to conſider, that while wiſdom was the attainment of life, the exerciſe of domeſtic duty, and the practice of virtue, was the buſineſs of it, recurred to her wretched parent, in the midſt of profuſion, and in the height of all her innocent enjoyments.

"Ah Elinor!" ſhe would ſay, "mean, nay," and her cheeks burned at the humbling recollection, "abandoned as ſhe may be, is ſhe not my mother? have I not alſo a father equally wretched? and can a child who abounds, whoſe wiſhes are anticipated, ſurrounded by ſuperfluities,—can ſhe, ought ſhe to be happy while the miſerable authors of her being are pining, perhaps expiring for want?"

As her underſtanding matured, the filial longings to hear of, to relieve, and, if poſſible, reclaim her parents, increaſed.

It is true, that the ſeries of famine, miſery and almoſt every deſcription of wretchedneſs, ſhe had ſuffered with theſe parents, particularly her mother, which perpetually recurred to her thoughts, were unmixed with inſtances of their parental tenderneſs; her exiſtence had on the contrary reſembled the

"Beggar's wife's nephew, now ſtarved and now beaten,
"Who longing to eat, feared himſelf ſhould be eaten;"

but her idea of filial duty was in character with the ſtrict morality of her principles, pure, and refined; the failure of duty in others, was no exemption to her; ſhe recollected not how little, in every ſenſe, ſhe owed her parents; it was enough to cloud the ſhort ſunſhine of her happy ſituation, that ſuch beings were in exiſtence, languiſhing in poverty, or ſuffering more than poverty in the effects of their irregular and intemperate courſe of life.

The generous warmth of Miſs Bawſky's heart rendered her more than a ſharer; ſhe was a fellow ſufferer in all Roſa's anxiety.

"Well," ſaid ſhe, one day, after exerting all her wiſdom and eloquence to comfort her companion, "you

are fretting about your mother; you who, as you read to my Governeſs, can make philoſophy of every thing, and every thing philoſophy, while I who have ten times the cauſe——"

"You, Elinor! *you* cauſe!"

"Why, pray now, Roſa, can you, or any one elſe, ſay I have not more reaſon to fret?"

"My dear Elinor, you have not; you have friends, *natural* friends, to love, to protect you."

"May be ſo, and may be not; for God knows where my poor parents grow, or whether I ever had any. I think if I had a mother, I ought to love her; but as to my aunt Bawſky as ſome ſay, and mamma as others will aſſert, if I have a drop of her blood in my veins, it is rebellious and unnatural; and I do really believe in my conſcience, if I were ſure I ſhould never ſee her again, I ſhould not ſhed a ſingle tear. All poor Jack's miſery is owing to her; every body ſays what a pretty delicate boy he was, and how fond his own mamma was of him. Think, Roſa, what cauſe poor Jackey Croak has to fret; he loſt a mother too, a good and a fond mother; oh if you was to hear how ſhe begged that ugly man, my uncle, as he is called, (I hate him as bad as my aunt Bawſky) to take care, and be kind to her child, and he promiſed he would; but I am ſure aunt Bawſky's ſoul and his are kindred; only he muſt be *more* wicked, becauſe he neglects his own child, and cares not where the poor b[illegible] hides himſelf, ſo that he be out of his ſight. Think of that, Roſa! for a man to hate his own child! As to aunt, ſhe never had a child, and ſo you know ſhe can know nothing about what his poor mamma felt when ſhe was dying. I am ſure I feel it very often myſelf."

Report, as Miſs Bawſky ſaid, and as Mrs. Betty Clark had long before alſo ſaid, did certainly differ in reſpect to the relation in which the young lady ſtood to Doctor Croak and Madam Bawſky; but theſe reports were not received at Mount Pleaſant; and Roſa, who had never before heard a ſingle doubt reſpecting it, was not more ſurpriſed on that account, than diſpleaſed at the freedom and diſreſpect with which Elinor, for the firſt time in her hearing treated people who were always

conſidered

conſidered as blameable for their exceſſive indulgence of her. She mildly remonſtrated on her injuſtice, and reproved her for the cold and even ungrateful ſentiments that had eſcaped her.

Elinor was drowned in tears; ſhe was on every other occaſion ready to kiſs the rod of friendly reproof; but nothing could convince her it was in nature for an honeſt man to beat his own mother, and neglect his own ſon; nor that any good woman would make herſelf an aſſociate in ſuch unnatural and abhorrent acts, whom the law of God nor man did not oblige to adopt his principle and conduct.

Roſa could not therefore quite convince Elinor ſhe was wrong, nor could Elinor perſuade Roſa ſhe was right; but her reſpect to principles ſo uniformly juſt and pure, and to the ſuperior underſtanding of the young reprover, much more than her own conviction, induced her to give up the point.

The reciprocal exchange of affection and confidence between theſe amiable girls increaſed as their minds expanded; they grew as "cherries on one ſtalk," the more endeared to each other, perhaps, from their different diſpoſitions.

Elinor ſaw every thing in Roſa to admire and to reſpect; ſhe looked up to her on all occaſions; her opinion was the oracle by which, ſaving the one inſtance we have now mentioned, ſhe was governed; and her example ſuch as ſhe conceived it perfection to follow; and her own diſpoſition having in it a fulneſs of the milk of human kindneſs, without an atom of envy or gall towards any of God's creatures, except the enemies of poor Jackey; the moſt unbounded affection attached itſelf to a being ſo amiable and worthy to be loved as Roſa.

Roſa, on her part, ſaw in Elinor all that natural glow of benevolent kindneſs; that unſpotted integrity; that grateful warmth and unaſſuming modeſty, with which a pure mind would come from the hand of the Creator, did his wiſdom ordain, that beings ſo far advanced in reaſon, ſhould be ſent immediately from his immaculate preſence into a world very differently peopled, ſuch a heart as Elinor's would have bound Roſa's to her, without the claims of early obligation and unremitted zeal

for

for her welfare; and their friendſhip was founded on, and cheriſhed by ſentiments no change of time or circumſtance could alter.

The removal of Miſs Bawſky from ſchool, at a period when the loſs of the packet, left Roſa in ſuch need of conſolation; when the war was ſaid to be extremely hot in India; and when from the Colonel's known intrepidity of character, it might be naturally expected that he would be as forward in danger, as high in honour.

"Alas!" ſaid Roſa, "is this a time to loſe my friend?"

CHAP. XIII.

Great news from beyond ſea,—the beggar's downfall, and Landlady Brown at her wits end.

APPREHENSION was not merely the phantom of Roſa's dejected mind; Mrs. Harley herſelf, while ſhe ſtrained every nerve to inſpire her young pupil with fortitude, trembled for her; and when Miſs Bawſky proteſted at parting, Roſa Buhanun ſhould always ſhare her fortune, the good woman ſighed involuntarily at the probability that ſhe might need it.

Mrs. Feverſham, all in high colour, high feather, and high ſpirit, called with Miſs Muſhroom's, to take leave of Mrs. Harley, juſt at the time when her mind was ſaddened by Roſa's increaſing melancholy, and her own countenance portrayed a languor which ſat ill on a face where benign placidity had a fixed dwelling.

Mrs. Harley's looks mounted Mrs. Feverſham on her third hobby, which dreſs and rouge had entirely beat out of the field. She adviſed, conſoled, and profeſſed eternal regard. In one breath repeated ſtanza after ſtanza of poetry, applicable, as ſhe thought, to the feeling of her auditors, in the next; proteſted againſt borrowed or book wit; hated quotations, then quoted till ſhe was out of breath; talked of the divine inſpiration of poetry, declared ſhe often felt it; and ſeeing Miſs

Miſs Buhanun paſs the window, made a ſudden tranſition from the beauty of the mind to that of the perſon, by aſking who that ſweet girl was, and running to the glaſs, deſired the young ladies would remark how exactly the contour of that charming girl's face reſembled her own, but obſerving the ill concealed titter, added, " I mean in the intereſt of it."

While Mrs. Feverſham was thus amuſing her companions, and expoſing herſelf, a thought ſtruck Mrs. Harley, that the folly for which ſhe was ſo much ridiculed, of affecting to patronize and adviſe, might at this time be turned to the advantage of Miſs Buhanun, and ſhe requeſted to ſay ſix words to her in another apartment, to which ſhe led the way.

Mrs. Feverſham, tottering under the blue, red, and yellow ornaments of her head, followed with all poſſible alacrity, and as was uſual with her, exchanged the vanity of dreſs for the oſtentation of feeling the inſtant Mrs. Harley told her, it was in her power infinitely to oblige her and ſerve the young lady who had been ſo juſtly the object of her admiration.

Nothing on earth could make her ſo happy; where could ſhe go? what could ſhe ſay? what could ſhe do?

For the firſt time Mrs. Harley had given utterance to her apprehenſions; ſhe confeſſed a preſentiment that good Colonel Buhanun had not eſcaped the carnage at Seringapatam, rumours of which had reached Britain.

" Colonel Buhanun," repeated Mrs. Feverſham, " what has that pretty creature to do with him? ſurely that cannot be the little filthy beggar he took out of the ſtreets?"

Mrs. Harley, ſmiling, anſwered it was the ſame, and added, if the Colonel was dead without providing for her, it were perhaps better ſhe had been left there.

" Heavens!" cried Mrs. Feverſham, " how you terrify me; poor thing, ſhe is extremely beautiful; I had juſt ſuch a noſe when I was a girl; but what can I do? ſhall I break the affecting news to her, and beg her not to grieve? ſhall I go to London, and make inquiries at the India-houſe? or ſhall I——"

Mrs. Harley perfectly underſtood the character of the lady with whom ſhe was converſing; who ſhe knew

was

was in the habit of making a thouſand warm and extravagant offers of friendſhip to diſtreſſed people, at the ſame time that it was totally out of her power to make one of the thouſand good.

Mrs. Harley reſpected the ſource from whence her candour *might* ſpring; allowed ſuch zeal, though viſionary, *might* be ſincerely meant; and fearing her next offer would be to go to Seringapatam, and there inform herſelf of the real ſtate of affairs, which however well diſpoſed ſhe *might* be, it would not have been very poſſible to execute; ſhe interrupted her at the third "ſhall I," by an explanation of the mode in which ſhe had an idea Miſs Buhanun might be benefited, without giving her half the trouble ſhe ſeemed inclined to take.

Mrs. Brown had often inſiſted that the Colonel left a will with Sir Solomon Muſhroom; that gentleman had however been remarkable taciturne on the ſubject, altho' Mrs. Harley had often, and particularly tried to draw him into ſome converſation.

Every bill he had lately paid her for Miſs Buhanun, was followed with a ſighing declaration it was his own money, and parted with for the ſake of his beloved Horace.

Now as Mrs. Harley knew *how beloved* that dear youth had *appeared* to be; as notwithſtanding the profuſion of expence in which Sir Solomon indulged his nieces, for ſuch ſhe thought them; ſhe alſo knew the dear, and very dear value he ſet on his guineas; ſhe had ſtrong doubts that theſe hints, like thoſe he had once before favoured her with, originated in an intereſt more near, as well as dear, than Horace; and feared that ſelf was at the bottom of all. She was the laſt woman on earth to ſuſpect that in another ſhe would abhor to be guilty of herſelf; but ſhe had ſeen a great deal of human nature, had ſighed at its depravity, and prayed for its reformation; and being once alarmed at the duplicity of Sir Solomon's conduct, in one inſtance; and his extreme caution and reſerve in another, where reſerve anſwered no one good purpoſe; ſhe had propoſed and rejected ſcheme after ſcheme, to get at the truth, before it ſhould become abſolutely neceſſary, till it ſtruck her Mrs. Feverſham might be of eſſential ſervice.

To

To truſt that lady by halves, was to make an enemy of one, whoſe friendſhip might be of importance; ſhe therefore diſcloſed in confidence, every corroborating circumſtance that had led to her preſent ſuſpicions, and left to her own diſcretion, how to endeavour to come at a truth in which ſo amiable and lovely a girl was ſo peculiarly intereſted.

Every fibre of Mrs. Feverſham's heart, ſhe proteſted was in a flame; ſhe inſtantly adopted the intereſt of Miſs Buhanun, joined in Mrs. Harley's doubts, and promiſed, though ſhe could not now digeſt a proper plan to get at the truth; that is, whether there was, or was not a will, in which was implicated the proof of, whether there was, as Mrs. Brown inſiſted, or was not, as Sir Solomon declared, perſonal property of Colonel Buhanun's in his poſſeſſion.

So promiſed Mrs. Feverſham, and ſo at that moment ſhe might intend to perform; for ſhe was then mounted on the little ambling hobby that took his gentle courſe, carrying his rider ſafe up hill and down hill, as feeling and good humour pointed; but the inſtant ſhe entered Muſhroom-place, there were the two rampant hobbies, wit and beauty, waiting to prance away with their thoughtleſs rider wherever ſhew and vanity led; and ſo Miſs Buhanun and the will were forgotten, nor once returned to her recollection till after travelling poſt, over Great Britain, for improvement of taſte, as they were returning through Penry, to Muſhroom-place, the appearance of John Brown, with flapped hat, and dirty linen, without his Shakeſpeare, and Mrs. Brown, with tears in her eyes, drew from the Knight the reaſon of his return a month ſooner than he intended, "*Colonel Buhanun's name had at laſt been ſent to England, in the liſt of the brave men who were butchered at Seringapatam.*"

Mrs. Feverſham, though ſhe had ſaid a million of witty things, and though being ſhewily dreſſed, ſhe had, to her infinite gratification, been deſcribed as "one of the young ladies," diſmounted in a moment, bluſhed at the recollection of the non-performance of her promiſe, and forthwith ſetting about the amende honorable, anſwered the Knight in the common lady-like way by an

an abrupt queſtion, which at the ſame time implied a rejoinder.

" Well, Sir Solomon," ſaid Mrs. Feverſham, " but you have his will?"

Sir Solomon's reply was alſo an interrogation, " Have I?"

" Yes, to be ſure, the Colonel gave it you at parting."

" Indeed! and pray, my pretty lady, who told you ſo?"

When Sir Solomon Muſhroom paid court to Mrs. Feverſham's wit, ſhe was his good lady; when it ſuited him to play on her ſtronger foible, ſhe was his pretty lady.

" Who, why, Mrs.—no, I forget who."

Mrs. Feverſham corrected herſelf, and bit her tongue as ſoon as " Mrs." had eſcaped her.

" Mrs. Brown, I preſume?"

" No."

" Mrs. Harley?"

" No."

" The girl then,—little—what do they call her?"

" Who!" demanded Mrs. Feverſham, in an accent of diſguſt and ſurpriſe.

" My uncle means Miſs Buhanun, I dare ſay," joined Miſs Mu'room.

" Oh, he does; well then, Sir Solomon, it was not her neither; it was all the world, and all the world believes it."

" Why then, my good lady, do ſo far oblige me from this inſtance, as on all future occaſions, to ſet down all the world for a body that may be groſsly miſtaken; for be aſſured I have no will, nor do I believe the Colonel ever made one; and to tell you another ſecret, which all the world is very welcome to, I do not think he had any thing to bequeath at his death; he was too profuſe when living."

" Oh the poor child!" exclaimed Mrs. Feverſham, " what with that exceſſive delicacy and beautiful face will ſhe do?"

" I never could diſcover her exceſſive delicacy," ſaid Miſs Muſhroom, drawing the glove off her own white hand.

" And

"And as to her face," joined her ſiſter, "I am ſure ſhe is too pale to be called beautiful."

"Whatever ſhe is," ſaid Sir Solomon, "ſhe muſt now get her own bread."

"'Tis impoſſible, Sir," replied Mrs. Feverſham.

"She muſt ſtarve then, or return to her original trade of begging; one ſuch a fool as Colonel Buhanun, is quite enough for one century."

The great gates of Muſhroom-place were now thrown open to receive the liege lord; and his ſplendid retinue was followed cloſe by landlord and landlady Brown; the relatives and acquaintance of the latter; and as many of the villagers as dared, under pretence of intereſt, in their affair, be ſo bold as to enter the precincts of the great houſe.

Mr. Brown, contrary to cuſtom of four years eſtabliſhment, now puſhed in before his wife. Two letters, with black ſeals, lay on the table in the great hall, where Sir Solomon always tranſacted public buſineſs, and where, to tell the reader a ſecret, he had directed them to be placed.

"Pleaſe your honour," ſaid Mr. Brown, in a voice convulſed with ſorrow, "I made bold to come and aſk ——" Mr. Brown was ſtopped; a riſing in the throat prevented his ſaying *what* he came to aſk.

"What would neighbour Brown wiſh to know?" ſaid Sir Solomon, calmly, breaking one of the black ſeals.

Mrs. Brown now got into her place before her huſband, and as he could *not*, and as ſhe *could* ſpeak, after a low curteſy and expectant ſimper, ſaid, ſhe and her good man waited on his honour, to know about his honour their late maſter's will."

"Away! away! woman," roared Landlord Brown, in a voice that ſhook the lofty roof; "I want no will, I want only to aſk to know if his honour—Sir Solomon is ſure—if he is certain——if there is no hope——if my maſter——"

Again poor Brown was ſtopped by his feelings.

Sir Solomon having run through his letters, gave one to Mr. Brown, as an anſwer to his half uttered queſtion, and

and the other to his wife, as a final end to her ſolicitude about the will.

Mr. Brown's trembling fingers and overflowing eyes induced Mrs. Feverſham to offer herſelf as clerk on the occaſion; and he, with a ſort of half bow having accepted her aſſiſtance, ſhe read the following letter, or rather petition.

To the reet onerebel hes onere Sar Solomon Muſhroom, ain of his majeſtes reet onerebel Perlement men the humbel peteeſhun of James Buchan fra North Breeton

" PLES YOUR ONER,

" Thes es tull enforme yer oner that ai am areeved anes mair untul mine ane lond wi ane erm bleiſſed be Gode for aw hes gudeneſs, reet ſair ame ai tull enforme yor onere my gude maiſter Colonel Buhanun fele dede by my ſeed wi mony a bleedy wound ai need na tele ye his onere was a mon o mickle courage, an mickle oner ah wae es me, hes pure unworthy ſervant tull ha leeved tull bring hame ſic heavy teedings ai dinna ken hoo et was but when the canon ball tuk of mine erm, mine ene claiſed an aw my ſenſes ganged awa en the vary enſtent mi onered maiſter fele ane Maiſter Macpherſon oor ſurgon wha kened weel mine aunty Meg when ſhe tuke cherge of oor lairds bairn tuke me frae the blade felde an noo wi muckle kindneſs ſent me hame.

Ye may be ſhoore I dinna neglact to mak mickle enquirie aboot mi pure maiſter but the deil himſel cud na lee aboon groond en thaut hote lond ane day efter he was dede ah twad mak yor hert blede tull ſpeer hoo mony bonny ſcots lad lees en the curſed grood leeken doges an ſae mi pure Colonel cud na get a creeſten cofein ai dinna doot but hes mad a wull an ef ſae petteeſhon yor onere for my legecy tull affeeſt me hame tull aberdeen an ail be boonden tull yor oner nere tull ſpeke tull ther oners the diractors for a ſma allooance for mine erm thaut ai ma gang to Scotland an dee en peace en mine ane lond an yer petteeſhoner wull be boonden to pray for yor oner tull dethe

JAMES BUCHAN."

Mrs.

Mrs. Brown thanked God ſhe could write and read written hand; yet as Madam Feverſham was a fine ſcholar, and ſhe was all over in tremblation, ſhe begged that lady would read the other letter alſo, which ſhe very obligingly did as follows.

"SIR,

"As I had the honour to tranſmit to you ſeveral packets from Colonel Buhanun, in India, take the liberty of requeſting you will inform me who are his executors, as ſome papers of a private nature have come to my hand, which I wiſh to deliver to them only: I recollect the laſt time I had the pleaſure to ſee that brave and worthy man, which was at Bath ſoon after his arrival in England, having ſome converſation with him reſpecting a will, which I took the liberty of hinting was, in his uncertain ſtate of health, a neceſſary precaution; his anſwer was, "a worthy, an honeſt, and a brave man is my heir at law, he will find enough to pay him for his trouble if he takes any; if not, the company are my heirs; I have ſworn never to do an act of kindneſs to one of my kindred—I ſhall make no will." From this circumſtance I preſume he died inteſtate. There certainly is great property both in India and England, as you may probably know. If you are acquainted with the perſon here alluded to I ſhall thank you to favour me with his addreſs, and am

Sir, your humble ſervant,

J. BARLEY."

A dead ſilence followed the reading this letter, which was broken by Sir Solomon.

"So you ſee, madam," addreſſing Mrs. Feverſham, "*all* the world do *not* believe Colonel Buhanun left a will with me."

"But I believe it, and will ſwear it," ſaid Mrs. Brown, ready to burſt with vexation; "and my huſband,—where are you John? John—John Brown,—where is my huſband? poor ſilly man, gone to grieve for his maſter, I ſuppoſe; but however that's neither here nor

nor there, he witneſſed the will, and will make his affadavi."

"What is the woman talking of! will your huſband ſwear he witneſſed the delivery of a will to me?"

"No, I don't ſay that, but———"

"But what, woman? I tell you I have no will, ſo let me hear no more of this; if you or your colleagues dare aſperſe my character, I will puniſh you with the utmoſt rigour of the law."

As the word colleague conveyed a meaning every follower of the landlord and landlady into the great hall of Muſhroom-place, choſe to take to themſelves, they unanimouſly declared the thing was plain as the noſe in a man's face; that it was great aſſurance in Mrs. Brown to doubt the word of the Lord of the Manor; it was a clear caſe the blackamoor Colonel made no will; and ſo Mrs. Brown being known to be in debt, and as they wiſely ſaid, her laſt cow had calved, they dropped off, leaving the poor diſappointed landlady to purſue her ſolitary path back to the White-Horſe, unattended by a ſingle aunt, couſin, or acquaintance.

"Where is my huſband?" ſaid Mrs. Brown, ſeating herſelf in the bar, ready to ſink with paſſion.

He had got up on the outſide of one of the long ſtages that paſſed farmer Brill's cloſe, the waiter ſaid.

"What has he got into his fooliſh head now?" exclaimed ſhe, "gone to find Buchan, I ſuppoſe—well that Sir Solomon is——"

"What?" ſaid the waiter.

"A great rogue, between you and me, Sam; he has as ſurely got my maſter's will, as I ſit here alive."

Sam turned up his eyes, and ſhrugged his ſhoulders.

"My poor huſband and I, I know, were well provided for."

"Ay, ay," ſaid the oſtler, who was on the liſten to hear all about the will, and winking at Sam; "every body knows the blackamoor Colonel had a great regard for you,—he was a nice one."

Mrs. Brown liked neither wink nor interruption; ſhe bid Will Oſtler mind his own buſineſs.

"I do, I do, miſtreſs," replied Will, "and hap it would be quite as well if other folks minded theirs, inſtead

ſtead of running after money and wills from beyond ſea, —but light come, light go."

Mrs. Brown was more angry and more ſurpriſed; but both Sam and Will left her to—*reflection*—and it was now, for the firſt time, ſhe found the preſence of her huſband eſſential towards managing affairs at the White-Horſe. "Where," ſaid ſhe, fretfully, "can he have taken his ſappy head."

CHAP. XVI.

Shewing the beggar buoyant, and Landlady Brown's affairs finally ſettled by the aſſiſtance of a friendly attorney.

THE intelligence of Colonel Buhanun's death, though conveyed in the moſt delicate and even doubtful manner, had nearly determined the fate of poor Roſa.

Mrs. Harley had heard from Mrs. Feverſham that there actually was no will; and ſhe had already received intimation from Muſhroom-place, that as Sir Solomon was making out an account of his diſburſements, to produce as a ſet off againſt any demand that might be made on him by the Colonel's executor on account of his dear Horace, he wiſhed her to carry her bills to the end of the preſent quarter, and ſend them to him; after which time he ſhould not conſider himſelf as bound to her for any future ſupport of Roſa Wilkins.

Had Mrs. Harley wanted inclination to treat the poor unprotected girl with unbounded tenderneſs and reſpect, theſe circumſtances were beſt calculated to inſpire it; no ſyllable paſſed her lips, or thoſe of any of the family's, reſpecting future proſpects; every accent Roſa heard was in ſympathy's ſoothing tone; and every word literally "ſweet as honey."

Mrs. Brown, however, after going to London, in vain ſearch of her huſband; having found out Buchan and his "ane erm;" having enquired at every place, of every body who knew him; having advertiſed him with

with a minute deſcription of his perſon and apparel, without the leaſt ſucceſs; returned half diſtracted to Penry, and immediately drove her chaiſe cart to Mount-Pleaſant, obſerving as ſhe got in, how much it wanted new painting.

On being ſhewn in to Miſs Buhanun, thinking ſhe had a right to unburthen her grief to one who was ſo deeply intereſted in the ſame cauſe; ſhe ſoon filled the gentle boſom of the mourning Roſa, not only with her cares, but freſh and unexpected ones of her own.

Mrs. Harley, though ſhe haſtened to join them as ſoon as ſhe was informed of Mrs. Brown's arrival, was too late to prevent the voluble woman's free communication; but as the pale and penſive cheek of Roſa ſeemed more the effect of grief, and ſurpriſe at the myſterious abſence of Mr. Brown, for whom ſhe always expreſſed a ſincere regard, than any new ſorrow of her own, ſhe ſat down a patient auditor of all the boiſterous grief of the poor landlady, who recapitulated a long liſt of the virtues of her abſent help-mate, which ſhe ſeemed to have juſt diſcovered, with her conjectures and fears as to the cauſe and effect of his leaving Penry; from which Mrs. Harley learned, to her great concern, that notwithſtanding the liberality of the lamented Colonel, affairs at the White-Horſe were in a terribly deranged ſtate; ſhe however whiſpered her not to mention the will to Miſs Buhanun.

Mrs. Brown coloured, conſcious the caution was too late; but as it was a maxim with her never to accuſe herſelf, ſhe took a haſty leave, declaring, if ſhe heard nothing of her poor dear huſband in a week, ſhe would again ſearch London and all the world over.

Mrs. Harley had aſſiſted to adorn the mind of our heroine, but ſhe was not acquainted with all the native ſtrength it derived from its own innate elegant and delicate reſources; ſhe had dreaded more to inform her of the Colonel's neglect to provide for her than of his death; but her precautions, though honourable to herſelf, were needleſs to her pupil.

Sweet indeed to Roſa, had been the uſes of adverſity; by continually dwelling on recollections a leſs right turned mind would have ſtrove to repel, ſhe had riſen ſuperior

perior to falſe ſhame; all the miſery to which ſhe had once been expoſed, and which ſhe had accuſtomed herſelf to retrace, appeared to her to reſult from the evil propenſities and bad conduct of her wretched mother; and at the time when preſent happineſs more ſtrongly marked the contraſt of paſt diſtreſs; when her heart glowed with affectionate gratitude to her benefactor; when confidence in, and reſignation to the will of providence, ſucceeded every retroſpect of the happy turn in her fate, ſhe humbled herſelf before God, and prayed if it ſhould pleaſe Him to return her to her original poverty, her mind might retain its pure dignity, and not ſink with her fortunes. The remembrance of her mother never failed to inſpire her with a mixture of tender regret and horror; and no evil appeared to her ſo dreadful, as a depraved heart. Poverty, ſhe allowed to be a misfortune, but vice only was degrading; and ſhe did not fear to encounter the one, ſo that ſhe might eſcape the other. She knew all ſhe had been, and felt what ſhe now was; her principles, education, and talents, were real goods of which her former deficiencies taught her the preſent value.

The benevolent delicacy of Mrs. Harley was always uniform; ſhe had tenaciouſly avoided all pecuniary ſubjects; and Roſa in that reſpect was a mere ſuckling. The Colonel ſaid he would take care of her, and ſhe would as ſoon have doubted her own exiſtence, as his word.

From ſuch a ſtate of happy ſecurity, to be at her age at once ſunk from affluence to poverty, without one natural friend, was enough to ſhake the ſtrongeſt mind; and as the author has no wiſh to make her heroine a "faultleſs monſter the world never ſaw," ſhe confeſſes, though her fortitude did not forſake her, ſhe deeply regretted the change in her proſpects; yet on comparing what they ſtill were, to what they might have been, her ſerenity returned, a faint glow overſpread her pale countenance, and while Mrs. Brown blamed every body but herſelf for the misfortunes that threatened her, and was equally boiſterous both in her grief and lamentations, Roſa endeavoured to inſpire her with the hope that animated her own heart, and vainly exerted all her powers of

of perſuaſion, to prevail on her to wait the diſpenſations of Providence with patience.

Mrs. Brown was hardly gone, when Miſs Bawſky ruſhed in, and claſping Roſa in her arms, condoled with her on her loſs, and immediately adverting to the Colonel's neglect, proteſted whatever might be her deſtiny, ſhe would ſhare it with her friend.

Mrs. Harley's uneaſy look could not eſcape Roſa; ſhe kiſſed the hand ſhe extended to her, and immediately, without the leaſt heſitation, entered on a ſubject which appeared much more painful to her friends than to herſelf.

Mrs. Harley, who was ſubject to gout, had lately been enquiring for another lady, to add to the number of her teachers, and now only waited till one ſhould offer, worthy to rank with the amiable women already in her empoly.

Roſa knew herſelf competent to the ſituation, and offered to fill it—not in the language of ſolicitation, of diſtreſs, nor humiliation,—but with a frank and juſt confidence, that the arrangement would be mutually beneficial.

Mrs. Harley felt the greatneſs of mind that actuated her conduct in ſuch a trying moment, and anſwered her in the ſame open ſtyle; the bargain was immediately made, as one of reciprocal advantage, without acknowledgments on the one part, or profeſſions on the other; and Miſs Buhanun took her ſeat at the tea table relieved, to the infinite joy of Mrs. Harley, from a thouſand painful circumſtances, that muſt have attended ſuch an arrangement, between people leſs attached to each other, and leſs at peace with themſelves.

When Roſa recurred to paſt ſcenes, how eaſy indeed was it to reconcile herſelf to a lot that in compariſon to what ſhe might have been, was luxury; when ſhe reflected that her fine education and perſevering ſpirits were an actual treaſure now in her own indiſputable poſſeſſion, dependant on nothing but the retention of her faculties, and the good health ſhe poſſeſſed; and that while upheld by conſcious innocence, ſhe was certain of a happy ſubſiſtence; her heart ſprang in thankful gratitude to Him who is alike the parent of the prince and beggar.

This

This right turn of mind prevented all the regrets that might elſe have ſoured her temper, injured her health, and left her a tax on the charity of her friends, inſtead of retaining the power of obliging, where ſhe was obliged, and ſupporting both her own pride and conſequence.

Pride, when it has no better foundation than external, or temporary advantages, is ſo difficult to be ſubdued, that in weak minds we often ſee deſperation miſnamed fortitude; mortified regret dwindle into mean deſpondence; and minds where grace, elegance, and liberality have been thought to be native inmates, ſunk not only into contempt, but the reverſe of all that is amiable, merely for want of one little precaution; would they but eſtimate their misfortunes by a compariſon with the *more wretched*, inſtead of the *more happy*, gratitude and reſignation would in the firſt caſe gild the darkeſt ſcene of ſorrow; in the latter, ah! what of envy, diſcontent, preſumption, miſery, and deſpair will it not produce.

To ſay the change in Roſa's circumſtances produced no alteration in Mrs. Harley and her ladies, would be to injure *them*: She was treated with a kind of reſpect more flattering even than affection; ſhe had been hitherto conſidered as a pattern of docile perfection; ſhe was now looked up to as one whoſe example it would be virtue to imitate, and whoſe misfortunes it would be wicked not to reſpect.

The time ſhe had lived under the Colonel's protection, ſhe called the little holiday of her life; ſhe remembered his manner and expreſſion long after ſhe had forgotten his perſon and features, and time, every moment of which was laudably filled, left nothing on her mind of the paſt, but that kind of melancholy regret which is ſometimes as pleaſing as at others ſad.

But while the object of Colonel Buhanun's affection was thus happily ſettled, without wanting that home he was ſo anxious to ſecure for her, Mrs. Brown was experiencing a reverſe of fortune ſhe had neither underſtanding nor patience to endure.

Week after week paſſed, and journey after journey was taken, without any tidings of her huſband; her buſineſs fell off; debts were every day accumulating; creditors very preſſing; and money very ſhort. It is true, her

her bar was garniſhed with a number of ornaments, vulgarly called ſcores, ſufficient indeed to have relieved all her preſent diſtreſs, had they been paid; but the good people of Penry, who had perhaps been imprudently liberal in their encouragement of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, being, ſome not able, and others not willing to come to account, ſhe had recourſe to Lawyer Quibble, which ſoon finiſhed her buſineſs.

Sir Solomon Muſhroom's beſt drawing-room had, as he now choſe to think, an unfortunate aſpect down the two roads that fronted the bar of the White-Horſe; and this was a nuiſance he had been anxious to remove from the period when Colonel Buhanun's death became certain; nay, there were ſome who dated his objections to the ſight of the little inn, from the time in which he had been ſo good as to lend Landlady Brown one hundred pounds on the leaſe of the premiſes, as he had immediately began to build an houſe on the oppoſite ſide of the road, with every accommodation for an inn.

It is indeed true, the little inn, with the green before, had once been conſidered as a pretty point of proſpect; but at preſent pulling down the old White-Horſe, and licenſing the new, was Sir Solomon's rage.

As Mrs. Brown owed an hundred pounds on her leaſe; as ſhe was deep on her brewer, wine-merchant, and corn-chandler's books, with debts enough due in Penry to help her on, it would perhaps have been natural, if Sir Solomon, in his zeal to remove the licence of the old White-Horſe to his own premiſes, had offered to put the poor bewitched widow into it; but thoſe who reaſon thus, know little of Sir Solomon Muſhroom, nor can diſtinguiſh whether the White-Horſe or the landlady was the nuiſance he had moſt at heart to remove.

Mr. Quibble adviſed Mrs. Brown to ſummon all her debtors under forty ſhillings, and make them payable to *his clerk*, a lad ſix foot high, who called him papa; to let the houſe by auction, and depute *his clerk* to receive the money; to ſell alſo by auction what plate and furniture were not included in the leaſe, which *his clerk* would ſee done to the beſt advantage; and as ſhe being a feme covert, could not be ſued, to place the amount on ſecurities, under the direction of *his clerk*, and live on the intereſt

tereſt or principal, as might beſt ſuit, in ſpite of the creditors, which he aſſured her was the moſt common thing in the world.

Mrs. Brown, whoſe mortified pride, reduced circumſtances, and the altered faces ſhe every day met, added to her uncertainty of a huſband's fate, whoſe abſence, almoſt diſtracted her; rendered her as eager to leave Penry as ſhe had once been to get to it; ſhe inſtantly took Mr. Quibble's counſel; the clerk began the inventory, and employed a broker to ſell by auction.

Mr. Quibble was a famous lawyer; he was the ſon of one of thoſe neceſſary appendages to the profeſſion, a bailiff's follower, and had riſen to his preſent eminence before the heavy tax of an unreaſonable miniſter had damped the noble ardour of would be lawyers.

Reſpected beings! to you whoſe firſt rudiments of the profound ſcience, which ſucceſsfully confound right and wrong, were received at the charity ſchool, or the three-halfpenny ſeminary of the neareſt alley,—to you whoſe genius were unfettered by principle, and whoſe admiſſions were free from expence,—you, who if your ſires received alms from a pariſh, if they begged, if they robbed, felt not diſmayed by ſhame, or amended by puniſhment, it is to you I addreſs this melancholy apoſtrophe; rouſe yourſelves; riſe in a maſs; pull down that odious Pitt. Ah, Sirs! think what will become of the profeſſion, if none are allowed to depredate on the fortunes of others, who cannot command an hundred pounds of their own. Cruel obligation; when ſo many bright luminaries among you never did, nor never will juſtly poſſeſs ſo many pence. And ſuch was the preciſe ſituation of Lawyer Quibble, when he commenced buſineſs at Penry,—but he was always a daſher.

He took under his protection a ſet of perſecuted men, called ſmugglers, and making their caſe, as he did their money, his own, took ſuch eſpecial care never to loſe a cauſe for want of witneſſes, that he had now a town houſe at London, a neat white houſe, with mahogany door and braſs knocker at Penry; kept his carriage, and brought his ſon up to the buſineſs.

The day of ſale arrived, " All that old well-known and well accuſtomed inn, delightfully ſituated, replete with conveniences, and now in full trade, which coſt the preſent poſſeſſor, in good-will and improvements, upwards of ſix hundred pounds, and was, the auctioneer declared, well worth as many thouſands," previous to any bidding an old man, uncle to Sam the waiter, aſked for the leaſe; and to the confuſion of Mrs. Brown and her reduced number of friends, Mr. Quibble anſwered, he was inſtructed to ſay, Sir Solomon Muſhroom had it on mortgage, *and* that the ſight of the inn, from his beſt drawing room window, being intolerably diſagreeable to the ladies of his family, *he* deſigned to carry the licence and trade to a new White-Horſe of his own, over the way. Lawyer Quibble then withdrew, leaving the remaining part of the buſineſs to the management of *his clerk*.

This ſtatement, of which the aſtoniſhed Mrs. Brown had not before heard one word, ſoon did her up; *the clerk* ordering the ſale to proceed, and the firſt lot being knocked down for the twentieth part of its value, ſhe haſtily left the houſe, and accepted an aſylum her ſiſter did, to the credit of ſiſterly love, offer for one night, though ſhe told her, by way of comfort, if Lawyer Quibble ſettled with her in ſeven years, ſhe would be lucky.

Next morning, however, young Quibble, to their agreeable ſurpriſe, preſented himſelf to ſettle accounts. Mrs. Brown, whom taking out ſummonſes under Mr. Quibble's directions, had rendered hateful to all who were in her debt, which compriſed by far the greater part of the villagers, was impatient to quit Penry, and received young Quibble with a mixture of joy and reſpect; ſhe could not refrain from putting into ſome of her beſt words.

There have been inſtances of ſurpriſe, which has operated in various unaccountable ways on the human frame; the hair has ſtood upright, it has changed colour, it has fallen off; the ſight, the hearing, the faculties have been ſuſpended, nay loſt. None of theſe things exactly happened to our quondam landlady: but if ever mortal was near petrification, it was her, when young Mr. Quibble delivered

delivered vouchers for an account, which in ſums total was thus ſtated: To total of goods and caſh received, 242l. 7s. 11¼d.—To total of expences, rent, taxes, bills of auctioneer and ſelf, 243l. 10s. 11½d.—Balance due to ſelf, 1l. 3s. 0d. which he kindly added ſhe need not diſtreſs herſelf about, for that he hoped ſo much would remain, out of the out-ſtanding debts, after paying Sir Solomon Muſhroom, which he had on his honour engaged to do.

"Pay Sir Solomon," faltered Mrs. Brown, "has he not the leaſe?"

"The leaſe," replied young Mr. Quibble, contemptuouſly; "what is the leaſe without the trade? not worth that," and he ſmartly ſnapped his fingers.

If the readers do not ſee in this management, the Lord of the Manor was reſolved at all events to get compleatly rid of the landlady of the White-Horſe, they are but ſorry ſort of readers, and only worthy to read ſuch wonders as is every day written, if not in this book, in many others.

The fates, ſylphs, ſtars, or genius, that for the laſt thirty years had whirled Sir Solomon Muſhroom through thick and thin to the goal of his deſires, became a little reſtive at this ſtage of the buſineſs; it was his inſtructions, at all riſks, to get Mrs. Brown out of the neighbourhood; but ſhe having very little wit, and no common ſenſe, could not literally ſtand ſuch a winding up of all her grandeur; ſhe fell, as if ſhe had been ſhot, on the ground, in what her ſiſter called a right earneſt convulſion fit.

Doctor Croak, who happened to be at his villa, was ſent for to the dying woman, and he bid his footman, tell his coachman, to order his groom, to ſeek after his journeyman.

Miſs Bawſky had often heard Roſa ſpeak moſt affectionately of the Browns, and implored him to go himſelf.

"Who, him; he-hem, no; it was not for men of his rank to,—he-he-hem."

"Elinor begs it," ſaid Mrs. Bawſky, in a voice that added, and *I command.*

The Doctor could oppoſe neither Elinor's begging, nor Mrs. Bawſky's command; but he could not walk;

no, that was impoſſible; thoſe ſturdy feet that once beat round the four towns of Stroude, Chatham, Rocheſter, and Brompton, following his mother's ſhrill round and ſound, had long dropped acquaintance with any thing but mats and carpets; ſo the coach was got ready to carry Doctor Croak an hundred yards to viſit the dying woman.

There was a time when Mrs. Brown could not counterfeit a fit without ſetting the village of Penry in commotion; her ſhrieks were now heard as plain as ever, and her mouth was frightfully diſtorted; but her ſiſter and young Lawyer Quibble, the latter of whom the former had locked in, believing, ſhe ſaid, her ſiſter was a dead woman, had the fit now all to themſelves.

Doctor Croak's entrance gave young Quibble an opportunity to eſcape to Muſhroom-place with the news.

"Piſh!" quoth Sir Solomon, "I would give twenty guineas to get rid of her."

"Twenty guineas! if Mr. Quibble, ſenior, had known; however he would get her off immediately."

"Ay, do, my good Quibble," ſaid the Knight; "and d'ye hear—if five will do——"

Mr. Quibble made all poſſible haſte; but it would *not* do; the fits continued; and when their violence ceaſed, ſhe lay in a ſtate of torpidity till next day, when the Doctor pronounced her in a brain fever.

What was to be done now? Sir Solomon ſent privately to perſuade the Doctor it was a diſeaſe of the brain, without fever, and adviſed ſending her to Bedlam.

But times were much altered; ſince Doctor Croak's opinion was at all ſubſervient to Sir Solomon Muſhroom's.

"He adviſe! how ſhould he adviſe, or know any thing of diſeaſes of the brain? the woman muſt go to the work-houſe."

And by Dr. Croak's directions thither ſhe was carried.

Miſs Bawſky privately ſent money, and orders for every thing to be got at her expence which the Doctor directed; and went to Mount-Pleaſant, to caution the family, if the news was brought there, not to alarm and diſtreſs her friend.

To

To the benevolent charity of this amiable girl, did the poor Mrs. Brown owe her life; the fever of her brain fell into her limbs, and after ſenſe and memory returned, ſhe was confined to her bed three months; when Mrs. Harley and Miſs Bawſky, having firſt contributed liberally themſelves, made collections for her journey to Bath, where ſhe was received into the infirmary, while Roſa, who had wearied conjecture at her abſence, hearing, at length, there was not only another landlord, but another inn at Penry, concluded ſhe was ſtill perſevering in her ſearch after her vaniſhed huſband, and fondly cheriſhed the hope of again ſeeing the only two people intereſted in, or connected with her recollections of paſt happineſs; for as to Sir Solomon Muſhroom, his character had gradually unfolded itſelf; and ſhe conſidered it as an inſult to the memory of her deceaſed benefactor, as well as degrading to honeſt John Brown, to claſs ſo contemptible a perſon with him in the number of the ſurviving friends of Colonel Buhanun.

Landlady Brown having not only loſt her ſeat in the pretty bar fronting two roads, her huſband, and all the worldly goods with which he her endowed, but the total uſe of her limbs; and leaſt the reader ſhould ſuppoſe the author is ſo ignorant of the uſage le monde, as not to know, when people have loſt their all, it is time to loſe them, ſhe follows the example already ſet by all the particular friends and relatives of the broken landlady, of leaving her to the infirmary a wheel chair, the warm baths, and the charity of Miſs Elinor Bawſky.

CHAP. XVII.

Shews the author has never ſeen Lords, Ladies or Modern Miſſes, and that ſhe is totally ignorant of what is underſtood by the phraſe, "*Quality binding.*"

SIR SOLOMON MUSHROOM, and his fair daughters, were by this time happily ſettled in a more ſuperb houſe

in a more ſuperb houſe in Piccadilly than that ſuperb one before occupied by the Knight in St. James's-ſquare. They had a numerous retinue of faſhionable domeſtics, that is to ſay, their man cook and two kitchen maids, beſides feeding two Iriſh chairmen, their drunken wives and twelve ragged children, threw more good proviſion into their hog-waſh, than would have gladdened the hearts of many an honeſt poor family. The ſteward's room was a ſcene of mock ſtate, ſcandal and inebriety; the females wore rouge, powder, and fine lace; the males fine linen, ſilk ſtockings, and gold watches. The ſervant's hall contained ladies of eaſy virtue, who paid chair-women to do their work; tall footmen in ſplendid liveries, men of infinite gallantry, who had no work to do; coachmen who never ſaw their carriages till ready to ſit on the box; and grooms who never touched a horſe but to mount the ſaddle or hold the bridle for their old maſter, or the young ladies; the hall was guarded by a Cerberus in human form, whoſe manual ſtrength was in ſuite with the ferocity of his manners and the avarice of his diſpoſition, who held a ſingle rap in ſovereign contempt, though repeated twenty times, except it were preceded by a fee.

Their carriages were of the moſt new and expenſive ſtyle, and attracted all eyes in Hyde-Park.

Their entertainments were of the higheſt goût, and their deſerts were furniſhed by the chief creditor of the heir apparent.

Their dreſs were at once a refinement on faſhion, and a ſatire on decency. The man who dared firſt to cheat the —— and then go to law with generous John Bull, had not yet retired from trade, to enjoy the fruits of his *honeſt induſtry*, ſo that the carriage of the Miſſes Muſhroom were every day at his door, and they were ſeen where ever ſuch taſte, modeſty, and ſplendour had a right to be ſeen.

The Britiſh court is not indeed a climate quite congenial to ſuch exotics as the Miſs Muſhrooms; but it was nevertheleſs abſolutely proper to ſhew them there.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Gauntlet, a lord of the bed chamber, lord lieutenant of a county, and one of the privy council, a nobleman of high eſtimation among his ſort, had procured an army contract for Sir Solomon

Solomon Muſhroom, by which, during a ſhort continental war, he amaſſed a princely fortune; there were, it is true, among the rabble whom no body minds, ſome who ſaid the contract was uſed as a licence for fraud and oppreſſion; but as, when his conduct was impeached, the Right Honourable Earl, his long tried patron and friend, thruſt his noble ſelf and all his intereſt between him and retribution, no one dared to ſay he was not honourably acquitted, much leſs after ſuch acquittal, after his being introduced at court, after his kneeling at the feet of majeſty, and riſing up *Sir Solomon*, might they dare to ſay the accuſed contractor did not merit the zeal of his right honourable protector.

The Counteſs of Gauntlet was a high born, high bred dame of quality, who poſſeſſed the ſecret excluſive art of carrying the bloom of youth into the vale of years; her luxuriant treſſes were yet free from the ſprinkling of hoary time; her vermillion lips ſevered but to diſplay a double row of ivory teeth of the fineſt poliſh, and her bright eyes had power over the hearts of younger men than her youngeſt ſon. Twenty four years out of the forty this modern Ninon had lived, were paſſed by her under the warm beams of royal favour; ſhe now reigned the triumphant favorite of a ſecond generation, and proteſted, that had the firſt pledge of connubial love which bleſſed the moſt reſpectable of grandfathers, been a male inſtead of a female, ſhe would not fear to be equally adored by the third.

The amours, extravagance, inſenſibility, and art of this extraordinary woman, were univerſally known, and would have been as univerſally abhorred, had not her beauty, wit, grace and faſcinating manners been ſo irreſiſtible, as to change invective into admiration.

As a man, Lady Gauntlet deſpiſed her huſband, and it is but juſtice to the lady to confeſs, few people did otherwiſe; but as a lord, who had the honour to wear a golden key hung to his diamond button, her ladyſhip paid his lordſhip all poſſible reſpect, which he gratefully returned by all poſſible gratifications, not only to his lady, but to his lady's *dear* and *numerous* male friends.

The offspring of Lady Gauntlet were Lord Delworth, at preſent in Ireland, where the family eſtates lay; Lord

Charles, a captain in the guards; Lady Emily, married to the younger ſon of a poor baronet; Lady Caroline, Lady Mary, and Lady Louiſa unmarried.

The Counteſs did not want pride; no, it was the more baſe, but more convenient droſs of money, her beautiful ladyſhip had an inſatiable longing to poſſeſs, without the power of keeping it an hour in her poſſeſſion. She often roſe from the pharo-table without a guinea in her ſpangled card purſe, or finding one among her gartered and coroneted adorers, able if willing, or willing if able, to repleniſh it. Now Sir Solomon Muſhroom was both able and willing; ſo that although both him and his ſimple daughters were the jeſt of her private circle, when my lord, in his ſoft unaſſuming way mentioned the thing, as unavoidable, and Sir Solomon humbly prayed, it was not in her gentle nature to refuſe to introduce the Miſſes at St. James's.

The ceremony was not indeed attended with ſo many unpleaſant and mortifying circumſtances, nor was her ladyſhip ſo much out of countenance as ſhe expected; the Miſſes were more than borne, they were admired; their dreſſes were elegant and well put on, which is the firſt and grand article of female preſentation; they were both handſome; had not yet entirely got rid of all the modeſt graces learned at Mount-Pleaſant; beſides which, however contemptible their reputed uncle might be in point of blood and character, he was indiſputably immenſely rich, and theſe were his acknowledged heireſſes; indeed the buz they raiſed at court, the whiſpers of the men, and the royal ſmile were more calculated to excite the bluſh of envy, than that of ſhame, could a bluſh of any ſort be ſeen to riſe on the cheek of Lady Gauntlet.

This important buſineſs over, the Miſs Muſhrooms found the eclat of their firſt appearance not only kept up, but increaſed; they had their box at the opera; their names on the ſubſcription liſt to every faſhionable and expenſive entertainment; ſat in the ſtage box when they condeſcended to viſit the theatre; formed a circle of titled acquaintances under the auſpices of the beautiful Lady Gauntlet, to whom they had the honor of loſing large ſums, of which ſhe *did*, and they did *not* know the value; they ſaw maſks; gave ſplendid concerts;

certs; had as many rooms, tables, lights, and company as could be ſeen at the rout of a handſome Ducheſs, and were in every reſpect ſo much the thing, that nothing was more talked of than the handſome Muſhrooms, and the hundred thouſand pounds each, their uncle could and would give them.

It is impoſſible to conceive the delightful hurry of ſpirits in which theſe grand doings kept their ſtill conſtant chaprone, Mrs. Feverſham; conſtant every where, but at court, where ſhe could not go, and nothing could be more abſurd than to expect, that in the full gratification of her darling paſſions, dreſs, rouge, and ſhew, ſhe ſhould have a moment to ſpare for the diſtreſs of her old ſervant.

Shopping in the morning, driving up St. James's-ſtreet, through Bond-ſtreet, back to Hyde-Park, and again back through Piccadilly; dreſſing for dinner; public amuſements in the evening, and ſupper parties at two in the morning; left no time to think of, much leſs enquire after old connections.

Charlotte Muſhroom, though not ſo pretty as her younger ſiſter, was more admired, and had, during the winter, ſeveral offers of rank; but her heart ſtill ſmarted under a firſt diſappointment, and the remembrance of Horace was productive of compariſons injurious to every other pretender.

Sir Solomon would have paid little regard to her private feelings, had he not fixed certain arrangements for her in his own mind.

The Earl of Gauntlet, whom he affected to conſult, wondered at his ſuffering his daughter to refuſe ſo many men of faſhion and family; indeed had his lordſhip ſpoken the whole truth, he would have confeſſed his greater wonder at the offers than the refuſals; for Lady Caroline, Lady Mary, and Lady Louiſa Gauntlet, notwithſtanding they ſhewed themſelves every where, had no ſuch trouble given them.

Sir Solomon, however, affected to anſwer with great deference to his lordſhip, "that he was not willing to influence his girls' choice;" but his long decided intention was to graft his favourite into the Earl's own ſtock;

an honour of which the peer had no pre-ſentiment, and therefore could have formed no objection againſt.

Lord Delworth was, as his father had been, in the army; and excepting that he gamed, drank, run in debt, intrigued, bullied the men, and deceived the women, he was one of the beſt young men in the world; and ſuch as he was, it was him on whom Sir Solomon deſigned to beſtow his eldeſt daughter, and the greater ſhare of his wealth.

As therefore the Knight had thus arranged the future fortune of his favourite, he had nothing on hand but to diſpoſe of Maria, which, to his infinite ſurpriſe and mortification, he had no poſſible opportunity of doing; for though ſhe diſplayed, with the utmoſt liberality, all the charms that could be diſplayed, though ſhe rouged higher, and talked more than any Miſs of her inches within a mile of St. James's, no titled ſwain had yet declared himſelf ready to attend her to the temple of Hymen: As however all the young bucks, married as well as ſingle, were her profeſſed adorers, ſuch an event muſt indiſputably happen ſometime or other, Sir Solomon tried to be patient.

It was on one fine morning in April, when he was juſt revolving over certain tranſactions in which his deceaſed friend had a principal ſhare, it occurred to him as an odd circumſtance, that for the laſt two years of his life he had not heard from, or of Horace Littleton; and he had ſcarce breathed a hope that that *dear* youth had periſhed with the Colonel, before his ſervant announced a viſitor of the name of Buhanun.

Sir Solomon fairly leaped off his chair.

A tall ſoldier-like elderly man in mourning entered, with white hair curled in a ſmall ring, bald on the top of his head, fine complexion, and florid countenance, who in a broad Scots dialect apologiſed for his viſit, and having glanced his eye round the ſuperb apartment, took the chair ſet by the ſervant.

Sir Solomon's uſual preſence of mind ſeemed entirely to forſake him; he ſpoke not; and the gentleman not well knowing how to account for ſo uncommon a reception, proceeded with an open frankneſs, which added to our

our Knight's embarraſſment by reminding him of the Colonel, to account for his viſit.

The reader will pleaſe to recollect, in the early part of this hiſtory, two letters written by Colonel Buhanun, to a perſon of his name in Scotland, which, as he was then averſe to making a will, was intended to recommend, firſt his ſervant, and afterwards his protegée, to the protection of his heir at law, which letters were left in the poſſeſſion of John Brown, with leave to deſtroy them or not, as he pleaſed. Now it appeared John had not pleaſed to deſtroy them, for Major Buhanun, to whom our readers are now introduced, the gentleman to whom they were addreſſed, had received them in a blank cover, with the London poſt mark after (being ſimply directed, in a very bad writing, "M. R. Buhanun Scotland,") it had travelled to about a hundred and fifty M. R. Buhanuns.

Major Buhanun, as the incloſure had his full and proper addreſs, concluded the letters had been ſent by ſome ignorant perſon, into whoſe hands they had accidentally fallen, and well knowing the writing of his relation, came to London, to make enquiry after aſſets which he had never before indulged the moſt diſtant hope of inheriting.

The account he heard at the India-houſe, from the ſucceſſor of Mr. Burley, that gentleman having himſelf gone out to India with the laſt fleet, could not fail to intereſt him, and hearing of the intimacy and correſpondence which had exiſted between his deceaſed relation and Sir Solomon Muſhroom, had taken the liberty to wait on him, in hope it might be in his power to give him ſome information reſpecting the aſſets, as he was aſſured large remittances had been made to England, and that a ſtill larger proportion of wealth yet remained in India; in concluſion he preſented the two letters he had received, with the cover for his peruſal.

Sir Solomon, ſtill unable to collect his ideas, attentively examined the letters and cover.

"Do you think, Sir," ſaid the Major, you know the hand writing of the addreſs?"

"Do *you* think," replied Sir Solomon, a little recovered, "this is the Colonel's hand?"

The

The Major had no doubt.

Sir Solomon again examined the letters; could not develop the myſtery; wiſhed he could be of any poſſible ſervice; but——

The Major urged him to be explicit; they had come from the interior of Scotland, with great inconvenience to himſelf, not to mention the expence of ſo long a journey.

Sir Solomon was ſorry; he certainly had been on very intimate terms with Colonel Buhanun, but in regard to his fortune, all he could ſay was mere matter of opinion, which in fact amounted to nothing; yet ſo far he might hint, he did not believe, however the Colonel's fortune might have augmented ſince his return to India, that he was at all a man of property when in England.

The Major was ſurpriſed; but the Knight undertook to prove the fact.

That he lived very expenſively here, was no doubt, true; but that he was rather in contracted than affluent circumſtances, when he left England, he exemplified, by relating the particulars of an agreement entered into with himſelf, reſpecting an object of charity, to whom he muſt ſay the Colonel was very very fooliſhly attached; however, added the candid orator, correcting himſelf, "I am the laſt man on earth who has a right to cenſure on that account, ſince the compact between us originated in a ſimilar weakneſs: *he* promiſed to protect *my* caprice, *I* to ſupport *his*; *mine* has, I fear, long ceaſed to trouble *him*; *his* ſtill exiſts; I kept my word, and have at my own expence, given his girl an education that enables her to get a genteel livelihood. And the natural inference was left to the Major, whether a man of Colonel Buhanun's known generous and juſt turn of mind would have ſatisfied his own feelings in repaying actual pecuniary diſburſements to a large amount, by mere acts of kindneſs to a youth who, having an appointment on the civil government of the country, could not ſtand in need of any other."

"What," ſaid the Major, "and did he make no remittance?"

"A few pieces of ſilver and gold muſlins, too ſhewy for the girl's wear; a few bottles of arrack, which Sir Solomon

Solomon never drank; and a few jars of ſweet-meats ſpoiled in the paſſage; and he was, (he added) thus candid in explanation, he was by no means bound to make, in reſpect to the living, without meaning to injure the memory of the lamented dead."

The Major muſed; the inference he drew from this converſation was very different from that Sir Solomon ſeemed to expect.

"He was ſure," he ſaid, "wherever the fortune of his relation might lay, he would not have incurred pecuniary obligation without a certainty of repaying it twofold; for as he underſtood the young man was appointed and equipped by his friends, he could——"

"Ah!" interrupted the Knight, "that was another of my follies; but no matter; poor boy! he is gone; and you muſt excuſe me; I am not able to talk on the ſubject; it really unmans me. The muſlin, except a piece or two of the leaſt gaudy, are untouched, if you have female relatives; the arrack too; favor me with your card, I will order every thing belonging to Colonel Buhanun to be delivered to you; but forgive me,—I cannot,—indeed I cannot talk."

The Major peremptorily declined accepting any part of property which muſt be ſo inadequate to the memorandums the tender hearted man recovered juſt ſpirits enough to ſhew him, and was on the point of taking leave, with well mannered apology for the trouble he had given, when the Lords Gauntlet and Denningcourt were announced.

Major Buhanun not having yet left his ſeat, and being in the habit of aſſociating with the firſt people, as well as perfectly known to the laſt named nobleman, choſe rather to wait their entrance, than by meeting them on the ſtair, ſeem to avoid the interview.

Lord Gauntlet was always maſter of that ſmooth inſinuating politeneſs, which "finding an open eaſy paſſage to the heart, ſcatters flowers along the avenues as it goes."

Lord Denningcourt was a plainer, and therefore a finer gentleman; he had married his ſecond Counteſs from Scotland, whoſe mother was a Buhanun, and his eſtates being

being on the borders of that country was well known to moſt of the Scots gentlemen.

Major Buhanun had been introduced to, but never viſited his lordſhip, although invited as often as chance brought them together.

Lord Gauntlet, added to the politeneſs of a courtier, the policy of a ſtateſman: his career in military reputation, had not dazzled the age with its brilliancy, but he affected a profound reſpect for every perſon who had gathered laurels in the ſervice of their country, and Lord Denningcourt very politely adverted to the times and ſituations in which he knew the Major had diſtinguiſhed himſelf.

Lord Gauntlet remembered every thing, and Sir Solomon had a ſmile of applauſe for every thing; ſo it was no wonder, that, like Alexander, when he

> "Fought all his battles o'er again,
> "And thrice he ſlew the ſlain,"

Major Buhanun ſhould forget the time, till the lords, who were going to the levee, ordered their carriages, and Sir Solomon, who was, or ſaid he was alſo going to St. James's, apologiſed for ordering his.

The Major inſtantly departed, and conſidering, as he croſſed the park from Piccadilly towards Weſtminſter, the expence of this unprofitable journey would encreaſe every hour, while whatever benefit might accrue to him from the aſſets of his relation, they would not only be diminiſhed, but retarded to an uncertain period, he immediately went to his agent, and having given him every particular and direction he was himſelf maſter of, and ſigned what papers were neceſſary to ſend to India, dined at the Britiſh Coffee-houſe, and returned early to his lodging, intending to ſet off the next morning on his return to the North; this however he thought proper to poſtpone on ſeeing a ſmall bale of India muſlin, ſeveral packages of arrack, and a card to invite him to dine with Sir Solomon Muſhroom the next day.

The Major had declined accepting any of theſe things, and he was as diſintereſted as any wiſe man ſhould be, who has ladies in his family, fond of gold and ſilver muſlins; but the manner in which they were preſented rendered

dered a rejection of them not only awkward but diſobliging, and it was impoſſible to accept what he could not but conſider as preſents, without complying with the invitation; the card was therefore anſwered with ſuitable acknowledgments, and his return to the North deferred at leaſt for one day.

At Sir Solomon Muſhroom's he had the honour to meet the Earl and Counteſs of Gauntlet; Lord Charles Gauntlet, their ſecond ſon; the ladies Caroline, Mary, and Louiſa, their daughters; the Earl of Denningcourt, and Lord Penrith, his ſon, who with the two Miſs Muſhrooms, Mrs. Feverſham, Sir Solomon, and himſelf, made the dinner party. The Counteſs of Denningcourt was expected; but the Major heard from her lord, with great concern, ſhe had been ſeized with a ſudden indiſpoſition, after coming from court the preceding day.

The lady, who except ſitting at the head of the table, did all the honours of it, Mrs. Feverſham; has, we doubt not, loſt grace in the reader's favour, as in the diſtreſs of our heroine, whom ſhe declared ſhe pitied, and that of her ſervant, whom ſhe ſaid ſhe loved, we have not heard either of her friendſhip or ſympathy; but beſides the engagements we have before mentioned, engagements that with very little variation, fill the time of moſt of the fine ladies at the weſt end of the town, Mrs. Feverſham, it muſt be remembered, was removed from the fine country houſe to a finer town houſe, twenty-ſeven miles from Penry; a houſe where the voice of diſtreſs could never enter without committing violence on the feelings of a dozen powdered lazy fellows, and as many painted abigails; how then could Mrs. Feverſham think of Penry? all that a fine lady, ſo buſy, could do, Mrs. Feverſham had done.

Miſs Muſhroom having, by Sir Solomon's deſire, gone one morning to the houſe of a celebrated artiſt, to ſit for her picture, which artiſt being young and handſome, Miſs Maria choſe to chat during the ſitting with her ſiſter, and try to put the poor painter out of countenance, by diſplaying her white arms and bare neck; but white arms and bare necks happened juſt then to be

be ſo great a glut in the faſhionable market, and the artiſt being in the habit of imitating his betters, he went on with his picture, as if no ſuch tempting things were in exiſtence, and painted a moſt provoking fine likeneſs of the elder ſiſter, while the younger very good naturedly meant to have left on his memory a laſting impreſſion of her divine ſelf.

While the two ladies were thus diſpoſed of, Mrs. Feverſham took the opportunity of daſhing into the city, to viſit Mrs. Bawſky; but that lady being at Penry, and though as fine and faſhionable a perſon in Walbrook as Mrs. Feverſham could be in Piccadilly, ſhe having unfortunately taken an hour to return the viſit, when the ladies of the Muſhroom family were in their firſt ſleep after a maſquerade ball, it was not in the order of things for any of the Penry anecdotes to reach Mrs. Feverſham.

Sir Solomon's, or indeed properly Miſs Muſhroom's party, like moſt other large parties, grew tolerably inſipid before the ladies retired, they had nothing for it but ſinking into a ſort of half converſation each with their next neighbour, and it was the Major's lot to be placed next Mrs. Feverſham.

"Buhanun, Buhanun," ſaid ſhe, after a recollective pauſe; "pray, Sir, were you at all related to one Colonel Buhanun?"

The Major bowed.

"Ah Lord! poor man, he was vaſtly ugly and vaſtly fooliſh; and don't you think it was a ſhocking wicked thing in him to die without providing for that prettieſt of all pretty creatures,—don't you think her very handſome, Sir?"

"Who, madam?"

"Who! Miſs Buhanun; you know her to be ſure."

"Miſs Buhanun! I never heard of a Miſs Buhanun in this country."

"No? poor girl! then I ſuppoſe ſhe has taken her own name again; I wonder what is become of her; ſhe is a lovely creature; I never ſaw her but once, but really I never was ſo ſtruck in my life; then ſhe ſings—and her eyes, you never ſaw ſuch eyes; and ſhe plays delightfully,

delightfully, and paints, you cannot imagine how well ſhe paints."

The Major, whoſe attention to the ſubject had fixed his eyes on the lady's face, laughed out.

"Oh upon my honour you miſtake me; I don't mean her ſkin; ſhe does not paint that; ſhe could not mend it, if ſhe did."

The Major again laughed; perhaps the complexion before him, did not appear to have improved under the artiſt's hand.

"Oh as to me," continued the voluble Mrs. Feverſham, taking his meaning with all faſhionable eaſe, "I always rouge; 'tis vulgar to be ſeen without; *I* never am; but what was I ſaying? I proteſt I forget."

The Major was puzzled.

"Give us a lady, Major," ſaid Sir Solomon.

"Ay that was it," cried Mrs. Feverſham, thankye, Sir Solomon, thankye. I was telling the Major what a charming creature his name ſake, *my friend*, Miſs Buhanun is; what brilliant eyes; what a delicate figure."

This called out both the Miſs Muſhrooms.

"Law ma'am," ſaid the eldeſt, in the ſofteſt voice imaginable, "how can you poſſibly call her delicate? ſhe is, on the contrary, quite robuſt."

"Mrs. Feverſham," ſaid Miſs Maria, "deſcribes Miſs, what do they call her now, uncle?"

"Buhanun ſtill, my dear."

Miſs Buhanun then, and her brilliant eyes, with all the partiality of friendſhip; but the jeſt is, that neither beauty nor friendſhip are any thing in the world but the fervency of her fancy; ſhe thinks her handſome, becauſe the old ſtupid governeſs ſays ſhe is ſo; and calls herſelf her friend without having ever ſpoke to her.

This double attack, notwithſtanding the laugh it excited, was not to paſs. Mrs. Feverſham, with great warmth, avowed, if ſhe had a juſt claim to any one good quality, it was that of *ſincere friendſhip* for whomſoever ſhe profeſſed it; and that if ſhe could arrogate to herſelf judgment, diſcrimination, or taſte, in any one thing whatever, it was in deciding on the beauty of the human form and face, which all the world knew was her peculiar talent; and ſhe took on her to aſſert, that Miſs Roſa

Roſa Buhanun, her *dear young friend*, was, without any ſort of exception, the prettieſt and moſt accompliſhed girl in England.

This Miſs Muſhroom flatly contradicted. And Miſs Maria ſaid, "Whatever ſhe was, ſhe had coſt her uncle money enough;—ſhe was *decent, and that was a'l.*"

"Yes, Miſs," anſwered Mrs. Feverſham, ſtill glowing at the ſmart ſneer which had accompanied Miſs Maria's remark on her friendſhip, "if money could create beauty, or give accompliſhments, no doubt, *your uncle* would be a firſt bidder; but no money can make a Miſs Buhanun."

"Will any money buy her?" ſaid the Honourable Captain Gauntlet, ſportively.

"No," anſwered Mrs. Feverſham, frowning.

"Well," ſaid the Major, "you aſked me for a lady, Sir Solomon; I'll give you this Miſs Buhanun."

"Mrs. Feverſham's ſwans," Miſs Muſhroom ſcornfully obſerved, "were all geeſe."

Mrs. Feverſham's reply was ready; but the Counteſs's "Who is this Miſs Buhanun?" and Lady Caroline's "Nobody," ſtopped her; and the toaſt having gone round, the ladies retired to cards, where the gentlemen ſoon joined them, and nothing more was ſaid of Miſs Buhanun.

The Major's curioſity was however excited; the Colonel's poſthumous letter in Roſa's favour, was a ſort of introductory right to an acquaintance, his deceaſed relation meant ſhould take place, and he again deferred his return home till he ſhould have ſeen the object to whom, as Sir Solomon Muſhroom ſaid, the Colonel was very very fooliſhly attached; that great man had indeed ſaid many other things ſo foreign to his taſte, that he took a final leave of him, and ordered a chaiſe next day to Mount-Pleaſant.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

Traits of the Buhanun Family.

WHEN Major Buhanun was announced at Mount-Pleaſant, " the pure and elegant blood ſo wrought in" Roſa's " cheeks, one might almoſt ſay her body thought," but it retreated with the returning breath, and left her pale as death.

Mrs. Harley directed the gentleman to be conducted to the drawing-room.

The Major introduced himſelf by ſhewing the Colonel's letters, and after lamenting the myſtery that hung over the affairs of the deceaſed, which prevented his making the proviſions recommended in theſe extraordinary ſubſtitutes for a will, added that not only curioſity, but a wiſh to be known to a perſon ſo dear to Colonel Buhanun, impelled him to pay her his reſpects before he returned to Scotland.

The Major had too much ſenſe to expect a goddeſs from the high colouring of Mrs. Feverſham, but he was alſo too well verſed in female candour, not to believe Miſs Muſhroom's " *decent and that's all*," would turn to ſomething above mediocrity.

With all the mild enthuſiaſm of warm friendſhip founded on humanity, cheriſhed by virtue, and confirmed by judgment, Mrs. Harley deſcanted on the ſuperior charms which in perſon, mind, and talent, graced her beloved pupil, and then ſent to ſummons her from the ſchool.

Roſa had been ſomething above five years at Mount-Pleaſant. She was ſo ſmall both in ſtature and feature, when ſhe came there, that they ſet her down, as Mr. Brown could not aſcertain her age, for ſeven or eight; but Dr. Croak, who only could ſet them right, ſaid ſhe was then turned of ten; ſo that ſhe was by his account now in her ſixteenth year.

Roſa had always been remarked for her neat taſte in dreſs, preferring elegance to ſhow when no reſtriction was

was laid on her; and ſince the change in her circumſtances, ſhe conſidered plainneſs as the moſt appropriate to her ſituation. She wore this day a plain muſlin robe, with black velvet round her waiſt and arms; a narrow white ſattin ribbon ran through the front of her hair, to confine thoſe luxuriant ringlets which grew in graceful profuſion round her forehead, without any powder or other ornament, and thus ſimply attired, her face glowing with beauty, health, and animation, and her fine eaſy figure with grace and harmony in every movement, ſhe appeared to the Major, as ſhe croſſed a ſmall parterre by the window, like another Hebe, deſcended from the ſkies; but when the door was thrown open, and he approached to ſalute her, he ſtarted back, exclaiming, "My God what a hiſtory! who invented it? and for what purpoſe? you! yes, I feel, I know who you are, dear child! let me peruſe thoſe charming lineaments; this, madam, I am ſure, is Colonel Buhanun's daughter; ſhe is a living picture both of——"

Mrs. Harley was alarmed; ſhe rung and ordered her ſervant to wait; the Major had the manners of a gentleman; he talked of his interview with Sir Solomon Muſhroom, and his acquaintance with, as well as conſanguinity to Colonel Buhanun; but the firſt might be fiction, as the laſt, ſhe made ſure, was untrue; ſhe had often ſeen the Colonel herſelf; his perſon indeed was fine, but his complexion and features were too remarkably plain to be forgotten.

"I fancy, Sir," ſaid the good lady, aſſuming courage in the preſence of her ſervant, you have never ſeen Colonel Buhanun."

"I ſee him now," ſaid the Major, looking tenderly earneſt at Roſa; "this is his daughter."

Roſa wept, the Major led her to a ſeat.

"Ah Sir!" ſaid ſhe, "you are ſtrangely miſtaken; it was indeed my benefactor's will I ſhould call him father; but I well know and remember all my claims were on his compaſſion; I was the child of his charity—no more."

"You amaze me," replied the Major, "I cannot be miſtaken—your voice—ſo like your—do you know your mother? did the Colonel ever"——

Roſa

Roſa coloured crimſon deep, and turned away her burning cheeks.

"I would not diſtreſs you, but ſay, anſwer me, do you recollect any thing of your mother?"

She anſwered without heſitation, "Perfectly, and of my father too."

"Good God!" exclaimed he; then after a long pauſe; "but one thing more, did the Colonel know theſe parents? had he any acquaintance with them? was he their benefactor as well as yours?"

"The Colonel—Colonel Buhanun have acquaintance with ſuch miſerable beings as *my* parents; ah Sir! as Mrs. Harley ſays, you could not *know him*."

"I cannot comprehend it," ſaid he, ſtill tenderly gazing on her; "you are very lovely; but I may ſay to you, and to that lady, *you* could not know Colonel Buhanun, as I knew him, the pride, and boaſt of his race? you have not ſeen him climb the ſteep cliff, leap the wide chaſm, and ſkim over his native Highlands with grace, ſtrength, and agility, more fleet than his favorite greyhound; his auburn locks ſporting in the wind, and his fine face out-bluſhing even female modeſty: No, young lady, you have only ſeen him the prey of diſeaſe, the victim of deſpair. Ah my wretched couſin! ſuch as I have deſcribed did I leave the blooming hope of my twin brother, when I went with my regiment to the Weſt Indies; what a wreck—what a miſerable wreck did I find him at my return. His paſſions—but his ſtory is beſt conſigned to oblivion—they were his ruin; in the frenzy of deſpair, ſhocking to relate, he had ſwallowed laudanum, and at the moment I entered his chamber, his father, my poor brother, was at once agonized for the ſon, and praying for the ſuicide." The Major pauſed.

Roſa's head ſunk involuntarily on the arm of the Major, and her tears were accompanied by thoſe of Mrs. Harley, who now diſmiſſed her ſervant.

"Such a ſtory," reſumed the Major, "ſhould be brief; the irritated ſtate of my poor nephew's mind co-operated with ſtrong emetics; he threw up a great quantity of the fatal draught; but enough was left to deſtroy every veſtige of what he had been; his features, ſtrained and

and diſtorted as they were by convulſion, never returned to their fine ſymmetry; the blue veins were no longer ſeen meandring over his fine ſkin, the hue of which totally changed, and three months that he lay deprived of all his ſtrength and faculties, he looked every hour more and more like a living corps; but the temporary death had no power over his paſſions; they revived as memory returned; to preſerve not only his exiſtence, but the ——in ſhort his friends, among whom I was perhaps the moſt active, forced him abroad before his mental faculties were perfectly reſtored, or his ſtrength was nearly recovered; it could not be avoided; and I have learnt he retained ſo acute a ſenſe of this neceſſary cruelty, that he abjured all his kindred with the warmeſt indignation; ſo that I am ſurpriſed to find he left an open poſſibility of my inheriting his fortune. My poor brother could not ſurvive the abſence and miſery of his only ſon." Again the Major pauſed.

"My dear benefactor!" cried Roſa, ſtill weeping.

"Yes, madam," reſumed the Major, addreſſing Mrs. Harley, "this young lady, lovely as we ſee her, is the moſt perfect reſemblance of what Colonel Buhanun was before his misfortunes nature ever formed; and having ſome reaſon to believe he has, or had a child, who muſt have been about her age, the impreſſion is ſo ſtrong on my mind, I cannot immediately give it up. Where, my love, was you born? who can trace your infancy? if my feeling and judgment do not deceive me, you will yet be very happy, even admitting we have no aſſets from the Colonel's fortune."

Poor Roſa could too eaſily convince him that the effuſions of tenderneſs with which his manly heart overflowed, had no ſource in conſanguinity.

Doctor Croak had, in the courſe of the intimacy which ſubſiſted between Roſa and Elinor, when the latter was ſuppoſed to be two or three years older, recurred to the time and circumſtances of her birth, of which he had made a minute. He was at this time confined by the gout at his country houſe; and the Major, on hearing theſe particulars, reſolved to wait on him immediately.

Mrs.

Mrs. Harley could not but approve of ſo proper a meaſure; a ſentiment roſe in her heart which could not be called hope; yet it gave her pleaſure, and ſhe earneſtly invited him to return, and take a bed at Mount-Pleaſant.

Doctor Croak related to the Major every circumſtance reſpecting Roſa's birth exactly as he had before done to the Colonel; and Miſs Bawſky's generous heart overflowed in praiſes of the object of his enquiry.

There was now no reaſonable room to doubt; yet againſt reaſon the Major did doubt; and on his return to Mount-Pleaſant the intereſt Roſa had already excited in his heart, was encreaſed by a diſplay of all the fine accompliſhments which Mrs. Harley called forth with no ſmall degree of pride, both in reſpect to herſelf and her pupil.

The harp and the piano forte were equally facile to Roſa; the Major preferred the former; and after ſeveral fine Italian ſongs, with the accompanyments, on his aſking if ſhe knew any Scotch muſic, ſhe inſtantly played and ſung the maid of Selma, tears ſtealing down her cheek at "the pleaſant yet mournful." "I wiſh I were where Helen lies," ſucceeded with equal taſte and feeling. She painted, as Mrs. Feverſham ſaid, *prettily*; ſmall portraits of Mrs. Harley, and many of her friends ornamented the room in which they ſat, as well as ſeveral frames of her fine works.

The Major was maſter of French, and knew a little of Italian; Roſa converſed with eaſe in both; he was aſtoniſhed; he had ſeen many handſome and many accompliſhed women; but here was an aſſemblage of beauty and talent that excelled all his ideas of perfection.

Major Buhanun was not in love with Roſa, but he felt a ſentiment for her as tender and often more durable than paſſion. When he retired to his chamber ſhe floated on his imagination, and he literally ſaw her where ſhe was not.

He aroſe from his tumbled pillow rather fatigued than refreſhed; ſome vague ideas had mixed with the dark nothings of nocturnal reſtleſſneſs, he much wiſhed, but deſpaired of bringing to perfection; and he took leave of the ladies with ſolemn promiſe to repeat his viſit before he returned to Scotland.

Roſa

Roſa dropped a tear, which Mrs. Harley tenderly kiſſed off; and they returned to that remedy for low ſpirits, vapours, regret, and ennui, that oblivion of ſorrow, "Laudable employment," which, if the reader will believe an experienced matron, cures not only many diſorders of the nerve, but is a grand ſpecific againſt love itſelf. The muſes, though they lived among a parcel of amorous gods, were all immaculate, becauſe they were *buſy*.

The Major, however, had no ſuch remedy at hand; all he could do with near thirty miles before him, alone in a poſt-chaiſe, was to think and re-think over the laſt twenty four hours, except indeed making up now and then for the deficiencies of the night by a ſhort nap; and as we ſhall be ſoon on a very intimate footing with this gentleman and his family, it may be proper to let the reader into ſome of their ſecrets.

Major Buhanun was the eldeſt of the twin ſons of a younger branch of the ancient Scots family of the Buhanuns.

His eſtate was more famous for the many generations it had remained in poſſeſſion of the ſame line of inheritance, than the amount of its rent roll; the old caſtle in which he was born, was a picturesque memento of ancient grandeur; and was preſerved by the Major with the religious enthuſiaſm he derived from his father. Though ſome parts were now moderniſed, much the larger continued in the ſame ſtate, and retained the ſame ornaments and furniture that had attracted curioſity, and inſpired reſpect ſeveral centuries back.

The Buhanuns of Caſtle Gowrand, the name of their reſidence, always lived up to their rent roll; ſo that the younger branches having no inheritance but perſonal grace, for which they were remarkable, and good blood in their veins, would have been forced by neceſſity into ſituations degrading to their pride of anceſtry, if the family arrangements of the North were not eſſentially different from thoſe of the South, and if the elder branches did not feel themſelves honoured or diſgraced in the reſpective conduct of the younger; for which reaſon they conſidered it their intereſt, as well as duty, to give them what ſupport might conduce to the one, in order

order to avoid the odium of the other; the good effect of this national policy is daily exemplified by the intermarriages of the wealthy people of rank throughout Scotland with their own leſs fortunate neighbours and relations.

Wallace Buhanun, the Major's brother, had married a pretty kinſwoman in his own unfortunate predicament; Caſtle Gowrand was nevertheleſs opened to him and his portionleſs bride by his laird and brother, and there was the patron of our heroine born.

The laird, as the Major was then called, loved his brother, and doated on young Wallace, for whoſe ſake he avowed he continued a batchelor; but the boundleſs hoſpitality of his ſpirit; frequent excurſions to the South; winters in Edinburgh; and large ſhooting parties at home in ſummer; beſides the increaſing expences of his brother's family, were productive of inconvenience; and the laird made a ſudden reſolution to retrieve his deranged circumſtances by getting a commiſſion in the army, living on his pay, and putting his eſtate to nurſe, except the Caſtle, and as much land near it as would ſupport his brother, whoſe wife dying about this period, he devoted all his time to the education and improvement of young Wallace.

Enſign Buhanun felt the humiliating change neceſſity impoſed; but he felt it like one of his own hardy race, —reſolved to atone for paſt indiſcretion; he was frugal, ſober, and ſtrictly attentive to the duty of the profeſſion he had embraced; and after ſerving on the Continent during the war, exchanged on the eſtabliſhment of peace into a regiment ſtationed in the Weſt Indies, where he obtained his preſent rank.

As the retrieving his broken fortune was his original motive for entering the ſervice, and as that was a meaſure that had coſt him no little regret and mortification, the ſacrifice of pride and conviviality to neceſſity had been too painful not to produce an unremitting attention to the only means of reſtoring him to his Caſtle, and that to its hoſpitable credit; he had the good fortune to marry a plain creolian widow, and as many people thought it, the ſtill better fortune to bury her, as he brought to England twenty thouſand pounds, partly the

fruits of his own right œconomy, and partly the fortune of the defunct.

He had always intended young Wallace for his heir; nor did this affectionate forecaſt for his nephew receive the leaſt interruption from his marriage, as the bride poſſeſſed the advantage of fifty years experience; but the ſituation in which he found his family at Caſtle Gowrand, which has been partly deſcribed, and which deprived him of the ſociety and happineſs he had long built on as the comforts of declining life, left his mind in that ſort of deranged unſettled reſtleſsneſs moſt dangerous to the liberty of an unmarried man of fifty, and beſt calculated to forward the operations of a pair of bright eyes, ſhould any ſuch aſſail him.

The Major had twice dined at the houſe of a ſhip-broker, a man who talked much, and entertained well; out of five handſome daughters, one only remained ſingle, and that one, as the fates would have it, was carried by her papa to Harrowgate, where he and her mother went for the benefit of the waters, and where alſo the Major came for—*amuſement*.

'Tis really a mighty ſilly thing for a lord of the creation, who regards his liberty, to take up his reſidence in a boarding houſe at Harrowgate, where there are pretty women, whoſe papa's and mamma's being invalids, render them a kind of tax on the politeneſs of ſtrangers.

Harriet Wilſon was educated at a ſchool near the metropolis, where there muſt have been a prodigious overflow of talent, ſince every thing was taught in a ſhort time for very little money.

Miſs could play a few marches on the piano forte, talk bad French very faſt, make fillagree and ſpliaſh work, enter a room without bluſhing, and ſo; her education being complete, ſhe was taken home.

Mr. Wilſon, who knew the Major's circumſtances in every reſpect, and who underſtanding he was coming to Harrowgate, found the waters would be of *benefit* to himſelf, gave Harriet her leſſon and took her with him, and this Miſs being very young, very pretty, and above all things very docile, the Major fell in love.

The broker frankly confeſſed his inability to give his daughter

daughter a fortune; but what is fortune to a batchelor of fifty in love with a Miſs of eighteen! the Major deſpiſed all intereſted motives; Harriet was the only treaſure he wanted. He accompanied them to London, and the match was concluded with a precipitancy that credited the policy of the broker, who was always remarkable for expediting all affairs in which he was concerned; and the Major was made the happieſt man in the world.

Though Mr. Wilſon could not give his daughter a fortune, he equipped her well with cloaths, trinkets, and a liberal aſſortment of all the little elegancies, which, without being too coſtly, decorate a well dreſſed belle.

No woman living could be more diſpoſed to cut a daſh than Mrs. Buhanun; ſhe had a very full ſenſe of her own merits, and in point of perſonal charms was perfectly well with herſelf.

It was indeed mortifying to bury ſuch blazing perfections in the North; but as ſhe pre-determined to be a luminary of the firſt order, ſhe reached Caſtle Gowrand in charming ſpirits and high good humour.

Every peaſant in Scotland may be a claſſical ſcholar; but the education neceſſary to form a gentlewoman is in general too expenſive for private families, or at too great a diſtance to be attained; ſo that though few women of any country excel the Scots ladies in affability and inborn politeneſs, they are in moſt inſtances indebted to their own native graces for their indiſputable powers of pleaſing.

To the country ladies about Caſtle Gowrand, whoſe eſtimation of their own modeſt graces were ſunk in their admiration of the charming ſtranger, and her ſuperficial accompliſhments, Mrs. Buhanun appeared a model for imitation and reſpect; and the men who have made it the faſhion to admire Engliſh beauty, and prefer it, though often inferior to that of their own country, celebrated and toaſted her in all companies.

To a feminine ſoftneſs of countenance, expreſſive eyes, regular features, good complexion, and well proportioned figure, Mrs. Buhanun added a vivacity and chearfulneſs that rendered her the life of her company; ſhe ſung agreeably; could dance the eight and forty hours round,

without complaining of fatigue; and was ſo general a favourite, that her arrival at Caſtle Gowrand ſeemed to be the ſignal for pleaſure, entertainments, and dreſs.

The bride was viſited by and viſited every family within forty miles; balls, the general finale to the hoſpitable meetings that keep alive connexions in that country, were given to all the neighbouring ſeats, and returned with additional taſte at Caſtle Gowrand.

The Major and his young bride were equally carried away by the faſcination of the moment; it was his pride, which was gratified even to intoxication by the univerſal admiration of the treaſure he poſſeſſed; it was her's, which never could be gratified, to be adored by all the world.

CHAP. XIX.

More traits of the Buhanun family; ſhewing how old men who marry young wives, and young wives who marry old men, may happen to miſunderſtand each other.

A Small interruption to the conſtant routine of pleaſure at Caſtle Gowrand took place on the appearance of a young ſtranger, whom Mrs. Buhanun introduced within a twelvemonth after her marriage.

The Major's devoirs were now carried from his lady's toilet to the nurſery, where the new and delightful ſenſations which filled his paternal heart fixed him the greateſt part of the day, and proved there were ſources for a rational mind, more pleaſing, and infinitely leſs expenſive, than thoſe into which he had plunged, and which, by the laſt year's eſtimate, he ſaw would reduce his fortune, at the very time when it was moſt neceſſary rather to augment it; but as Mrs. Buhanun's engagements ſucceeded each other ſo rapidly; as ſhe had no day, nor indeed hour, except thoſe abſolutely neceſſary to recruit her ſpirits, but what were devoted to engagements at other houſes, or receiving large parties at her own; ſhe had

had no time to reflect, had the Major been able to ſummon reſolution to communicate his ſentiments to her.

After the birth of his third child, he however hinted, with the utmoſt tenderneſs and good humour, at the reduction his encreaſing and probably numerous family would render neceſſary in his expences; and he even took courage to point out to her example, the conduct of *ſome* women of faſhion in the circle of their acquaintance, who actually did *nurſe their own children*.

But the Major had married to gratify his paſſions, without recollecting there were ſuch things as reaſon and reflection; his helpmate was an excellent ſunſhine companion; ſhe had adopted a mode of living, and a ſtyle of expence, too flattering to her vanity, and too congenial to her natural inclination, to admit the neceſſity of altering the one, or retrenching the other. The Major reaſoned, remonſtrated, and reſented; no matter! the lady was ſtill beautiful, lively, and diſſipated, and a fourth child was added to his happineſs and care, without intereſting the mother further, than in chuſing and hiring nurſes when ſhe failed to carry her favourite point of having them put out, which ſhe contended was not only the moſt healthful, but moſt œconomical mode of bringing up a family.

Caſtle Gowrand was, as we have ſaid, a large romantic building, which had deſcended in a regular line of anceſtry to the preſent poſſeſſor, whoſe veneration for the ancient feudal ſyſtem of the country was evinced by a reſpect for every object, that kept up the recollection of paſt times, even to the tapeſtry hangings and furniture of his Caſtle.

Mrs. Buhanun had indeed moderniſed the drawing, eating, and principal bed rooms; ſhe had exchanged the old damaſk and gilt corniced beds for ſmart chintz and white dimity; and though on gala nights, when the houſe was filled even to the ſervants beds, the good humoured idlers laughed at the ſhifts they were put to, yet as on leſs crowded occaſions Mrs. Buhanun choſe to accommodate her friends with elegance, it was really a provoking whim in the Major to inſiſt on appropriating two of the largeſt apartments to his infant family.

But unfortunately as Mrs. Buhanun choſe to think it,

her huſband, from the moſt indulgent good creature breathing, was becoming quite a croſs, obſtinate, old fellow, little deſerving the poſſeſſion of ſo young and beautiful a ſpouſe.

The truth was, the balance of every year's account ſo ſeriouſly exceeded the arrangements he had made for family diſburſements, and the claims both in preſent and future, on his tenderneſs as well as fortune, were ſo faſt increaſing, that he had afflicted himſelf, and diſguſted his wife, by continual and unavailing repreſentations of the conſequence of her giddy conduct, till finding all the parental duties muſt center in himſelf, he reſolved on at leaſt a partial reform, by abſenting himſelf from the moſt objectionable parties, and limiting the expences of his family.

Mrs. Buhanun, who between ſpleen, diſſipation and breeding grew very delicate in her conſtitution, very good naturedly aſcribed her bad health to her huſband's ill humour, and thereby eſtabliſhed his character as a moroſe, miſerly brute, and her own as a ſuffering angel, among her numerous circle of friends, male and female; in conſequence of which Mrs. Buhanun ſaw leſs company at Caſtle Gowrand, and was ſeen very little there herſelf.

The Major, ſatisfied with his own conduct, made no appeal to others, when he found that to the mother of his children failed: he obſerved with grief her coldneſs and inattention to them increaſe after every altercation with him, and conſidering from the juvenile period of her life, and advanced one of his own, it was more than poſſible they might be left to the care of a mother, not only void of prudence, but deſtitute of maternal affection, he at length forbore to urge her; but having made his will, under the opinion and advice of an able lawyer, and appointed guardians for their perſons and property, he united to the character of the tendereſt of fathers that of the moſt diligent preceptor, devoting all his time to the preſervation of their health, the cultivation of their talents and improvement of their morals.

The conſequence of this conduct on the part of the huſband, and of that on the part of the wife was, an eſtrangement of affection in him—jealouſy, ill humour, and

and ill manners in her. The children, three of whom were girls, and the youngeſt a boy, grew all a fond parent could wiſh, and the more lovely they appeared to the doating Major, the more unable did he think that mother who could hear of their innocent ſallies with apathy, and behold their infantine graces with indifference.

Mrs. Buhanun's pride was wounded by her huſband's coldneſs; but though that pride was accompanied by a pang of regret, it would not ſtoop to recall the kind heart ſhe had loſt, by adopting the maternal character ſo lovely in his eyes.

She conſulted her glaſs, there all was as it uſed to be; the face he neglected was ſtill charming; her unſubdued ſpirit found reſources in the continued admiration ſhe excited; and ſhe affected in her turn to treat her huſband with the moſt frigid coldneſs.

The Major's only notice of this conduct was, a further retrenchment on extra expences; an act of ſuch unheard of cruelty, that the enraged lady proteſted, in all the tearful dignity of female reſentment, no man could treat his wife, and ſuch a wife, in that manner, except he were attached to ſome other woman; who that other woman could be, was however a myſtery neither ſhe, nor her very clever Abigail could for a long time ſo much as gueſs at.

In the midſt of theſe heart-rending troubles, an event happened that opened a proſpect of comfort to poor Mrs. Buhanun from a ſource little hoped, and leſs expected, even in her children.

This was a declaration of the Bonny Ducheſs, who ſtopped a night at Caſtle Gowrand, that Kattie Buhanun, the eldeſt daughter, would be a complete beauty.

The child's face was certainly known to her mother, but it was the combination, not the delicacy of her features, that was familiar; all that had hitherto ſtruck her of Kattie was, that ſhe grew monſtrous tall, that her frocks were as expenſive as her own gowns, and that ſhe was an overgrown awkward thing; but the beauty was no ſooner diſcovered by the Ducheſs, than ſhe ſet about ſcrutinizing it herſelf; from that moment Kattie was a

favorite, and carried into all her parties, when papa could be coaxed into permiſſion.

At this period the ſmall pox, that now vanquiſhed foe to beauty, became very fatal in the neighbourhood of Caſtle Gowrand, and every precaution was taken to preſerve the inhabitants of the Caſtle from infection; but the Major's only ſon, a beautiful healthy boy of five years old, was too wild and volatile to be kept within the bounds preſcribed by his father, his little rambles were fatal to him, and his ſickening was the ſignal of alarm to his handſome mother, who not certain whether ſhe had, or had not had the fatal diſtemper, took the beauty with her to the houſe of a female friend, as gay and as thoughtleſs as herſelf, who had long preſſed her to paſs a few days with her in the Weſt Highlands.

Willy Buhanun's diſorder was ſo violent he loſt his ſenſes with the fever the third day, and as all his ideas ſeemed fixed on the "gude weef at Donald Ferguſon's wee hooſe by the burnſeed;" the Major, in the fond ſolicitude of his heart, though he knew nothing of his acquaintance at Donald's, ſent for the man, to appeaſe the eager delirium of his darling ſon; but was aſtoniſhed, when his ſervant returned, inſtead of ſeeing Donald, as he expected, to receive a card of compliments from a Mrs. Walſingham to Mr. and Mrs. Buhanun, requeſting leave to viſit Maſter Willy. The card was written in a neat Italian hand, ſealed and directed in a ſtyle of ſuperiority, that convinced him he had unknown, and unheard of by himſelf, a perfect gentlewoman for his near neighbour, Donald Ferguſon's wee hooſe being juſt off the boundaries of his own eſtate, and within his lordſhip.

He immediately wrote an anſwer, apologizing for his wife's abſence, expreſſing his grateful ſenſe of the lady's kindneſs, which he thankfully accepted, and waited the honour of her company.

Mrs. Wallingham, whoſe affection for Willy had brought her after the ſervant to the lodge of Caſtle Gowrand, and who there waited the anſwer to her note, haſtened as ſoon as ſhe received it to the bed ſide of young Buhanun, who ſprang into her arms, and leaning his burning head on her boſom, fell into a ſlumber ſo ſweet and

and compoſed as mingled bleſſings on the ſtranger with the reviving hope of the fond father.

The Major conſidered the lady as the guardian angel of his ſon, and his feelings, when he ſaw the maternal careſſes ſhe beſtowed on him, were too acute for utterance; ſhe entreated him to leave the child to her care, and declared her wiſh to ſtay and attend him through every ſtage of the malignant diſorder.

The Major could only bow his thanks, as at her deſire he left the room, which his gratitude and curioſity equally excited; and finding Donald Ferguſon had attended the kind ſtranger to Caſtle Gowrand, and waited her directions, ſent for him to gratify the latter.

Donald had left his paternal home, "the wee hooſe on the burnſeed," to follow the occupation of a fiſherman below Dundee, where he married, and by dint of the moſt laborious induſtry, not only maintained his wife, but added the comforts of life to the bare exiſtence which a very ſmall freehold by the burnſeed afforded a deaf mother, and the daughter of his deceaſed ſiſter, who lived with her.

Donald's cabin was cloſe by the element on which he ſubſiſted, in a kind of nook between two precipices, where a few half naked families intermarried with each other, and had no other commerce with the reſt of the world than that of ſelling their fiſh, and purchaſing the neceſſaries, not that they *wanted*, but which nature could *not exiſt without*.

The well known danger in tempeſtuous weather, on the coaſt of Scotland, often exhibited ſcenes of diſtreſs and death to theſe poor people, which were the more terrible, as from their ſituation behind a ridge of rocks, it was ſeldom poſſible for them to afford aſſiſtance to the wretched ſufferers.

After one very dreadful ſtorm, when the ſun roſe in majeſtic beauty on the boſom of a ſea that had raged in terrifying fury through a tempeſtuous night, during which, the reſt of the little labouring community had been broken by ſignals of diſtreſs, and they were ſearching every cavity in the rocks for parts of a veſſel they knew muſt have been wrecked during the ſtorm, Donald chanced to go nearer the ſea than his comrades, and

ſtarted at the ſound of human agony, which he found proceeded from a female, who had been caſt by the violence of the waves into a chaſm in the rock, ſcarce large enough for her body, where being in a manner impriſoned, the ſucceeding billows had waſhed over her, without carrying her back, and where ſhe yet breathed, totally unable to move.

Donald immediately called to his neighbours; the poor ſtranger was with great difficulty got up, and carried, covered with bruiſes and one leg broken, to Donald's cabin.

The wife of Donald was a ſickly woman, with an excellent heart; ſhe attended the ſtranger, while a ſurgeon was fetched from Dundee, who ſet her leg, and dreſſed the wounds and bruiſes ſhe had received; by inceſſant care ſhe recovered to life and recollection the more painful, as poor Nelly, the wife of her preſerver, having exceeded her ſtrength in attending and watching her, died the victim of humanity on the ſame day that the Doctor pronounced the ſtranger convaleſcent.

Donald's diſtreſs at this event was a link to the chain of gratitude that bound her to his intereſt; ſhe preſented him with a ſum of money that placed him in a comparative ſtate of affluence, and underſtanding he was a native of the more interior part of the country, that he had a mother and niece living in the houſe he would one day inherit, ſhe journeyed with him to the wee hooſe on the burn-ſeed.

The ſituation happened to ſuit the melancholy complexion of her mind; ſhe had it enlarged, and made convenient for her own reſidence, retaining young Annie as her female, and Donald as her male domeſtic, with charge however to both, to appear to manage entirely for themſelves, without letting it tranſpire that they had an inmate.

Mrs. Walſingham had been ſo fortunate as to have about her, when the ſhip ſtruck, a quantity of bank notes, which, though wet, retained their value; theſe were, perhaps, according to her preſent plan, more than ſufficient to anſwer all the demands of a long life; but whether it was the whole of her fortune; whether ſhe had in the more buſy world, friends, connexions, or acquaintance,

quaintance, were circumſtances that never dropped from her own lips, and was therefore never thought of by the honeſt fiſherman.

In the addition made to the wee hooſe at the burnſeed, as it had always been called, her particular directions were that the outward appearance ſhould exactly correſpond with the old building, and before ſhe left Dundee, ſhe had got from London, by one of the Traders, packages of furniture, which Donald carried to his wee hooſe in a cart, ſhe enabled him to purchaſe for that purpoſe; and if the affectionate fidelity he felt for his new miſtreſs was not encreaſed, when he ſaw the contents of theſe packages, it certainly added to his reſpect.

When Mrs. Walſingham's apartments were arranged, though ſhe read much, wrote, and played on the piano forte and guitar, her mind ſtrong, active, and generous, found a vacuum, which ſhe filled in a manner that revealed the ſecret ſhe had been ſo anxious to conceal.

Donald being directed to find out every object of diſtreſs in the vicinity, and being alſo empowered to relieve them, it ſoon tranſpired that "Donald Ferguſon, a pawky loon, had a gude weef ſtaying tull the wee hooſe by the burnſeed, wha had bigged anaither hooſe wi mickle gear and ſiller;" but as this was a piece of news that followed her benefactions among the very poorer ſort of people; and as the peaſantry of Scotland live and die in the preciſe ſtate in which they were born, without ambition and too often without induſtry, the reports among them were not like to reach Mrs. Buhanun's polite, or the Major's more contracted circle; ſo that no ſuch perſon as the gude weef at Donald Ferguſon's had ever been heard of at Caſtle Gowrand.

Willy Buhanun was a great rambler; his yellow hair, roſy cheeks, and ſturdy limbs were ſeen peeping into every cottage in the neighbourhood; he had ſtrayed through a wood that bounded his father's eſtate, one ſummer evening, gathering wild ſtrawberries, till he had loſt his companions, and happening to turn to the left, inſtead of the right, followed a winding path that brought him by degrees to the margin of a clear river, in ſome places paſſable, over large white ſtones, that looked

looked as if placed there by the hand of nature for the ſole purpoſe of accommodating her ruſtic children, and in others deep and clear.

Willy looked about him; he had paſſed this river in many other parts of it many times, and recollecting his nurſe lived ſomewhere on the other ſide, proceeded from ſtone to ſtone, till miſſing his ſtep, he plunged over his head into the water.

The windows of Mrs. Walſingham's apartments faced the river; ſhe was ſitting in that kind of liſtleſs way that ſpoke an abſent, but not a vacant mind, when the plunge alarmed her, and Donald being fortunately in the houſe, they ruſhed out in time to ſave the child.

Willy was at home every where; while his clothes were drying he got perfectly acquainted with the gude weef; and though he was cunning enough to conceal the accident at home, leſt it might operate as a reſtraint on his little rambles in future, he became a conſtant welcome and beloved viſitor at the wee hooſe by the burnſeed.

Mrs. Walſingham's heart was naturally affectionate, and ſhe would perhaps from ſome ſecret recollections, alternately weep and careſs her new acquaintance, till he became dear and neceſſary to her happineſs; her attention and ſolicitude were not however an antidote againſt the diſeaſe: it was twenty-one days before the eruption appeared; in which time the Major's two daughters, and a girl that waited on them, alſo ſickened, beſides ſeveral of the inferior ſervants.

Such a ſcene of complicated ſorrow and diſtreſs, where all the feelings of the tendereſt of fathers and beſt of maſters, were equally united, could not fail to intereſt ſuch a heart as that of Mrs. Walſingham. Willy expired in her arms, and it was at that moment doubtful which of the two girls would firſt follow him.

The late blooming boy was immediately removed from the chamber; and Mrs. Walſingham had the goodneſs to transfer the tenderneſs and care ſhe had taken of him to the two girls, both blind, and loaded with the diſorder, which however took a favourable criſis, and they were reſtored from the very confines of death, to their tranſported father, whoſe firſt grief at the loſs of his ſon,

ſon, had been abſorbed in apprehenſions for his two ſurviving comforts.

A friendſhip founded on compaſſion on one ſide, and obligation on the other, was the natural conſequence of an acquaintance begun at ſo intereſting a period. Mrs. Walſingham carried with her, from Caſtle Gowrand, the admiration, gratitude, and reſpect of its owner, who rarely after let one day elapſe without adding to each of theſe ſentiments, and paying his reſpects at the wee hooſe.

Meanwhile Mrs. Buhanun's flight had not enſured her ſafety; ſhe either carried the infection with her, or took it at her friends; both the beautiful Kattie and herſelf ſickened the ſame day; but the diſorder ſeemed to have exhauſted its virulence at Caſtle Gowrand; the ladies eſcaped without a mark, and were perfectly recovered before Mrs. Drummond acquainted them with the fatal news from the Major, or informed him of their ſituation.

The extravagance of Mrs. Buhanun's joy, when ſhe returned to Caſtle Gowrand, at ſight of Emma and Jeſſy, one very much marked, the other with a defluxion in her eyes, from the effect of a malady the beauty and herſelf had ſo well eſcaped, ſhocked the father, who with his memory again recurring to his blooming boy, could not refrain from tears. The thoughtleſs mother, thus awakened to maternal feelings, wept, poor Willy! ſhe cried, even while contemplating her unaltered features in the glaſs; but as Willy was merely a caſual acquaintance, whom ſhe had ſeldom time to ſee, her mind reverted to more pleaſing ſubjects, while the Major carried his grief, his regret, and his two youngeſt daughters every day to the wee hooſe at the burnſeed; and his coldneſs to his wife became habitual; he ceaſed to interfere in her arrangements, and having loſt his heir, became more indifferent to her expences.

The Major, though his advances to intimacy with Mrs. Walſingham were exceeding ſlow, as her natural reſerve was increaſed by the account Donald heard of his lady, had now an opportunity of conſtating the character of a woman whoſe mind, manners, and ſentiments were congenial to his own, with that of his leſs amiable wife;

wife; as far as the eye could reach, the advantage was all in favour of the latter, but where reaſon, judgment, and underſtanding pointed, it was followed by the deep and unavailing ſigh of regret; and he found recreation, delight, and relief, in every hour paſſed at the burnſeed."

CHAP. XX.

The order of things reverſed; the plot diſcovered; a young wife jealous; an old huſband indifferent; with ſome amazing inſtances of wiſdom and penetration, in Miſs Elinor Bauſky.

MRS. BUHANUN could not be long uninformed of the new acquaintance her huſband had made; ſhe found this ſtrange woman had lived ſeven years in the neighbourhood of Caſtle Gowrand, the exact period from whence ſhe dated the entire eſtrangement of her huſband's affection.

The ſhipwreck, with her removal from Dundee, and living in that ſecluded manner, was, Mrs. Buhanun ſaid, a pretty ſtory, and credited the inventor.

"For how," ſaid ſhe, "ſhould a woman, taken by a poor fiſherman out of the ſea, who has no friend to ſupport, no relation to countenance, nor any home to return to, how could ſuch a one build rooms, ſtock farms, and clothe the poor? or how indeed could any decent perſon live with ſuch creatures as Donald Ferguſon, his deaf mother, and awkward niece?"

The Major was now every day known to viſit this extraordinary woman; he even took his daughters with him, all except Kattie, who was too handſome to mind her father. Willy's illneſs made the great diſcovery; but the connexion,—ah! no doubt that had taken place long enough; and he who was ſo ſtingy to his lawful wife, wanted not liberality to his miſtreſs; yes, he could ſupply *her* with money to build; her new houſe was indeed low, thatched, and correſpondent in outward appearance

pearance to the old one; but the few people who had peeped into the inſide, related wonders of the taſte and value of the furniture.

Theſe concluſions from appearance, which it muſt be confeſſed were myſterious, being ſpread with an acid induſtry, which nothing but jealouſy could excuſe, quite transformed the gude weef into the guilty miſtreſs among the better ſort; but as ſhe continued to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, viſit the ſick, and adminiſter to the wants of all the poor within her reach, ſhe ſtill continued to be among them the gude weef of the burnſeed.

The rage that had long been pent up in the ireful heart of Mrs. Buhanun now burſt forth. The Major hinted at their mutual obligations to Mrs. Walſingham, and mentioned a viſit from his wife to that lady as an act of propriety; on which ſhe flamed out, left the room, ordered a ſeparate bed, and had it not been from fear of breaking up the few remaining parties who viſited at Caſtle Gowrand, would not have met her huſband even in the eating parlour.

The Major bore his misfortunes meekly, and went on educating his daughters and, as his wife ſaid to the ſcandal of all decency, carrying them with him to the burnſeed. Miſs Kattie, the elder, having ſince ſhe had been a beauty and her mother's favorite, learned a few things, he could not by tenderneſs, nor even coercion prevail on her to unlearn, was left to the tuition ſhe beſt liked, and happy was it for her, the indefatigable Major's had taught her to write, and made her miſtreſs of grammar, before ſhe commenced the more elegant ſciences of dreſs, cards and dancing.

Thus then had matters been arranged at Caſtle Gowrand two years, when the packet beforementioned arrived, and agreeably ſurpriſed the Major with the proſpect of providing for his family in a ſuperior manner to what he had, by his wife's extravagance, been obliged to make up his mind to. He ſet off to London predetermined, whatever might be the reſult, he would not increaſe his expences, but bank all for his children; and ſo rigid was he in his plan of œconomy, that he took his carriage only to Edinburgh, and went from thence in the ſtage to London,

London, leaving Mrs. Buhanun and her lovely Kattie, caſtle building for next winter, when they hoped to daſh away ſome of the India riches at Edinburgh, and with no ſmall curioſity reſpecting the female ſo ſtrongly recommended by the Colonel, with ſuch an *unreaſonable* legacy.

The firſt letter from London was very unfavourable, and the next more ſo, to the elevated ideas of both mother and daughter; and by the time the third and fourth arrived, the matter was given up as a forlorn hope.

Mrs. Walſingham, on the contrary, ſtill encouraged her friend to perſevere in his enquiries; and in the unabated expectation that his fortune would be conſiderably augmented, had ſtrongly recommended it to him, either to engage ſome accompliſhed woman to live in his family, and teach the more feminine graces to his daughters, who were both good grammarians, or to ſend them to ſchool in the South.

Every body who has been in habits of ſociety in Scotland, knows how anxious parents in genteel life are to have their children broke of the native dialect; it was ſpoken very broad about Caſtle Gowrand, and the Major's chief regret, in bringing up his children at home, was on this account, for he always objected to ſending them from under his own care; but he was ſo unhappy in his domeſtic circle; Mrs. Buhanun made it ſo invariably her cuſtom to oppoſe all his opinions, on the principle that they were ſuggeſted by the woman at the burnſeed; and it was ſo improbable a perſon of the character he approved would undertake the care of female children, againſt their mother's approbation, that he had abandoned all hope of rendering his girls accompliſhed ladies, and contented himſelf with endeavouring to make them good women.

Mrs. Walſingham would naturally have expected ſome acknowledgments from Mrs. Buhanun, for the care of her children, had ſhe not underſtood from the children themſelves, her diſpoſition.

A mother, who was too fine a lady to be a mother in any ſenſe but one, filled up a ſpace in creation, that in her opinion would have been much better occupied by a Hottentot; and ſhe was too well with herſelf, and too ſincerely

ſincerely ſatisfied with her retirement, to wiſh it diſturbed by ſuch a character.

That a man ſo amiable and ſo domeſtic as the Major, ſhould be miſerable with ſuch a helpmate, that denied the counſel of her whom God and nature deſigned for the friend of his ſoul, he ſhould ſeek it from any ſource reaſon dictated and honour approved, were ſo natural that, little ſuſpecting herſelf to be the object either of diſlike or jealouſy, and deſpiſing that worldly wiſdom, which, not content with judging from appearances often deceitful, make appearances wear the exact colour of their own prejudice, ſhe divided her affection between the children, and ſhared her frank confidence and friendſhip with their father.

It was to this friend Major Buhanun wrote a clear and ſuccinct account of the perſon, manners, and ſituation of our heroine; to her he revealed the half formed wiſh of bringing her to Caſtle Gowrand, as the moſt charming model for his own daughters; in doing which he ſhould alſo perform a duty to his deceaſed relation. But then to introduce ſweetneſs, beauty, and delicacy, where ſhe might meet mortification and inſult, how could he do that?

Mrs. Walſingham, charmed with the advantages of ſuch a companion as he deſcribed for Emma and Jeſſy, wrote her warm approbation of the as yet not digeſted plan; adviſed him to revive Mrs. Buhanun's hope of India wealth, and, without mentioning the beauty or accompliſhments of the young lady, repreſent it as a thing of courſe, that he muſt take her under his protection, till he received more certain accounts of the Colonel's fortune, without a ſyllable reſpecting her former circumſtances; by which reſerve Mrs. Buhanun might be induced to treat her with that reſpect of which an acquaintance with her obſcure original might deprive her.

The opinion of ſo reſpected a friend, exactly correſponding with his own, immediately determined him, and he again viſited Mount-Pleaſant, elated with the idea of carrying to his Emma and Jeſſy ſo bright an example, and regretting that Kattie, who was near as old, would probably be inſenſible of the advantages of ſuch a companion, "My poor Kattie," ſaid he, "ſuch might ſhe have

have been, had a Walſingham or a Harley been her mother.

Mrs. Harley heard his propoſal with a mixture of grief and pleaſure.

He would, he aſſured her, make the requeſt of the Colonel his law, the moment aſſets come into his hands; he conſidered himſelf as a kind of guardian to the protegée of his nephew, and how could he aſſert a guardian's right, or diſcharge its duty, at the diſtance of near five hundred miles? her unprotected ſtate might, notwithſtanding all Mrs. Harley's care, expoſe her to improper addreſſes, if the fortune, he hoped, ſhe was ſure to inherit was known, and to inſult if it was not; he conſidered, and would introduce her as a relation of his family; he would treat her like a daughter, and reſpect her like a friend; ſhe ſhould in every particular ſhare his affection with three amiable girls, whoſe mother muſt be an idiot, which he aſſured her, Mrs. Buhanun was not, if ſhe were not ſenſible of the advantage of ſuch a companion to her children; all he ſhould requeſt from Miſs Buhanun, was to take thoſe children under her protection, and ſuffer them to be benefited by copying ſo charming an original; he requeſted Mrs. Harley to conſider his offer, and adviſe her pupil in the way ſhe thought moſt to her advantage.

Mrs. Harley loved Roſa, and ſhe acquitted herſelf ſo well in the duties ſhe had undertaken, that her removal might be a diſadvantage to the ſchool; but ſelf-intereſt had no ſhare in her deciſions; ſhe on the contrary, arguing from her experience of life, painted to her young friend the advantage of being introduced into the world, as a part of ſo reſpectable a family, who could not hereafter deſert her with credit to themſelves, however the Colonel's affairs might turn out, beſides the great importance of knowing decidedly, whether the aſſets of her benefactor in which it appeared ſhe was ſo much intereſted, came to Europe or not. It was impoſſible for her to live any where without making friends, and ſtill more impoſſible for ſo beautiful a creature to be ſeen without an equal portion of admiration and envy; the former the protection of ſuch a man as Major Buhanun would inſure and increaſe;

creaſe; the latter no perſon was better qualified to repreſs.

Uncertain, and even hopeleſs as our heroine had been of a proviſion from the Colonel's fortune, ſhe had brought herſelf into a habit of content; her mind was untinctured by vanity, and the conſtant duties of her ſtation left no leiſure for ambition; but though not covetous, nor building on wealth as more than one of the concomitants to happineſs, ſhe was not inſenſible to the bleſſings of affluent independence, nor, though perfectly ſatisfied with the boundaries of Mrs. Harley's ſchool, averſe to that expanſion of ſociety, which, among well taught and well diſpoſed minds, form the grand felicity of human intercourſe; ſhe felt the kindneſs of thoſe motives that induced Mrs. Harley to recommend a meaſure which militated againſt her own intereſt, and under the ſanction of ſo reſpectable an adviſer, accepted the Major's offer, who then immediately returned to town, to arrange matters for their departure.

Miſs Bawſky, with all the warmth of generous friendſhip, oppoſed what ſhe called the baniſhment of Roſa; but finding the wiſdom of ſixteen by no means adequate to the experience of fifty-five, ſhe yielded to Mrs. Harley's arguments, on condition Roſa would paſs the few days ſhe had yet to ſtay in England, with her.

Roſa, who determined to ſet out with a reſpectful adherence to all the Major's commands, wrote for, and received his permiſſion to accept her invitation, with an incloſed bill for twenty pounds, to equip her for the journey.

It was now above a year ſince Sir Solomon Muſhroom had willingly advanced any money for Roſa's neceſſaries; is was ſix months ſince he had totally declined advancing any at all; but the Colonel's gifts had been ſo frequent and profuſe, that Mrs. Harley had laid by ſeveral curious pieces of muſlin and long cloth, not indeed in expectation of ſo ſad a reverſe, but as ſhe then ſaid, the Colonel would not always be in the Eaſt, and when he had left it, he would know the value of India rarities; from ſome of theſe Roſa made an elegant addition to her ſtill handſome wardrobe; and ſhe left Mount-Pleaſant with the bleſſings and beſt wiſhes of every part of the family.

Roſa

Roſa did not faint, or betray any of the unutterables ſome of our young readers may expect; but ſhe left the good matron with indelible impreſſion of grateful reſpect, and affection; as long as a diſtant view of Mount-Pleaſant greeted her often turned backward eye, the tears of regret bedewed her face; but ſhe alighted from Dr. Croak's coach in revived ſpirits, and paſſed three days in the charming fatigue of ſeeing every thing, and doing nothing.

It was not till now ſhe underſtood that no news had been heard of poor landlord Brown, and that his notable helpmate was on crutches at Bath; ſhe had a kind of habitual love for both; ſhe lamented the fate of poor John, and ſent half her twenty pounds to his wife, when the Major called to inform her he had fixed the ſecond day from that for their journey northward.

CHAP. XXI.

Shewing the wonderful penetration of Miſs Elinor Bawſky, with proof of her ſurpriſing knowledge of the world, and how the beggar goes to a ſtrange country, and ſees ſtrange ſights.

ECONOMY, the Major conſidered a proper appendage to his character; but he nevertheleſs aſked if our heroine wiſhed to make any purchaſe beyond the depth of her purſe, in a manner that proved the pleaſure he ſhould have in obliging her: at the ſame time he ſignified his intention to leſſen the expence of the journey, by travelling in the ſtages as far as they could by day light, and on this ſaving plan, informed her he had taken two places in the Stilton diligence, which left London at four in the morning, on which account he wiſhed her to ſleep at the inn, the night preceding their departure.

Elinor would ſtill accompany her, and the Major having, in compliment to Roſa, ordered a genteel little ſupper, was liſtening with infinite delight to the effuſions of friendſhip

friendſhip and good humour from the roſy lips of youth and beauty, when every trait of pleaſure was reverſed on the waiter's whiſpering a meſſage from ſome perſon who inſiſted on ſeeing him; he haſtily requeſted the young ladies to ſtep, or indeed puſhed them into an adjoining chamber, which they had ſcarce entered before a female ruſhed into the one they had left, whoſe agonies, when ſhe ſaw the Major, reached the ears of the aſtoniſhed friends, and the door being in the confuſion left on jar, Elinor, with her finger on her lip, tiptoed to it, and continued to obſerve on what was paſſing, till the Major, after ſome time glancing his eye that way, aroſe and cloſed it.

What however, Miſs Bawſky had ſeen, filled both her and Roſa with amazement.

The lady had thrown herſelf into the Major's arms; ſhe folded her alabaſter hands, and caſting her fine eyes to heaven, with an expreſſion ſo ſad, and yet ſo fervent the whites were only viſible, ſobbed as if her heart was breaking.

The Major, in a very low voice, appeared to ſooth and conſole her.

"Never! never! never!" burſting into a flood of tears that ſeemed to relieve her, "Oh never!"

The Major ſtill appeared to ſooth; ſhe liſtened as attentive as ſtreaming eyes and heart-rending ſighs would permit; ſhe took a brilliant from her own finger, and forced it on his; ſhe preſſed his hand with warmth; then again folding her own together, caſt her eyes upwards, apoſtrophiſing in a low whiſper; her agony then returned, ſhe threw herſelf on her knees, beat her boſom, and articulated, "Oh forgive! bleſſed——"

Tears choaked her utterance; the Major raiſed her to the ſofa; ſhe wept on his boſom; he was himſelf diſſolved in tears; it was at this moment he aroſe and cloſed the door, and the curious, but confounded Elinor whiſpered her diſcoveries to Roſa.

The lady ſtaid near an hour, which was paſſed in the ſame paſſionate extremes; ſometimes words and disjointed ſyllables reached the next apartment, followed by hyſterical ſobs; at others all was calm, the Major's voice ſounding in low conſoling murmurs, was anſwered in the ſoft

ſoft plaint of patient ſorrow; at length the bell rung, and Elinor haſtening to the window which looked front, and ſaw a ſplendid equipage, which by the light of three blazing lamps, ſhe perceived was coroneted. The Major led the lady down, but did not appear in ſight of her people, three of whom, tall fellows in laced liveries, with flambeaux, were waiting. The lady, who appeared to be in ill health, both by her languor and dreſs, was helped into her carriage, which moſt faſhionably threatened the lives of the pedeſtrians, as it drove from the ſtreet, which, illumined by the tranſient blaze, was left comparatively dark.

The Major ſent to apologize for not returning to the young friends, who ſeating themſelves on oppoſite ſides of the table, gazed at each other, as waiting for an explanation of ſo unaccountable a ſcene.

Elinor ſpoke firſt; ſhe inſiſted that the Major was a man of intrigue, and not fit to to be entruſted with the care of ſuch an angel as her Roſa, whom ſhe fervently and ſolemnly implored to leave the houſe directly, and return with her to Walbrook.

Roſa, though ſhe could no better account for what had paſſed than Elinor, was not quite ſo ſevere in her judgment; the lady, ſhe ſaid, appeared a *woman of faſhion*, and the Major was a *married man*.

Elinor in her way undertook to prove her own concluſions juſt; for as to the lady's being a woman of faſhion, that was only an argument on her ſide; were not the newſpapers daily crammed with anecdotes of women of faſhion, which would overwhelm thoſe of inferior rank with confuſion, and baniſh them from ſociety? did not their noble huſbands, fathers, brothers, and all their illuſtrious kin read thoſe newſpapers without reſentment or ſhame? did not aunts, mothers, and even grandmothers of faſhion, expoſe themſelves in the face of the young females of their family, by running mad after young fellows, and indeed any fellows? did they not conſtantly aſſociate with women of their own rank, to whoſe nobility were tacked the record of lewdneſs and adultery? did theſe, or any other atrocities excite any ſenſation of diſguſt or indignation in their right honourable and faſhionable boſoms? except indeed, ſome unfortunate female,

male, in humbler life, caught by the falſe glare of tinſelled grandeur, deceived by the ſpecious outſide of modern honor, and betrayed by the weakneſs of a too credulous heart, ſhould follow their high minded example, and falling from the envied eminence, where conſcious rectitude upheld her, ſink into the vortex of faſhionable depravity; in that caſe it was but natural *they* ſhould join againſt *her* as a common enemy, an invader of their rights, and never loſe an opportunity of being petrified at her preſumption and aſſurance.

"My dear Elinor," interrupted the aſtoniſhed Roſa, "how long have you been a ſatiriſt? and where can you have got ſuch an idea of the manners of people of faſhion?"

"Don't I tell you, from the newſpapers."

"And are they infallible?"

"Oh no! I dare ſay not; for but yeſterday I read a paragraph in one paper, which poſitively aſſured us that they were in poſſeſſion of all poſſible ſources of intelligence, and that they were in conſequence enabled to ſtate, that Lord Mundungus and his chere amie are poſitively at this time at the German Spa, in a party quarre with the Right Honourable Lady Mundungus, his lordſhip's wife, and her cher ami, the Honourable Captain Bronze, drinking the waters in the greateſt harmony. Another in as pompous and poſitive a ſtyle, aſſured us Lord Mundungus and his chere amie, having quarrelled over their wine, his lordſhip had retired in extreme affliction to the ſeat of his noble anceſtors, on the inſtant of her ladyſhip and Captain Bronze's arrival in town, to receive conſolation from his cook maid, and that the chere amie had returned to her old apartments in broad St. Giles's. A third paper, who never *was* nor *can* be miſtaken, ſneered at the authenticity of the two cotemporaries, and gravely aſſerted that Lord Mundungus, who had ignorantly been diſpoſed of at the Spa, and ſent to the ſeat of his noble anceſtor, to receive conſolation from his cook maid, had actually departed this life, after being ſeized with a vertigo in his head; that his chere amie being ſuſpected of having had ſome concern in bringing on the ſaid vertigo, had been turned out of door, and incontinently hanged herſelf in a pair of his lordſhip's ſcarlet elaſtic garters; that

that the afflicted widowed peereſs retires to a ready furniſhed villa on the banks of the Thames, while her ladyſhip's weeds are making, and till her marriage ſettlements with the Honourable Captain Bronze are drawn."

"Dear Elinor, I cannot underſtand you."

"I ſhould wonder if you did; for a fourth paper announced, that his moſt gracious majeſty having been pleaſed to create Lord Mundungus, of the kingdom of Ireland, a peer of Great-Britain, by the ſtyle and title of Baron Raffle of Blank, in the county of Blank. He with his lady had been preſented at court, and kiſſed hands on the occaſion, on the very day his lordſhip had been ſtated to be at the German Spa; ſent to the ſeat of his noble anceſtors, to receive conſolation from his cook maid; and finally, killed by a vertigo in his head; that the Honourable Captain Bronze, the *innocent* boſom friend of my lady, and Miſs Matilda Diana Charlotte Trapes, the chere amie of my lord——"

"For heaven's ſake no more of Lord Mundungus and his chere amie; how can you read ſuch ſtuff?"

"Becauſe aunt Bawſky will have the breakfaſt table covered with newſpapers, and being, as ſhe ſays, a perſon of ſome faſhion herſelf, chuſes to read all faſhionable anecdotes, and I believe in my conſcience not one eſcapes her."

"But ſurely ſuch anecdotes as you have been repeating ſhould not——."

"She muſt read *them* or *none*; for the virtues of the great, *if* they have any, are ſeldom mentioned; all we *read* of *them* is diſſipation, folly, and extravagance; intrigues of lords and retaliation of ladies; prompt payment of debts of honour, by which ſharpers roll in their gilded carriages; and a total forgetfulneſs of honourable debts, by which the ruined tradeſmen are reduced to beggary; eſtates ſent to the hammer, and diamonds to a *banker*; and all we of the little world ſee, to diſtinguiſh quality, are the pale faces, large whiſkers, and cropped heads of the men; and the painted faces, high feathers, naked elbows, and bare boſoms of the women; and I aſſure you it is the opinion of all the city folks we viſit, that there are many women of high rank, who ſet faſhions which diſgrace human nature; ſo that——"

Roſa

Roſa could only doubt and wonder, while Elinor recurred to the circumſtance that had occaſioned ſo voluble a diſplay of her newſpaper learning

"As to the Major's being *married*, there was nothing at all in *that*, as he too was a man of faſhion, and conſequently "looked no where for beauty but in the wives of his friends."

"Elinor!" exclaimed Roſa.

Elinor anſwered the half reproof, by adducing the newſpaper authority, and added there was but one thing which puzzled her, and that was, ſhe had never yet heard, among all the intrigues and crim. con. evidence her aunt Bawſky read out, while they breakfaſted, of beautiful *women of faſhion*, who made a fuſs about ſuch an old lover as the Major,—a white headed gallant was, to be ſure, a novelty even to the newſpapers.

Roſa was more ſhocked than amuſed by Elinor's late acquired faſhionable knowledge; ſhe was extremely loth to ſuſpect the moral rectitude of the Major's character, yet certainly there was a myſtery in the recent tranſaction which puzzled her.

Elinor perſiſted in her ill opinion, both of the Major and his viſitor; what right, ſhe aſked, over and over, could a modeſt woman of faſhion, or no faſhion, poſſibly have to throw herſelf on the boſom of any man but her own huſband? or make ſuch a fuſs about parting with an old man who was going home to his wife and family?

Roſa could not anſwer theſe interrogatories, neither could ſhe accede to the inferences Elinor was ready to draw from them; ſhe ſtill doubted; and four o'clock, the hour of departure, found our fair friends ſitting at table with the untouched ſupper before them, diſcuſſing the important and undetermined point of "Whether Major Buhanun was a very good or very bad man."

The Major's entrance ſtopped Miſs Bawſky in the midſt of one of her ſtrongeſt arguments againſt Roſa's putting herſelf into his power. His looks proved he had not taken more reſt than themſelves, and he appeared ſtill too much agitated to attend to the ſituation in which he found them. Doctor Croak's carriage was announced; all was hurry, confuſion and regret; Elinor ſobbed her adieus in the arms of her friend, and the Major led

Roſa to the carriage, having with difficulty ſeparated her from the reluctant embrace of parting affection.

The Major was not diſpoſed for converſation; and the viſion of the preceding night, as well as affectionate recollections of the friends from whom ſhe had parted, were ſubjects of meditation that ſufficiently engroſſed Roſa; but as the day advanced, her untravelled heart, filled with conſcious rectitude, grew lighter; ſhe caſt her admiring eyes around, every proſpect pleaſed, every paſſer-by amuſed her; ſhe had a Dacier's Homer in her pocket, and was by turns reader and ſpectator; now and then an opening in the view, a cluſter of trees, or a clear meandring river would remind her of the environs of Mount-Pleaſant, and bring every dear connexion there afreſh to her memory; Elinor's voice was ſtill

"Vibrating on her ear, ſtill melting there, and with voluptuous ſweetneſs thrilling through her heart."

A ſilent tear ſtole involuntarily down her cheek; but Homer and his heroes chaſed it; ſo that when the Major recovered his ſpirits, ſhe read and talked herſelf ſo well into his favour, as to diſpel from his mind as well as her own, all painful retroſpection; and they proceeded on their journey in ſtages, hardly ſenſible of the diſtance, as far as Ferry-Bridge, from whence they poſted to Edinburgh, where the Major's carriage was ordered to meet them.

But anxious as the Major was to return to his home and family, he could not reſiſt the temptation inſpired by true Caledonian pride, of ſhewing the fair ſtranger all the curioſities of the northern metropolis, which in native and acquired beauty, and in ancient as well as modern elegance, is juſtly eſteemed one of the chief ornaments of Great Britain.

The Caſtle's protecting turrets proudly over-looking a vaſt expanſe of land and ſea; the College, ſupported by a row of native pillars, equal in ſize and beauty to the fineſt marble; the regiſter office, at once ſimple, neat, and elegant; the library, from whence the philoſophy of Hume, the wiſdom of Blair, the fine turned language of Robinſon, the eloquence of Erſkine, whence indeed, the firſt geniuſes of the age gleaned what has ſince ripened

pened into the moſt abundant harveſt of mental excellence; the courts of law, where the preſident, decked in a robe of never fading integrity, pleads like a miniſtring angel the cauſe of the oppreſſed ſtranger,—where the fineſt ſenſe, the ſoundeſt argument, and the moſt beautiful phraſes, are often ſpoke in a dialect ſo broad and uncouth, that it is with extreme difficulty one can comprehend the ſubject on which the harangue is delivered; the fine old palace, the chamber, the cloſet, the needle work of the beautiful unfortunate Mary; the blood of the ill-formed, and as ill-fated Rizzio, when torn from the robe of his unhappy miſtreſs, which he vainly graſped for protection, and dragged to the top of the diſmal private ſtairs, by the barbarous James and his adherents; thoſe very adherents by whom that weak prince was afterwards murdered himſelf; the fine picture of the firſt Charles and his queen, in Lord Bredalbane's apartment; the more ancient, but not leſs beautiful ones which adorn many other parts of the palace, beſides the line of kings in dread array, which frown on the unſwept floor of the long gallery, and are, in their duſty diſhabille, a reflection on the country, were all oſtentatiouſly ſhewn to Roſa, and ſeverally explained by the national Major with a mixture of pride and regret.

Roſa's life, from the period when, according to her own reckoning, ſhe had began to live, had paſſed at Mount-Pleaſant like a pleaſant dream; but her mind, though calm and unruffled, was active; ſhe had read a great deal; the hiſtory of her own country was the amuſement of one whole winter, and while a Robinſon was the Scotch hiſtorian, Mrs. Harley was a conſtant reader; what ſhe approved, her pupils admired; Roſa had before wept the fate of the ill-fated Mary, and every ſcene of her eventful hiſtory recurred to her memory as ſhe traverſed the palace and liſtened to the Major's elucidations.

The few days ſhe had paſſed at Doctor Croak's ſhe had been hurried to ſee *every thing* by Mrs. Bawſky and Elinor, the former without feeling or taſte, the latter without judgment or experience, with ſuch velocity, that ſhe retained little, and underſtood leſs of the curioſities of London.

Here in the ſeat of ſcience, with a ſenſible companion, proud to embelliſh, and fond of explaining, her mind was entertained without being fatigued; and her evident gratification ſtriking the Major as proof of the ſuperiority of his dear country, was received as ſo acceptable a compliment to himſelf, that ſpite of the ſixty five years he had numbered, the gallant veteran would range with her over the Calton, and climb to Arthur's ſeat, delighted to obſerve the pleaſure and ſurpriſe which ſparkled in the eyes of his young companion, as ſhe looked round on the wide and romantic mixture of blue mountains and fertilized fields; barren rocks and a well peopled city; ancient buildings tottering into ruin, and new houſes, ſtreets, and ſquares where ſymmetry, beauty, and convenience were equally conſpicuous; groves, gardens, rivers, and ſeats, forming a *coup d'œil*, at once magnificent, ſolemn, and enchanting.

"Is this real," ſaid Roſa, "or is it a magical picture?"

"No," replied the Major, his heart ſwelling with a mixture of pride and ſenſibility, "it is all real; *you are in Scotland*; that is Edinburgh New Town; this, in a manner under our feet, the old city; that extenſive neglected building the palace of our kings, yon proud caſtle by turns their priſon and defence; acroſs that arm of the ſea the lands of Fife; yonder the ferry we croſs towards my Caſtle; and now methinks I feel a longing to be there."

He handed Roſa down the winding path; they returned to Walker's hotel, where two gentlemen, his particular friends, waited to ſee him, and Roſa, having promiſed to write to Elinor a faithful account of her adventures, retired, to make that amiable creature eaſy, in reſpect to the Major's treatment, and to deſcribe to her the wonders ſhe had ſeen.

The gentlemen, one a writer to the ſignet, the other a medical man, ſupped with them, and next morning they ſet off, and reached Caſtle Gowrand early in the evening.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

The ſecrets of the Caſtle.

MONTHS, and even years had now elapſed ſince the laird of Caſtle Gowrand had expreſſed any ſolicitude about what might pleaſe his fair lady, in the domeſtic arrangements of the Caſtle; but anxious the fair ſtranger ſhould be well received, he had written a long energetic letter, deſcriptive of the duties the laws of hoſpitality exacted from the female head of a family, to a young orphan of her own ſex; and he added, with no leſs fervor the advantages which might be hoped to reſult to her own children, from a companion, in whoſe praiſe he for the firſt time was eloquent; one who added to every grace of virtue all its moſt brilliant embelliſhments, and by way of finale, though laſt, what he knew would not be leaſt in effect, the gold and ſilver muſlins, with a cargo of faſhionable millinery, all of which he ſent home before his own arrival.

Mrs. Buhanun, beſides the jealouſy, for which according to her idea, ſhe had ſuch juſt grounds, had a littleneſs of mind about her that rendered it extremely difficult to allow any other perſon an equal, much leſs ſuperior degree of perfection than graced her own character. "This paragon, with her mighty accompliſhments! what were they which ſhe did not poſſeſs herſelf, and which her children might not more profitably imitate from her?

During the Major's abſence, Mrs. Buhanun had been ſlightly attacked by a fever and ulcerated ſore throat, which had been both epidemic and dangerous; and this ugly fever, ſo mal-apropos, had not only prevented her ſeeing her friends abroad, but abſolutely frightened them from viſiting her at home.

Mrs. Buhanun could not groan under a more ſevere calamity than being obliged to aſſociate with that greateſt of all ſtrangers, *herſelf*, and ſo according to the com-

mon axiom of "want of company welcome trumpery," ſhe actually ſent for all her children to ſit with her.

The cold and haughty diſtance at which ſhe had hitherto kept the two youngeſt, being now a little ſoftened by the languor of her own ſpirits, and the diſcovery, that notwithſtanding the redneſs of Jeſſy's eyes, and a few pits in Emma's face, they would be pretty, gave a tenderneſs to her voice, and good humour to her manner, which perfectly intoxicated the children, and drew from them a thouſand anecdotes of their papa, and Mrs. Walſingham, which would have pourtrayed them in the moſt amiable light to a mind not jaundiced by jealouſy, or narrowed by envy; but which, ſeen through the reverſe of the perſpective inflamed her paſſions; and her mind, weakened by ſickneſs, inſtead of railing, ſhe vented her ſcorn and anger in the more feminine and affecting ſhape of tears.

The children were affected; ſuch a kind mamma could not be to blame; Miſs Kattie was her mother's echo, and inſtead of the daily viſits they had begged permiſſion to pay at the wee hooſe by the burnſide, they entirely ceaſed to go there, and thought of Mrs. Walſingham only as the foe of their mamma.

The Major was agreeably ſurpriſed to find his houſe without viſitors, and more ſo to behold his wife domeſtically ſeated with her three children; his countenance lighted up, and he embraced them all with a tranſport that brought tears into his own eyes.

The eyes of Mrs. Buhanun were differently employed; they had fixed with equal diſguſt and aſtoniſhment on a face more beautiful than her own,—more blooming than Kattie's,—and ſparkling with more intelligence than ſhe had yet ſeen, or could comprehend.

The Major, hurt to ſee Roſa's graceful courteſy returned by a rude and ſcrutinizing ſtare, led her to Mrs. Buhanun, "I preſent to you, madam," ſaid he, gravely, "a young lady who will honor your protection."

The lady ſlightly curteſied, and turning her cheek to the ruby lip of our heroine, re-ſeated herſelf.

"What," ſaid the fond father, looking round with ſurpriſe, for even the beauty had been uſed to hang about him after every little abſence, "What is the meaning

meaning of all this? have you nothing to ſay to your father? no welcome for his friend?"

The children looked at mamma; her countenance expreſſed no kindneſs for her huſband, no civility, to the ſtranger; they however approached; the two younger, warmed by his paternal embrace, to recollection of paſt tenderneſs, hung round his neck, and then followed his glance to our heroine.

Roſa, accuſtomed to be the object of kind and partial notice, was yet ſtanding, her ſwelling heart recurring to other ſcenes, but the native prettineſs of the two young girls, and a formal ſalute from the beauty, a little re-aſſured her, and the tears which wounded pride repreſſed at the behaviour of the lady of the houſe, now burſt from her eyes; her hat had dropped off, and her hair, which had been faſtened under it with a comb, fell on her ſhoulders; the contour of her countenance was as intereſting as beautiful, and even the ſtately brow of Mrs. Buhanun relaxed of its aſperity; Emma reached a chair, and ſqueezed herſelf on one corner of it, preſſing Roſa's cold and paſſive hand between her's; Jeſſy jumped on her father's knee, and Miſs Kattie took a ſeat near her mother.

Supper was ſerved, and more harmony appeared to prevail than had been long witneſſed by the domeſtics of Caſtle Gowrand.

The Major was above concealments; he very well knew Mrs. Buhanun's averſion to Mrs. Walſingham, but his opinion, both of her heart and head, had gradually decreaſed, and was now at ſo low a point, that he accounted for her prejudice in a way too degrading for it to have any ſort of effect on his conduct; he aſked Emma how the amiable Mrs. Walſingham did, with as much eaſe and freedom as if ſhe was one of the chief intimates of Caſtle Gowrand.

Emma glanced at her mamma's riſing colour, ſhe heſitated, and her eye then falling under the ſevere and penetrating look of her father, ſhe alſo bluſhed.

The Major repeated his queſtion, and Jeſſy anſwered, "Indeed ſhe did nae loo Maiſtreſe Walſingham noo, and had nae been at the wee hooſe a lang lang ſyne."

It was now the Major's turn to colour, but happening to obſerve aſtoniſhment riſing in the intelligent countenance of the young ſtranger, he corrected himſelf and changed the ſubject.

The ſupper party ſeparated with over-ſtrained civility on the part of Mrs. Buhanun and her copy Miſs Kattie, with the kindeſt attention on that of the Major, and from Emma and Jeſſy, who had been too long in the habit of loving and obeying their father to be changed at once, with all the little aſſiduities which good-natured girls are fond of offering amiable beings of their own ſex a little older than themſelves.

All Roſa's inherent candour and her natural turn to put the moſt favourable conſtruction on the actions of others, could not reconcile her to the behaviour of Mrs. Buhanun; ſhe could perceive no aſſimilation of mind or manner between that lady and her huſband; nor could her revolting heart receive one friendly impreſſion towards her on the minuteſt retroſpect of the whole evening; but diſcouraging as, under ſuch obſervation, was her entrance into a family and ſituation ſo entirely new, the innocence of her own mind, and fatigue of the journey, ſoon gave a ceſſation to her cares; and ſhe aroſe the next morning with renovated ſpirit and beauty, chearfully reſolving whatever might be the conduct of others towards her, to maintain her own rectitude, and rely on that providence which had already ſo miraculouſly manifeſted its goodneſs for her protection.

The little girls had impatiently watched the opening of her ſhutters, and ſkipped into the room with ſalutations of the morning, if not quite ſo poliſhed as thoſe ſhe had been uſed to, at leaſt as ingenuous; and ſhe had the pleaſure of hearing the packages, containing her grand piano forte, her harp, books, and cloaths, which were ſent by ſea, were juſt brought to Caſtle Gowrand from Dundee, in Donald Ferguſon's cart.

The children, with the curioſity natural to their years and vivacity, were impatient to ſee what the packages contained; and her breakfaſt being ſerved in her chamber, ſhe amuſed herſelf in arranging her things, and at their unceaſing importunity, playing Meggy Lawther, Roſlin Caſtle, Farewell to Lochaber, Pinkey Houſe, and

a number of favorite Scots tunes, which, as ſhe had a great quantity of Scots muſic, ſhe gratified them in, and before dinner the girls told their father, "That Miſs Roſa was mair than winſome or bony, for ſhe was vary gude, an kened hoo to do aw ſorte of things."

The Major, notwithſtanding the diſobedience of his children, in regard to Mrs. Walſingham, which it was eaſy to ſee was countenanced by his wife, was yet ſo charmed with the recollection of the family piece, which had ſo agreeably ſurpriſed him on his return home, that he fondly flattered himſelf, from ſo delightful a ſpecimen of what *could be*, and finding Mrs. Buhanun without viſitors, ſhe had begun at laſt to think; he therefore entered her dreſſing-room with unuſual tenderneſs in his look, and began a tête-à-tête converſation, which, as curtain lectures were not now in the way of this good couple, Mrs. Buhanun pre-determined ſhould ſettle every minutia of her future conduct towards our heroine.

The pillow cogitations of this lady had not been ſo well inclined to a renewal of old affections, as thoſe of her ſpouſe; and judging of his feelings from the whiſperings of a little inward monitor, which reminded her of her own, had ſettled it in her own imagination, that his warm embrace, and the attention he had ſhewn her through the laſt evening, was art, put on to carry ſome favorite point; ſhe had indeed, after cloſe obſervance of every lineament in Roſa's ingenuous countenance, abandoned a half formed ſuſpicion, that the Major had a criminal attachment to her, and therefore concluded a ſtrict bond of amity was intended to be cemented between the beautiful heireſs of ſo principal a part of Colonel Buhanun's fortune, and the goddeſs of the barn ſide; if ſuch a conjunction of intereſt were deſigned, ſhe had, ſhe knew, no power to prevent it; but ſhe had paſſed the night in fortifying her own mind; and there were points ſhe alſo moſt heroically reſolved to carry.

When the Major entered at one door, her abigail retired at the other; he attempted to take her withdrawn hand, and aſked, in an accent of kindneſs, how ſhe had reſted? and how ſhe liked her young gueſt?

She anſwered in a ſtyle of ſcornful irony, that after depriving his wife of the common enjoyments ſhe had a right

to expect,—to which his rank, and her own merits entitled her; after preferring the ſociety of ſuch an adventreſs as the creature at Donald Ferguſon's to the mother of his children; after eſtranging the affections of thoſe children from their natural bent; there was very little wanting to eſtabliſh the notoriety of his character; that little he had at length atchieved; he had introduced a perſon under his roof, for the ſole and malignant purpoſe of eclipſing his own lovely daughter, whom ſhe plainly perceived was become obnoxious to *him*, becauſe ſhe was dear to *her*.

The poor Major was ſo confounded that it was really a much fairer concluſion than his lady was in the habit of forming, to ſuppoſe him guilt ſtruck.

She proceeded with raiſed voice and colour to aſſure him, ſhe could penetrate all his ſchemes; the girl, educated in the centre of art, and no doubt well inſtructed, was to break her heart, by placing her beloved and admired Kattie in the back ground; but however eaſy he might feel himſelf, in regard to the reſentment of an injured wife, ſhe would now take the liberty to aſſure him, ſhe would neither be the protectreſs, nor entertainer of *his Miſs Buhanun*, if he expected ſhe ſhould introduce her to her company at home, or take her en famille abroad.

As ſoon as the Major recollected himſelf, he was on the point of interrupting her, but her extreme volubility was not to be ſtopped.

"I ſee, Sir," continued ſhe, "what you are inclined to ſay, you are maſter of your own houſe, and I ſhall loſe no time in diſputing ſo allowed a point; but no force ſhall detain me under your roof, to countenance people I diſlike."

After this high-minded declaration ſhe left the room, and with Miſs Kattie got into her carriage, which ſhe had previouſly ordered to be ready to carry her to her friend, Mrs. Gibſon.

The Major, aſtoniſhed, grieved, and confounded, retired to his cloſet, where all the aids a man of true principle finds in his own unſullied heart to fortify it againſt the vexatious occurrences of human events, were inſufficient to tranquilliſe his ruffled mind; he could decide on

no

no proper mode of conduct, either toward Mrs. Buhanun or Roſa, nor could he take his morning walk to the burn-ſeed; he found himſelf really indiſpoſed, and made that his apology for not dining with his family.

Roſa expreſſed unfeigned ſorrow for the cauſe of his abſence; but whatever were her ſentiments on the rude behaviour of Mrs. Buhanun, who had left the houſe without ſeeming to know there was a ſtranger in it, ſhe was ſilent on that ſubject, and ſat down to dinner with Emma and Jeſſy, attended by a girl, who, in the abſence of the footman, generally waited.

The children were lively, affectionate, and agreeable. The Major had made them better ſcholars than is perhaps neceſſary, uſeful, or even deſirable for females; and Mrs. Walſingham had taken unwearied pains to ſoften their Scotch dialect, by attending to all the errors of their native pronunciation; but there was ſtill a romping, uncouth rudeneſs about them, that, added to their Scotchiſms, firſt amuſed and then ſhocked our heroine.

Roſa now perfectly comprehended the kindneſs of thoſe motives that inſiſted on concealing her origin; Mrs. Buhanun, it was eaſy to ſee, was not of a diſpoſition to blunt the edge of calamity, or reſpect virtue in the garb of poverty. The only return the Major expected, or ſhe could offer for the paternal regard he evinced for her, was to attach herſelf to the improvement of thoſe moſt dear to him.

Perhaps on a full conſideration of every circumſtance, a ſecret wiſh would ariſe, that ſhe had not left the abode of ſerenity at Mount-Pleaſant; but excepting reflections on the fate of her mother, which ſaddened her moſt lively moments, her's was a mind more prone to look forward with hope, than back with regret, more eſpecially as ſelf accuſation never accompanied retroſpection; ſhe therefore calmly reſolved to ſet with avidity about the reformation ſo viſibly wanting in her young companions.

Jeſſy talked of a Maiſtreſe Walſingham, and hoo faſhed paupau was, they haa nae been at the burnſeed ſae lang ſyne.

"And who is Mrs. Walſingham?" aſked Roſa.

"Ah troth ſhes as leek ye as twa corries of berley," ſaid the roſy cheeked damſel who waited at table.

"Why

"Why will ye be ſae daft Jenny?" ſaid Emma, laughing, "hoo caun Maiſtreſe Walſingham be leeken? is Roſa when ye ken ſhe's gotten a wan face an es eilder thaun my mamau."

"Well Meſs, ai ken aw that; but dinna ſhe tauk leek Meſs, an lauf leek Meſs, an greet leet Meſs, an if ſhe's nae ſae bonny, ſhe's unco houndſome."

Roſa, with ſome difficulty, made out that Mrs. Walſingham was a favorite with Jenny, as well as her maſter; the girl indeed, who could not forget certain kindneſſes, when ſhe, as well as her young ladies, lay ill in the ſmall pox, never opened her lips about Maiſtreſe Walſingham, without a bleſſing or praiſe; and the likening her to Roſa was no ſmall ſign of good will to the latter.

"There's your paupau, Meſs," ſaid Jenny, "ganging doon the glen; I ken'd he wud nae reſte tull he hed ſpeer'd the gude weef at Donald Ferguſon."

"I thought the Major was ill," ſaid Roſa.

"Ah pure gude mon!" exclaimed the loquacious Jenny.

Roſa was thoughtful.

The Major returned to ſupper, calm and chearful; his eyes ſparkled, and he preſſed Roſa's hand in a manner that expreſſed both tenderneſs and gratitude, when his daughters told him of the wonders ſhe had diſplayed, of the books ſhe had given them, of the leſſons they had already begun, and how weel ſhe tuned Moggy Lawther and Pinky Hoos and Lēwe Gordon and Roſlin Caſtle.

"Well," ſaid the Major, "all this is very fine; and I hope you will love one who is ſo amiable, and ſo worthy of imitation, and not neglect her in my abſence, as you have done the beſt of women."

The girls hung down their heads.

"Ah my children! I muſt leave you for ever, God only knows how ſoon; but let me die in the conſoling hope, you will love the good, emulate their virtues, and follow their example."

A tear dropped on the cheek of each bluſhing girl, as he affectionately embraced them.

"Miſs

" Miſs Buhanun," he added, " I will diſcharge ſome of my obligations to *you* to-morrow, by introducing you to Mrs. Walſingham."

After a forenoon paſſed in the commencement of ſtudies, of which the Major was a delighted ſpectator, they walked acroſs ſome fine fields, to the glen that led to the burn ſide.

Roſa's heart bounded; a feeling like greeting a loved and native ſcene pervaded her gentle boſom, while the Major pointed to this riſe, that dell, thoſe old, or theſe young plantations, and carried imagination back to a circumſtance, in which his nephew, and her benefactor was a principal figure.

" Juſt," ſaid he, " like your's, his face and form was lightneſs and ſymmetry itſelf; his hair not indeed ſo long, or in ſuch redundance, but exactly your colour; and juſt there; I ſee him at this moment.

Roſa ſtarted; ſhe looked round; an involuntary tear ſtole down her cheek.

" Yes, it was there," continued the Major, " I laſt ——ſome time or other I will tell you his ſtory,—'tis a diſmal one."

" There, paupau," cried Jeſſe, as turning a ſhort angle of the narrow winding path, they came to a precipice over-hanging a river, which in its gentle courſe moiſtened, and gave a beautiful verdure to the woods, that grew in profuſion, and hung, as it were, from ſtupendous rocks on each ſide, " there's the wee hooſe."

Roſa, directed by the child's exclamation, looked down the rock; ſaw a cluſter of ſmall huts, which had nothing in them uncommon beſides the neatneſs of the thatch, and extraordinary ſituation, as they appeared to be built on ſhelves of the rock, and carried gradually down to the edge of the water on ſteps.

But though the buildings were ſo ſimple and unadorned, the ſcene that at once opened to view was enchanting beyond any thing Roſa had ever ſeen; walks were cut in all directions from the huts, both upward through the glen, and down to the edge of the burn; earth had been carried with great labour, and laid on the part of the rock neareſt the habitation, in order to bring fine flowers,

flowers, green-houſe, plants, exotics, and evergreens, quite round it.

The ſombre ſilence which reigned unbroken by ought but the ſoft lavings of the ſlowly gliding ſtream, and the winged choriſters that might here be rather ſaid to chirp, than to ſing, as the thick foliage of the hanging woods ſecluded them from the ſun's chearing ray, and inſpired a kind of ſolemn reſpect for the inhabitants of a ſpot ſo ſequeſtered, ſo humble, and yet ſo taſtefully deſigned.

As they deſcended by ſteps, rather than a path, her eyes devoured freſh beauties; on the oppoſite ſide the river the hanging woods anſwered thoſe through which they were paſſing; here and there, a ſmall opening made by cutting from the large trees ſome of their luxuriant honours, let in a ſober light on the impending rocks.

The ſprings near the walks were carefully turned in wooden trunks, ſo as to fall from ſpout to ſpout without damping the gravel, yet be eaſily turned, to nurture the plants and flowers; wild ſtrawberries fringed the path, which terminated in a ſort of maze, before a white porch, containing the only viſible door.

To the right, the view up the river was at a ſmall diſtance bounded by a point of projecting rock, on which ſtood the ruins of an ancient Caſtle, renowned for being once the aſylum of Wallace, the great Scotch hero; to the left, a quarter of a mile down the river, by the broken arch of an ancient bridge; but no trace of neighbourhood or ſociety, ſave thoſe which the curling ſmoke, aſcending from the low chimney, proved to dwell under the humble roof before them.

"Surely," ſaid Roſa, "this is fairy land; I expect to ſee ſomething more than mortal in the genius of this enchanting place."

"You cannot raiſe your expectations too high," anſwered the Major; "the genius of this place *is* more than mortal."

The plain brown door was opened by a blooming red haired girl of eighteen, who had ſeen them approach through a ſmall window near the porch, and they entered a room, where an old woman ſat ſpinning every thing

thing about her was clean, but very plain; and nothing in that apartment ſpoke the reſidence of a divinity.

The girl opened a ſmall folding door, and by deſcent of a few ſteps, conducted them to a handſome matted paſſage, from whence a ſmall gothic door opened into a ſquare lobby, paved with white ſtone, from thence again, through a ſmall wicket, another flight of ſteps led to a gravel walk round a baſon of water the chryſtal reſidence of a number of gold and ſilver fiſh, to a ſecond gothic door, fancifully ornamented with ſhells, formed into wreaths of flowers, and intermixed with pieces of ſpar; this door, on being opened, led to a ſecond ſquare, and diſcovered the river almoſt under it, ſhaded by the branches of trees from the oppoſite bank, reaching nearly to the ſteps that led directly to the water; on the right and left of this lobby were correſpondent gothic doors, one of which being opened, ſhewed the reſidence of the genius of the place, and ſtruck Roſa dumb with wonder and admiration.

Three gothic caſement windows, which opened to a ſmall border of flowerets, over-hanging the water, were divided by ſattin wood ſtands, equally adapted to ornament and uſe; the upper parts were filled with books, the lower with implements for writing, working, drawing, &c. and ſmall apertures round the whole, for china jars, which were filled with flowers.

Eolian harps hung to each window; a ſmall forte piano, with an Engliſh and Spaniſh guittar, and ſhelves for muſic books filled a ſmall receſs on one ſide.

The chairs and correſpondent ſofas were plain, but elegant; large china vaſes ſtood in different parts of the room filled with greens and flowers; the floor was covered with India matting, and the walls hung with plain India paper, ornamented with fine pencil drawings; the curtains were green taffety, and the air of the whole, though ſimple, was grand, and even ſublime. At the further end of the apartment, oppoſite to the receſs, were a pair of folding glaſs doors, which, as the weather was very warm, on being thrown open, diſcovered a ſmall room, with one gothic window correſpondent to the others, before which was a large white marble table, and on that a ſquare ivory caſe, moſt curiouſly carved, with

with ſilver feet, hinges, and locks, on each ſide of which ſtood a ſilver two branched high candleſtick. The floor of this room was covered with a Perſia carpet, as was two low ſtools; ſome fine framed pictures hung round, the painting concealed by green curtains, and, like the outer room, it was ornamented with china vaſes, and hung with India paper; but extraordinary as it was to find ſuch elegancies, ſo concealed, it was not at this moment that our heroine's particular attention could be given to inanimates.

A tall graceful woman aroſe from the ſofa at the upper end of the room, to receive them, whoſe fine figure, majeſtic deportment, and commanding brow, muſt have repelled every approach to familiarity, had theſe not been ſoftened by a melancholy that could not be obſerved without ſympathy, a ſenſibility that invited confidence, and a ſoothing friendly open politeneſs that was irreſiſtible.

Mrs. Walſingham was at this period in her forty-ninth year; ſhe wore a plain grey farſenet robe, which rather flowed than hung, in graceful folds on her tall fine formed perſon; her dark melting eyes, like thoſe of our firſt Charles, had an unalterable expreſſion of grief in them; her face was rather intereſting than beautiful; "Mild, pale, penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but looked as if it looked at ſomething beyond this world."

The crow's foot, ah my charming young old mammas, aunts, and grandmammas! whoſe variegated ribbands, fans, and feathers,—whoſe ringlets, rouge, and bare necks, defy the crow's foot, you are entreated to believe it; the thing is actually poſſible; poor Mrs. Walſingham, though not quite in her half hundredth year, which many of you have long paſſed, had not only crows feet at the corner of her eyes, but her once dark treſſes were downright grey; a misfortune, as ſhe wore no powder, and as there were no heads of hair makers near the burn ſide, it was impoſſible entirely to hide;—her complexion was ſtill delicately fair, her movements graceful, and her voice harmonious. She had read much, and ſuffered more; her heart was open to ſorrow, and her purſe

purſe to diſtreſs; ſhe knew the world well, and affected not to make a merit of leaving it; her retirement, ſhe confeſſed, was the conſequence of her errors, not the object of her choice. Such was the gude weef of the burnſeed; and both the apartment and their owner ſtill reminded Roſa of the fairy tales.

Mrs. Walſingham anſwered the Major's enquiries after her health, and addreſſed Roſa in a manner ſo eaſy, yet ſo truly dignified, that the admiration excited by the firſt view of the elegant retreat, was wholly transferred to its extraordinary tenant; the decorations and furniture of the apartments, inimitable as was the one, and taſty as appeared the other, was not even en ſuite with the poliſh of the owner's mind, and her heart inſtantly recogniſed another, and more noble Mrs. Harley, riſing from the very lap of oblivion, to conſole her for the dear abſent friends at Mount-Pleaſant.

The pleaſure which ſhone in her expreſſive eyes, as ſhe contraſted the manners of this lady with thoſe of her inhoſpitable hoſteſs, convinced the Major he was not deceived in his expectation; and the glances of approbation with which in return Mrs. Walſingham honoured our heroine, were obvious to his obſervation, and acceptable to his heart.

The children, conſcious of their fault, whiſpered Roſa to aſk Mrs. Walſingham to forgive them; and it was a boon eaſily granted; tea and coffee was ſerved on plate, by the red haired damſel; no need of ſuch auxiliaries as cards, in viſits where the ſoul has ſo great a ſhare; the ladies were as well with each other as if their acquaintance had commenced with their exiſtence; and the delightful viſit did not terminate till the trees, the walks, and the water were no more viſible.

The Major had opened his aching heart to his friend and counſellor; he had repeated to her his recent converſation with his wife, and warmly expreſſed his diſpleaſure at her reſolutions in reſpect to Roſa.

To quick diſcernment Mrs. Walſingham added a thorough knowledge of human nature. In Roſa's real ſituation, what good purpoſe could it anſwer, ſhe aſked, to take her into company, where, if not properly introduced, and protected, ſhe muſt be ſubject to a thouſand mortifications;

mortifications; ſhe had too much delicacy to give her opinion of that littleneſs of mind in Mrs. Buhanun, which could not bear ſuperior attractions, but ſpoke with indulgence on a mother's anxious jealouſy for the advantage of her child.

"Roſa," ſhe added, "is a flower that will not be leſs admired for its temporary ſecluſion; and the time that muſt elapſe before you can have returns from India, will be a mine of treaſure to your daughters, without injury to her; and with reſpect to the viſitors at Caſtle Gowrand, if I have any ſkill in phyſiognomy, ſhe will have too much good ſenſe, not to comprehend why ſhe is not introduced to them, and too much proper pride to reſent it. She will fill up her time at home moſt profitably to you, and moſt honourable to herſelf; ſhe will have the burn ſide to come to, and do very well."

Mrs. Walſingham was perfectly right, the burn ſide became more than an equivalent to Roſa for all the laughing jollity that invariably attended the parties at Caſtle Gowrand, and the children, animated by her example, attached themſelves with the greateſt avidity to thoſe improving ſtudies, which were regularly ſucceeded by evenings paſſed in refined converſations, for which they ſoon had a reliſh, and elegant amuſements which they were permitted to ſhare.

Leſſons of reading and fine works were taken at home; muſic and drawing at the burn ſide, where the converſation being wholly in French, a few months did wonders for the children, and filled the Major's heart with thankful gratitude to heaven, and to each of his fair aſſociates.

Mrs. Buhanun's ſpirit would not bend to partake even her huſband's parental happineſs; ſhe either did not, or affected not to perceive the improvement of her children; her ungracious carriage to them, as well as Roſa, was uniform, and habit rendered it of leſs and leſs importance. The family all dined together when they were alone; but the arrival of company was the ſignal for retirement to Roſa and her pupils.

Roſa correſponded with Miſs Bawſky, and often heard through her, from the good governeſs. Her acquaintance with the Muſhroom family died with her patron,

patron, and Mrs. Feverſham was too buſy to enquire after ſo inſignificant a being; ſo that excepting letters from the affectionate Elinor, Roſa had no ties in a world that now ſeemed receding from her view; Caſtle Gowrand and the dear burn ſide contained ample ſources of felicity, amuſement, and pleaſure, and every day was ſo delightfully employed, that though the Major had promiſed to tell Mrs. Walſingham and Roſa the ſtory of his ill fated relation, and though Mrs. Walſingham had made the ſame promiſe in reſpect to her own, both which promiſes were to be performed the firſt leiſure day, near two years had paſſed, and ſtill the promiſe ſtood for the firſt leiſure day.

It muſt not be preſumed that Roſa was indifferent to the hiſtory of thoſe ſo dear to her heart and recollection; but beſides that one charming evening was ſucceeded by another more charming, the promiſed ſtories were, as both the Major and Mrs. Walſingham declared, diſmal ones; that of Colonel Buhanun would pain the relator, that of the lady was never adverted to without affecting her even to agony; ſo that in the boſom of placid and refined friendſhip, in the calm delights of elegant ſociety, and the ſerene enjoyment of unobtruſive happineſs, the ſacrifice of curioſity to peace, had more in it to commend, than to wonder at.

CHAP. XXIII.

The Storm.

MAJOR BUHANUN, in the mean while, though his heart was eſtranged from the ſociety of his wife, had ceaſed to reſent; he now only regretted her follies, and lamented that frivolity of taſte, that deprived her of the raptures which filled his own paternal heart, as he ſaw his girls growing into elegance: but it was with agony he reflected on the part ſhe was acting towards Kattie, whoſe improving beauty rendered her the idol of her mother, and deprived her of the important advantages her

her ſiſters were every hour gaining. This was a ſubject on which Mrs. Walſingham had nothing conſoling to ſay; it was too obvious a misfortune to be reaſoned away; and the only remedy, that of forcing her from her mother, too delicate and uncertain to be adopted; all the Major could do for his devoted beauty, was to take care of the future, in regard to her pecuniary eſtabliſhment, and ſubmit her to the diſpenſations of providence.

Two years had now elapſed ſince one of the moſt perfect young women of the age had lived ſecluded and unknown under the roof of one of the moſt gay and diſſipated women in Scotland; two years had Roſa, with improving beauty, mental and external, felt all her deſires bounded, her wiſhes gratified, and her happineſs centered in the ſociety of a woman whom ſhe equally admired, loved, and reſpected, in the paternal regard of the Major, and in the improvement of his lovely daughters; ſhe rode the brown highlands for exerciſe; nor had one wiſh ever ariſen that the charms which filled the humble peaſant with admiration, ſhould be ſeen or ſpoken of among the more poliſhed viſitors at the Caſtle; content was the inmate of her boſom, health bloomed on her countenance, and virtue guided her actions.

Mrs. Walſingham had one evening, with unuſual gravity, been marking the unchangeable courſe of paſſing time; there was a patient endurance of grief in the look of this lady, that mellowed the animated fire of her eyes, and took more from their brilliancy than time could do; all the amiable ſociability of her temper, her experience, her ſentiments, her wiſdom, and attainments, were frankly ſhared with her friends; it was her private ſorrows only from which ſhe excluded them; and never till this moment had ſhe ſaddened one ſerene interview at the burnſide, by adverting to her own unhappineſs.

"To-morrow," ſaid Mrs. Walſingham, "I ſhall have numbered fifty years—thirty of them—ah my God!"

"To-morrow," ſaid the Major, eagerly, "then to-morrow we will paſs with you—yes, to-morrow ſhall be the

the red letter day of our kalendar—it ſhall be a holyday to the labourer—and a bleſſing to the poor."

Mrs. Walſingham haſtily retired into her ſmall room, and excuſed herſelf from returning that evening.

The Major however was reſolved to keep his word; Mrs. Buhanun happened to be gone to Inverary, to celebrate the coming of age of a young heireſs, and the birth day of his friend was ordered to be celebrated with high feſtivity.

A meſſage from the ſaint of the day not a little damped his ſhare in the feſtival; ſhe reminded him of an excuſe ſhe had made that day twelvemonth for not ſeeing them; the ſound of joy muſt never, ſhe declared, reach her on the anniverſary of her miſerable exiſtence; ſhe would paſs it as it ought to be paſſed, and poſitively declined to ſee the Major, or any of his party, till the morrow.

The gloom this meſſage inſpired wore off; the jocund bagpipe, with an additional accompanyment, ſounded from the hall; the humble neighbours and tenants were already aſſembled; the reels began; Roſa and her pupils joined them; and the Major, after blaming his friend for her obſtinate and poſitive adherence to what he peeviſhly called whim, was at once the condeſcending maſter, and benevolent chearful friend.

"To-morrow," ſaid he, "we will live this day over again with Mrs. Walſingham." And at an early hour the happy group haſtened to offer the congratulations of affectionate friendſhip at the burn ſide.

Evident traces of the profound ſorrow in which Mrs. Walſingham had paſſed the preceding day, were yet viſible on her countenance; her manner was never more elegantly polite; her converſation never more ſweetly affecting; her attentions more unremitted; nor her friendſhip more animated; but a ſort of reſtrained ſadneſs pervaded the whole, and could not eſcape the obſervation of ſo warm and zealous a friend as Major Buhanun.

"What," ſaid he, "my amiable friend, is the cauſe of this uncommon depreſſion? true, you are never gay, but your heart,—your pure heart has——"

"Ah

"Ah Major," cried the lady, her eyes fixed on the plain ring on the third finger of her left hand, "you know not."

"Nor do I wish; I will not know ought that will damp the joy to which I have dedicated this day; you would not permit me to see you yesterday; Mrs. Walsingham would not permit her friend to share her sorrow; she deprived him of his dearest right."

Mrs. Walsingham turned towards the gothic window, the Major followed.

"I made others glad yesterday; they blessed the friend of my soul, and prayed for many returns of the day that gave birth to the best of women; but this is *my* festival more sacred and more joyful; I feel in your presence all the triumph of gratitude, and all the emanations of sincere friendship; this is to *me* your birthday; as such I will celebrate and enjoy it."

Mrs. Walsingham smiled, but it was a smile of woe, and joined in conversation, while her mind was visibly detached.

As elegant a repast as the country could produce, and her small number of domestics provide, was served; but it wanted that zest which used to render their little feasts enchanting.

Mrs. Walsingham, as the Major said, was never gay, but while it was evident she "had that within her that passeth show;" innate good humour, polite attention, and habitual fine breeding, would have tranquillized her brow in their presence, had not her heart been warmed towards them by the sincerest friendship and affection; but the internal struggles to conceal and repress the anguish of her feelings, which during the whole day cost her infinite pain, were too weak to be successful.

Rosa saw her agitation, and the girls caught the sadness of their friends; the Major proposed sending them home at an early hour, as he had sometimes before done, and Mrs. Walsingham did not, as she was in the habits of doing, oppose this arrangement. She pressed them to her bosom, and suffered them to depart under the protection of her faithful Donald.

The Major, affected by the sadness of a woman to whom he certainly was more strongly attached than a married

married man, in other circumſtances could or ſhould be, fixed his eyes on the woods on the oppoſite ſide of the late ſmooth ſtream; but the water, into whoſe clear boſom the unhappy Mrs. Walſingham had dropped many a ſorrowful tear, ſeemed as if preparing to partake of her troubles; the wind roſe, the ſky darkened, and the river rather curled than glided over the pebbly bottom.

As Mrs. Buhanun claimed the excluſive right of the carriage, the Major had, for the convenience of his family's intercourſe at the burn ſide, built a ſort of carriage, not unlike the Iriſh jaunting car, with a cover at top, which in damp weather carried them to the edge of the craggy path, that led through the glen, on the borders of which he had erected a temporary covering for the carriage, horſe, and ſervant, who waited for their return; the riſing ſtorm, therefore, as the children muſt now be near home, ſerved only to increaſe the penſoroſo caſt of his mind, without alarming him.

The wind encreaſing, and the rain beating againſt the gothic windows, Mrs. Walſingham ordered candles, and directed the ſhutters to be cloſed.

Still her eyes were caſt down, ſtill the riſing ſigh would burſt from her ſtruggling heart, till a flood of tears ſeemed a little to relieve her.

"For God's ſake, Mrs. Walſingham," ſaid the Major, "if you would not change a day I had devoted to joy, into one of anguiſh, do not thus afflict yourſelf; you tear my very ſoul; has any new misfortune happened to you? can my intereſt, my fortune, my life, reſtore you to peace?"

Roſa had no fortune, no intereſt, to offer the ſtill weeping Mrs. Walſingham; but ſuch was the affection and reſpect ſhe bore her, that to alleviate the ſufferings which ſeemed to rend her heart, ſhe felt at that moment that ſhe could have given up exiſtence.

Mrs. Walſingham aroſe; ſhe ruſhed from them into her interior apartment, from whence her ſighs were diſtinctly heard.

Roſa involuntarily followed to the door; it was cloſed; but the ſilk curtain before the glaſs not being drawn cloſe, ſhe beheld her in an attitude that aſtoniſhed her.

She

She had thrown back the ſmall doors of the ivory caſe, which had often attracted Roſa by the peculiar beauty of its workmanſhip, and was kneeling with folded hands and upcaſt eyes, before a golden crucifix, well worthy of ſuch a repoſitory.

Roſa had never ſeen any of the exerciſes of the catholic religion; the Major and his family were all members of the church of Scotland, and ſhe profeſſed the eſtabliſhed religion of the country in which ſhe was bred; the object before her was therefore perfectly new, and almoſt unintelligible.

The Major, who had alſo inſtinctively ariſen, and followed his friend, retreated when he beheld her. He took Roſa's hand, "Excellent creature," ſaid he, in a low voice; "Roſa, this woman is a catholic; a rigid one; the faith we profeſs is different, but we ſhall meet, I truſt, I know we ſhall meet where we ſhall have but one faith, in the preſence of one God."

The ſcene and the ſubject, equally ſolemn, filled Roſa with a religious kind of awe; a few minutes elapſed; the ſobbings ceaſed; and Mrs. Walſingham returned more compoſed, but not free from agitation.

She ſeated herſelf, and after apologizing in a hurrying way for leaving them, "I promiſed," ſaid ſhe, in a faltering accent, "to give you the outlines of my wretched life,—my ſad—ſad ſtory."

"Sad ſtory!" repeated the Major, eagerly, "no, no,—we will have no ſad ſtories to-day; for God's ſake no ſorrowful recollection, no retroſpects,—ſad ſtory! what ſays my gentle Roſa? do you want a ſad ſtory?"

"Ah no! if a ſad ſtory was at all deſirable, it would be that *you* have ſo long promiſed."

"Name it not," anſwered the Major, with vivacity, "'tis a tale for other times; and ſo, my dear Mrs. Walſingham, muſt your's be; for no ſad tale will I hear this evening; ſo order your coffee, and let me have ſome brandy and water to raiſe my ſpirits."

Mrs. Walſingham forced a ſmile, "I have promiſed you both, and muſt perform," ſaid ſhe; "what it has coſt me to call up fortitude for the taſk, you can only conceive from my eventful hiſtory. I am now calm and ready."

"Not

"Not to-night! not to-night!" interrupted the Major.

"It muſt be to-night, Major, or never."

"Never, then! never!" the Major was alarmed to agitation, "never do I wiſh to know what will give you pain to relate; ſpare me, Madam," and he drank off the glaſs of brandy and water, which had been brought in.

The coffee was ſerved; "Sing me a ſong, Roſa," ſaid he, and he drank a ſecond glaſs of brandy and water; Mrs. Walſingham was ſilent, and Roſa ſung; the Major, full of falſe ſpirits, would alſo ſing, and the melancholy hoſteſs, alarmed at a third glaſs he wanted to drink, affected a chearfulneſs foreign to her feeling.

The Major would have ſupper; he would have claret, and drink bumpers to many happy returns of that day; he was indulged.

Mrs. Walſingham had always lived in the moſt elegant habits; her retreat was not only furniſhed, but ſtored with the kind of delicacies to which ſhe had been uſed.

Donald was ſilence perſonified; he was the purveyor, under her directions, and his cart conveyed from Dundee and Edinburgh ſuch purchaſes as by a common carrier muſt have excited curioſity.

The weather, which before ſunſet had menaced a ſtorm, now encreaſed to a tempeſt; the wind whiſtled round the wee hooſe; the ſoft murmurs of the ſtream was changed to a ruſhing diſcoloured cataract; and as the hour of repoſe drew nigh, the hoſteſs preſſed her gueſts to take the ſhelter of her houſe for the night, which the Major poſitively declined, but warmly ſolicited her to accompany them to Caſtle Gowrand, which ſhe as poſitively refuſed; and thus, from the ſame ſecret motive of delicacy, two friends parted, who were beſt calculated to ſupport each other, not only in a ſtormy September night, but through all the ſtorms of three ſcore years and ten.

The Major, with Donald for their guide, ſupported the trembling ſteps of the affrighted Roſa, who ſcarce able to keep her feet at paſſing the craggy point that overhung the burnſide, ſhuddered at the loud roaring of

the ruſhing torrent, and ejaculated a prayer for the ſafety of the amiable woman ſhe had left, and for her own and her friend's ſafe arrival at the Caſtle.

The car was in waiting; but the wind, which now tore up the trees by their roots, and had already unroofed the temporary building, rendered it dangerous to attempt riding; the Major therefore ſent back the faithful Donald, and putting one arm of Roſa under his own, the other under his ſervant's, took the open path acroſs the fields, and with the greateſt labour and difficulty, after three hours' buffeting the ſtorm, which blew directly againſt them, reached Caſtle Gowrand.

The Major, with the moſt paternal ſolicitude, ordered the utmoſt care to be taken of Roſa, and before he would ſuffer his own dripping clothes to be changed, ſaw her in her chamber, and carried to her bedſide a baſon of ſtrong whey, and after charging her not to riſe the next day before dinner, retired.

The horrors of the ſtorm, which ſtill raged with dreadful fury; torrents of rain, and what is by no means common in the north, loud burſts of thunder, and vivid flaſhes of lightning, prevented Roſa's ſleeping; her thoughts reverted to the lonely dwelling on the burnſide; the horrible roar, and even ſprays of water that had reached her on the corner of the craggy clift: the war of elements that had in her imagination defaced all the calm beauties of a terreſtrial paradiſe, and the melancholy of the dear inhabitant of that ſolitary ſpot, were ſubjects of meditation, from which ſhe could not detach her ideas till day break; when the violence of the wind abated, and ſhe fell into a profound ſleep, from which ſhe did not awake till noon.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

The Major proved mortal, his wife politic, and the Beggar in a new character, among new acquaintances of different diſpoſition.

THE firſt object of Roſa's enquiry, after ſeeing the young ladies, was the Major, whom the ſervant ſaid was not yet viſible. She then with her young friends commenced the employments of the morning till the dinner warning bell rung; ſtill the Major was not viſible; his ſervant, who had been at his chamber door ſeveral times in the courſe of the morning, now entered it, and undrawing the curtains, found his good maſter dreſſed, but in an apparent ſtate of inſenſibility; his face frightfully diſtorted, and his eyes cloſed.

The ſorrow and diſtreſs ſuch an event could not fail to occaſion, in a family where the maſter was a common father, and where the diſtracted children had not a mother preſent to meliorate the violence of their feelings may be eaſily conceived. Roſa, though not leſs grieved than the poor girls who clung to her for ſupport and comfort, was the only being whoſe preſence of mind was not loſt in this ſudden calamity; the waters were every where out, but a faithful domeſtic undertook, at the riſk of his life, to go by Kinhorne to Edinburgh, for medical aſſiſtance, the doctor who reſided in the adjoining village, profeſſing himſelf at a total loſs how to proceed.

Another man alſo undertook to make the beſt of his way to Inverary, which was about the ſame diſtance from Caſtle Gowrand as Edinburgh, exactly the contrary way, and the road ſtill more expoſed to inundations.

During twenty-eight hours, that elapſed from the time theſe meſſengers were ſent off, to the return of the firſt from Edinburgh, with the beſt medical aſſiſtance, among whom one was the Major's moſt particular friend, Roſa ſat, her heart torn with grief and affright, at the melancholy ſpectacle before her, by the Major's bedſide,

and was carried from thence in a fainting fit ſoon after the Doctor's arrival.

Notwithſtanding the deplorable ſituation in which the Major had lain ſo many hours, the faculty gave hope of a partial recovery; every effort was uſed, and after a conſultation, to which the country practitioner was invited, the gentlemen, who were all of eminent and extenſive practice, returned to Edinburgh, except the Major's particular friend, who, with Mr. Alexander Frazer, writer to the ſignet, another very particular friend, ſtaid to watch the turn of the diſorder, and ſee Mrs. Buhanun, whoſe return was retarded by the floods which every where overflowed the roads.

The third day, however, after riding beſt part of the way through the fields on horſe back, no carriage being able to paſs the road, ſhe arrived at Caſtle Gowrand.

Mrs. Buhanun's was a vain, a thoughtleſs, an inconſiderate, and a ſtubborn, but not a corrupt heart; it was impoſſible to live ſeventeen years with Major Buhanun, and not reſpect the mild benevolence of his temper and diſpoſition; and all the latent affection which ſo good a man could not fail to inſpire, was rouſed into ſenſible feeling, by the ſight which preſented to Mrs. Buhanun at her entrance into her huſband's chamber.

There lay the father of her children, his features indeed returned to their uſual form, but his inanimate body and half cloſed eyes totally immoveable.

Roſa, ſitting on one ſide the bed, pale as marble; Doctor Cameron on the other, his eyes red and ſwollen; Emma and Jeſſy on their knees, with each a cheek reſting on the lap of their young inſtructreſs, and a ſilence reigned ſo uniform and unbroken, except by the hard breathing of the apparently dying Major, that it might be aptly called the chamber of death.

Mrs. Buhanun ſhrieked, and burſting into tears, threw herſelf beſide her huſband; ſhe bathed his paſſive hand with tears, lamented her eſtrangement from his affection, implored his forgiveneſs of her faults, and gave full way to thoſe exceſſes which are ſure to agitate weak minds at any ſudden calamity.

Whether the nature of the diſeaſe was to undergo a ſudden change, or whether the medicines with which he was

was ſupplied, by advice of the faculty, happened to operate at that inſtant, thoſe better verſed in the natural cauſes and effect than the author, will determine. At the moment when Mrs. Buhanun, in loud and diſtracted tones, lamented the total loſs of her huſband's faculties, his fixed eyes rolled in their orbits, he moved his hand, and made a faint attempt to turn his head.

Doctor Cameron, his attentive and watchful friend, not more ſurpriſed than rejoiced at ſo favourable a ſymptom, directly ordered the room to be cleared; and the lady, whoſe aſtoniſhment at leaſt equalled her grief, ſuffered herſelf to be led by Mr. Frazer to the door of her own chamber.

From this moment Doctor Cameron gave ſome hope of the Major's recovery of his mental faculties, and continued himſelf the unremitting watch of every breath his patient drew; in this humane avocation he was perhaps not a little gratified by the conſtant viſitation and joint attention of one of the moſt beautiful females he had ever beheld; no hour paſſed without Roſa's attendance at the bedſide of the Major, and the poor Doctor, while he ſaw with approbation and delight, the anxious ſolicitude of fond and grateful friendſhip, ſwallowed large draughts of that paſſion which is ſaid to be the bane or bleſſing of its victims.

Mrs. Buhanun, in all caſes of emergency, was the moſt helpleſs of human beings; after the firſt emotions, which the ſight of her huſband in ſuch a dreadful ſtate naturally raiſed, and in which perhaps conſcience had ſome ſhare, ſhe conſidered Roſa as a being who had not only power, but inclination to ſave her much terror as well as trouble; the ſight of the Major terrified her, and ſhe could not conſign the care of him to common ſervants; but Miſs Roſa, ah her dear Major! loved no body ſo well, and who therefore ſo proper to become ſtationary in *his* room, when ſhe herſelf thought it but decent to take to her *own*, where indeed a thouſand reflections and recollections aſſailed her.

Mrs. Buhanun's fortune not entitling her to a jointure, none had been aſked by her provident papa, nor any offered by the Major; ſo that her beauty and accompliſhments were wholly at his mercy; and though ignorant in

moſt reſpects of the uſage of the world, ſhe knew it would be of more advantage to her if her huſband died without a will, than if he made one, with *certain impreſſions* rankling on his mind.

But Mr. Frazer, who was the moſt polite and gallant of men, had a few things to whiſper in her ear, that raiſed ſome diſagreeable viſions, and left her no leſs anxious about her own future, than her huſband's preſent fate; both Mr. Frazer and Doctor Cameron were truſts to a will made a few years back by Major Buhanun.

"A will!" exclaimed the afflicted lady, "is it poſſible? can he then have acted with ſo much art?"

Mr. Frazer was one of thoſe clever men, who could talk with a prodigious portion of ſmooth eloquence on friendſhip, tender paſſion, and ſenſibility, while his heart was totally inacceſſible to the ſenſations that reſult from either.

Doctor Cameron, on the contrary, poſſeſſed a heart tenderly alive to every ſentiment of generous and diſintereſted attachment; to all the fine ligaments that bind the ſoul of man to man; to the ſofteſt humanity, and to the moſt ſteady friendſhip; without power to give any of the feelings that agitated his own benevolent ſoul a language others might underſtand, except indeed the language of noble and diſintereſted actions, in which no man could, or did ſpeak more to the purpoſe.

That two perſons, ſo very unlike, ſhould be on terms of confidential friendſhip with each other, and the choſen friends of a man ſo different from both, is one of the enigmas of human events, which every day puzzles, without making us wiſer or better.

Mrs. Buhanun having underſtood from certain hints and inuendos, how much ſhe might in time to come be obliged to the good offices of Mr. Frazer, paid him the moſt marked attention, while the modeſt Doctor Cameron, with at leaſt equal power, was left to the dangerous ſociety of a lovely woman, to whoſe poliſhed manners and fine mind, were added every female grace that ſurpriſe, that pleaſe, that flatter, that affect, and that pain the mind of man.

The Doctor's characteriſtic was extreme modeſty, which, while a numerous liſt of moſt reſpectable friends and

and patients relied implicitly on his ſkill, was ſo predominate in his nature, that diffident of himſelf in every other inſtance, he ſometimes even doubted his own judgment as a medical man.

It was very injurious to his intereſt, and inconvenient in every ſenſe to him, to remain longer at Caſtle Gowrand; he would nevertheleſs have continued with his friend, without dropping a ſyllable reſpecting his own affairs, had it not occurred to him, "That in the multiplicity of counſellors there is wiſdom," and that with an opportunity to conſult his brethren of the faculty on every change in the patient's ſtate *they* would poſſibly ſuggeſt ſome remedy that might eſcape *him*. He hinted this to Mrs. Buhanun, who conſulted Mr. Frazer.

Mr. Frazer had no modeſty, nor had he a very great preſs of buſineſs, but he choſe to affect both; and being a man much better qualified to look into a lady's eye than any Uncle Toby in Chriſtendom, was not afraid of taking from thoſe of Mrs. Buhanun, a cue, by which to frame his anſwer; and in conſequence was for following Doctor Cameron's advice immediately.

To confeſs the truth, had the whole college of phyſicians laid their heads together, for a preſcription to pleaſe Mrs. Buhanun, they could not have ſucceeded ſo well, for ſhe had many a tedious year ſighed for what was now to happen; ſhe longed much to ſee Edinburgh, and longed more that Edinburgh ſhould ſee her.

Lord Aaron Horſemagog, a nobleman of the beſt blood and the worſt manners in all Scotland, was of the party at Inverary, where Kattie ſtill remained; he had danced with Mrs. Buhanun, and paid her ſome very extravagant compliments on the charms both of herſelf and daughter, and he now ſent his groom twenty miles every morning, to enquire after the Major's health; this nobleman had apartments at Holy-rood-houſe, which, though he never occupied, he retained; and as ſoon as he underſtood the ſick man was to be removed, and conſequently accompanied by his charming family, he very graciouſly made them an offer of his apartments, which were as graciouſly accepted by the diſtreſſed wife.

A litter was therefore immediately borrowed from a nobleman, within a few miles, whoſe lady, in the laſt ſtage of a conſumption, having perſuaded herſelf ſhe ſhould recover at home, had been brought there from Bath to—die.

Mrs. Buhanun's firſt plan was to take ſuch a number of ſervants with her as would be wanting to attend on her huſband, herſelf, and Kattie; but by no means to be incumbered with the two younger girls, or their prim companion; but after a whole night's moſt agreeable delirium, ſhe conſidered, that the Major's confinement might be long, and the event uncertain; that the Scotch are rigid obſervers of propriety; that leaving ſo reſpectable a man; her huſband; the father of her children; to the care of ſervants, while her daughter and ſelf were engaged, paying and receiving viſits to and from a great number of dear friends, whoſe winters were paſſed in Edinburgh, would go a great way towards ultimately ſhutting the doors againſt her of thoſe very dear friends by whom ſhe was moſt deſirous to be well received.

The principle of humanity, though it be often ſuffered to lie ſo dormant as to admit a doubt of its exiſtence, was, ſhe had ſeen in too many inſtances to doubt, a native trait of the country, ſure to be rouſed into action by ſickneſs, diſtreſs, or death; and though ſhe had dared ſo much at home, in her own circle, when the Major was in health, yet in the eye of his friends, family, and connexions at Edinburgh, ſhe knew to neglect *him* would be followed by a neglect of her dearer *ſelf;* and the only expedient to ſave appearances and preſerve her from the neceſſity of confining herſelf to a ſick chamber, at length occurred in the attention and concern of Roſa.

During two years that Roſa had reſided at Caſtle Gowrand, her name had not paſſed Mrs. Buhanun's lips to any of her friends. She never went out but to the burnſide, and to ride over the almoſt barren and uncultivated hills for exerciſe, nor ſaw a ſtranger at home but the miniſter, who being conſidered by Mrs. Buhanun as no body, ſhe ſometimes dined with. But on this occaſion the lady did all poſſible juſtice to the attachment and affection that ſubſiſted between her huſband and his young

young friend; ſhe would take Roſa with her to Edinburgh; the Major, if he were reſtored to recollection, would not be ſo happy with any body; and, in ſhort, recollecting ſeveral inſtances of paralytic people living many years a burthen on their friends, ſhe reſolved Roſa ſhould bear that burthen in her family; and although carrying her from the retired apartments at Caſtle Gowrand, to where ſhe might poſſibly be ſeen, and certainly would be talked of, if it were only for her excellence as a nurſe, was a direct ſubverſion of all Mrs. Buhanun's politics; yet as nothing could, in her opinion, be more irkſome than confinement, or more dreadful than the Major's bedſide, whoſe continued diſorder was a tax on her feelings, which ſhe already found inſupportable, ſhe at once got over all her prejudices, rather than take on herſelf an office, for which it muſt be granted no woman in Scotland was leſs qualified.

Two indiſpenſible appendages to this arrangement, were the tall over-grown girls her younger daughters; which was, in fact, to remove the whole family from the cheap and beautiful retreat of Caſtle Gowrand, and coop them up in a few large rooms in the boſom of a rock at Edinburgh.

But Edinburgh! dear Edinburgh! the gay London of the North, where ſhe had for ſo many years longed to blaze, and where, while ſhe had no doubt of ſtill attracting admirers herſelf, ſhe alſo longed to ſhew her beautiful daughter, filled all her ideas; but it was politic if not neceſſary, to take the opinion of both the gentlemen, to whom in a ſhort time ſhe might be obliged for many indulgences, which ſhe had a pre-ſentiment the Major's will might happen to leave in their power; and thus was the queſtion ſtated, "She had always been in the habit of keeping her children *under her own eye.*"

"How amiable!" ſaid Mr. Frazer.

"Humph," quoth Doctor Cameron.

"Therefore ſhe could not think of leaving two ſuch tall girls, though indeed they were very young, all her children were amazing tall of their age, without the care of a parent."

"They were lovely creatures," Mr. Frazer ſaid.

Doctor Cameron ſighed, the word "Major," roſe in a flood of mental tenderneſs to his lips, but there it reſted.

"That the expence in which the Major's illneſs muſt neceſſarily involve her, would be doubled by keeping houſe at Caſtle Gowrand, while ſhe was herſelf at Edinburgh attending her dear Major."

One of the gentlemen was ſo charmed with Mrs. Buhanun's œconomy, that he approved that plan in toto, which the other as totally diſapproved; but as Mrs. Buhanun, when ſhe thought proper to pay them the compliment of aſking their advice, had finally made up her own mind, and as when that was done, it was, as the reader has ſeen, not eaſily changed, ſhe was grateful to Mr. Frazer, for adding the weight of his opinion to her's, ſorry Doctor Cameron objected to her maternal arrangements, and very much afraid this was only a prelude to her ſufferings, from that *art* in the Major which had induced him to make a will without conſulting her, who was, and ought to be, ſo materially concerned in it.

Mr. Frazer ſmiled and bowed.

Doctor Cameron's ſeat grew uneaſy; he removed to a ſofa, then again to his chair; his colour roſe, his lips quivered, and Mrs. Buhanun exulted in his viſible agitation, which ſhe attributed to confuſion at her ſuperior ſpirit, eloquence, and wit.

The Doctor, after two or three efforts to ſpeak, ſucceeded.

"He thought Mrs. Buhanun leſs happy in the choice of her phraſes, than he had ever remembered her; and if erratas were allowed to ſpeech, as well as writing, he ſhould take the liberty to recommend a reviſal of what ſhe had laſt ſpoken, in which caſe her own heart would ſuggeſt the propriety of ſubſtituting *wiſdom* for *art*."

Mrs. Buhanun crimſoned, and ſcornfully left the room reſolved to do as ſhe herſelf thought right; but the ſmiling bow of the talkative man, and the ſevere reproof of the ſilent one, fixed her opinion of both; ſhe was in conſequence to one all ſmiles and complaiſance, to the other over reſpect and cold reſerve.

The

The hour was now fixed for their departure; but ſhe had left Kattie at Inverary, and was embarraſſed how to get her properly protected to Edinburgh.

Mr. Frazer was born for her ſervice; he had a prodigious penchant for ſuperior connexion; Kattie was at the houſe of a nobleman, and if Mr. Frazer undertook to remove Mrs. Buhanun's difficulties on her account, he muſt, at leaſt, for a few hours, be at the houſe of a nobleman too; ſo that affair was ſettled, and Mrs. Buhanun proteſting Mr. Frazer was the beſt creature breathing, ſet about packing for Edinburgh.

Many of the tedious hours which, during this interval, our heroine paſſed by the bed-ſide of her dying friend, were accompanied by the daughters of that worthy man, who learned truly to eſtimate ſo good a father, and to weep his loſs of her from whoſe other leſſons they had benefited ſo much.

Doctor Cameron was alſo generally at his poſt, and while appearing to be ſilently watching his friend, inhaled large portions of a diſeaſe often as incurable, if not as fatal, as that which had ſo reduced the Major.

Doctor Cameron was not ſo young as to miſtake a tranſient inclination for a ſerious attachment, nor ſo old as to be incapable of feeling paſſion in the fulleſt and ſtrongeſt ſenſe.

Major Buhanun had known both the gentlemen from children, to whom he had confided ſo ſacred a truſt as the care of his own.

Doctor Cameron was a gentleman of good family, liberal education, great profeſſional reputation, and ſtrict honor. The taciturnity of his manner was the joint effect of exceſſive modeſty and extreme ſenſibility; no man knew how to talk ſo well, no man exerciſed that knowledge ſo little. The Major's acquaintance with his father had rendered him perfectly converſant with the virtues, the integrity, and eccentricity of the ſon, and as it was his opinion, old men ſhould fix on younger ones for guardians to their family, he preferred the Doctor to his ſeniors.

Mr. Alexander Frazer was indebted to the ingenuity and integrity of his father for the honour and advantage of the Major's friendſhip.

Old

Old Frazer was an exceeding good wright, the Scotch phraſe for "carpenter," and as good a farmer; he had for many years before his death filled the office of looker, at Caſtle Gowrand,—a phraſe that implicates the combined duties of ſteward and bailiff, in the domeſtic arrangements of the ſecond claſs of ſuperior people in Scotland, and had, as moſt ſtewards do, realized a ſmall fortune, with what is not always attached to the ſituation, a good character; which fortune, with the more valuable acquiſition of Major Buhanun's friendſhip, deſcended to his ſon.

Mr. Alexander Frazer's education being more claſſical, more refined, and more in the way of the world than his father could boaſt, and having moreover been brought up to the law, his natural cunning was ſo much improved by his profeſſion, and his profeſſion ſo aided by cunning, that he entirely poſſeſſed the confidence of the Major, and managed many of his pecuniary, and all his law concerns. Indeed he derived advantages, from this countenance and confidence of his patron, ſuperior to any his father had even thought of, and was now ſo high in eſteem, that we ſee him on the eve of entering on the moſt ſacred of all truſts.

Major Buhanun had ſo high opinion of the ability and integrity of this his man of buſineſs, another Scots phraſe, that Doctor Cameron, who had from infancy conſidered the Major as infallible, adopted his ſentiments and partiality with ſuch zeal, as greatly to forward the intereſt of the writer; who was on his part too wary to neglect any means which induſtry, application to buſineſs, and apparent fair and open conduct could ſuggeſt, to cultivate the friendſhip of a man of whoſe power to ſerve him he was perfectly ſenſible.

"If," ſaid Doctor Cameron, "there be an honeſt writer in Edinburgh, Sandy Frazer is the man."

So ſaid the Doctor, and ſo he thought; but though his veracity was never queſtioned, his judgment, on this point, was certainly not a little doubted by a great number of people, who fancied themſelves much better acquainted with the honeſty of Mr. Sandy Frazer than himſelf.

During Mrs. Buhanun's "*I will, ſhall I?*" conſultation on the arrangements for the Edinburgh journey, our

our heroine had not been once mentioned; but from the particular attention that lady invariably paid her, when ſhe could ſo far get the better of her extreme dejection of ſpirits, as to bear to paſs a few minutes in her huſband's chamber, where Roſa's whole time and care was engaged, and where in general the young ladies were her companions, the Doctor could not doubt but ſhe too was to make a part of the numerous and expenſive ſuite intended to be carried to Edinburgh, and which was indeed the only part of the plan in which his mind accorded, as he could by no means adopt Mrs. Buhanun's opinion, in reſpect to the diſintereſted friendſhip of the nobleman, who had offered to accommodate her with his apartments, any more than he could accede to the propriety of her acceptance of it.

Lord Aron Horſemagog was not, in point of age, too young a man to be ſuſpected of deſigns on the handſome Mrs. Buhanun, nor was he, according to the taſte for which he was pretty notorious, too old to intend certain arrangements with a very young Miſs to one of theſe motives. Dr. Cameron, on the authority of his lordſhip's eſtabliſhed character, attributed his extraordinary attention to the convenience of the Major's family; for never yet had Lord Aron Horſemagog been accuſed of one act of diſintereſted generoſity; nor out of thouſands, laviſhed on the minions of his vices, and the gratification of his paſſions, had one inſtance been recorded of his parting with a ſingle convenience, or a ſolitary guinea, to alleviate ſorrow, or relieve diſtreſs.

Under the impreſſion this nobleman's known diſpoſition left on his mind, not even the hope of the continued preſence of the object of his adoration, could diſpel the chagrin which clouded his brow, when he returned to the Major's chamber, and informed Roſa of the arrangement Mrs. Buhanun had juſt made, in conſequence of which the whole family would be on the road to Edinburgh in a few hours.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

Shewing how ſoon a man in love may become jealous, and how ſoon a jealous man may, if he pleaſe, become rational; together with a new old woman's ſong, and a lady's wonderful penetration into providential cauſes and effects.

"THE world," ſays Pantagruel, "is full of large libraries and learned books;" and we may venture to aſſert that no ſubject has been more univerſal, becauſe none has more generally accorded with the feelings of all nations and all ages, than the divine inſpiration of love; and notwithſtanding one ancient amorous writer aſſerts, that, "who were able to rid the world of lazineſs, would eaſily fruſtrate all the deſigns of Cupid;" and another ſurly one calls it, "the occupation of folks deſtitute of all other occupation;" yet we may ſay with our own more modern, and not leſs enlightened bard,

"The lunacy is ſo ordinary, that the whippers are in love too."

The moſt able caſuiſts, the moſt profound philoſophers, the moſt eloquent orators, the moſt ſkilful lawyers, and the moſt devout divines, have not thought their talents degraded, nor their pens unprofitably employed, in tracing the riſe, progreſs, and effect of this all-ſubduing biaſs of the human mind; and however differently they may deſcribe, or feel themſelves affected by that ſame love, which "Makes the young undertake every thing, and the old forget every thing;" and which

"Now conceals his piercing eye,
"And now, like Argus, every thing deſcries;
"Who brings to view the grace that ſhuns the light,
"And midſt a thouſand guards directs the lover's ſight;"

one point is agreed to by all, namely, that diffidence is ever the companion of genuine paſſion, reſting therefore on a proof ſo unequivocal, we may ſafely pronounce that flame which every moment increaſed in the boſom of Doctor Cameron, to be *truly genuine*; for though he ſat whole hours,

hours, and often alone, with our heroine; though he could not look at her without a ſigh, touch her without trembling, or hear her without rapture, he had not the courage even to hope, that a ſoul with whoſe feelings and ſentiments his own was in perfect uniſon, would either comprehend or reward a paſſion, which Roſa was too much abſorbed in grief to obſerve; and though in her eighteenth year, too little conſcious of the power of her own charms, to aſcribe it to the right cauſe, if ſhe had.

From the time the removal of the Major to Edinburgh was fixed, Roſa had underſtood, that Mrs. Buhanun was the only perſon of his family, beſides domeſtics, who were deſigned to attend him thither; and though circumſtanced as ſhe was with Mrs. Buhanun, ſhe could not offer to retain that ſtation at Edinburgh which ſhe was ſuffered to fill by his bedſide at Caſtle Gowrand: yet when Doctor Cameron, who ſuppoſed her included in the family arrangements, informed her of it, her heart dilated with all the joy it could in ſuch circumſtances feel; to attend her beſt friend as long as life laſted,—to watch thoſe glimmerings of reaſon, the Doctor hoped might yet return, and to be recogniſed by him performing the duties of gratitude and friendſhip, was all the favor ſhe wiſhed, and more than ſhe had dared to hope from Mrs. Buhanun.

Mrs. Walſingham, however, at that moment, ſhot acroſs her mind, and viſibly checking the riſing ſatisfaction in her countenance, overſpread it with a gloom that could not eſcape the Doctor's obſervation; and the agitated earneſtneſs, with which ſhe requeſted him to promiſe he would not leave the Major's room for three hours ſhe wiſhed to be abſent, raiſed ſenſations in his mind too painful and too enigmatical to be explained even to himſelf; he however anſwered, he was happy in any reſpect to oblige her; and ſcarce had he ſpoken before Mrs. Buhanun, led by Mr. Frazer, entered.

The ſight of the Major was really ſhocking; it always drew a flood of tears from the bright eyes of his wife, who, too much affected to make a long ſtay, explained, with great civility, to Roſa, that ſhe would be in her family ſuite to Edinburgh; and after having ſhewn her

her face at the opening of the bed curtains, further explained, that as ſhe found herſelf too ill to travel without her maid; as the two girls, Emma and Jeſſy, would alſo ride with her in her chaiſe; as ſhe knew Miſs Roſa would beſt like to be with her friend; as that friend, if he ſhould be ſenſible, would be beſt pleaſed to ſee her near him; and, finally, as the litter was large enough to contain two perſons, beſide the bed on which the Major lay, ſhe had ſettled it for her to accompany the nurſe.

Doctor Cameron ſeemed thunderſtruck; he looked at Roſa; the provident attention of Mrs. Buhanun ſeemed neither to ſurpriſe nor diſpleaſe her, but on the contrary, if the deep reverie in which ſhe was almoſt loſt to preſent objects, was at all interrupted, it was by an expreſſion of pleaſed acquieſcence to the meaſure which ſtruck him as ſo unfeeling and indelicate, that the taciturnity of his temper was on the point of being ſuperceded by indignation, when the lady, having finiſhed her half order, and half communication, made a haſty courtſy, and quitted the room, leaving the Doctor engroſſed by ſome few wiſhes, which followed each other too cloſe for the immediate gratification of all.

Firſt, as the idea of ſhutting up a lovely blooming young woman in a litter with a man in the Major's ſituation, for the length of time it would take, to convey him to Edinburgh, was an expedient he firmly believed, no perſon living would have ſuggeſted, ſave Mrs. Buhanun herſelf, he wiſhed to follow her for the ſole purpoſe of oppoſing it.

Then on ſuppoſition the fair lady of the Caſtle was too well ſatisfied with the plan ſhe had ſo adroitly laid, to alter it, except it could be done without diſarranging the minuteſt point in her own convenience, he had already contrived how to do away all poſſible objections, and prevent Roſa's being ſo improperly diſpoſed of, at one and the ſame time; this he wiſhed to explain to Mrs. Buhanun.

But there was one thing he more wiſhed for than either of the preceding, which was to know, what buſineſs, purſuit, or engagement it could poſſibly be, that had ſo ſuddenly changed our heroine's countenance, and rendered

rendered her ſo anxious to retain him as her ſubſtitute, where he had ſo late been her companion.

Should this hiſtory be honoured by the peruſal of any grave taciturne gentleman in his fortieth year, who is, for the firſt time in his life, imbibing a paſſion for a beautiful girl under eighteen; and ſhould ſuch gentleman, in the very moment he has promiſed to remain by the ſide of a ſick, or even dying friend, on a ſudden ſuſpect *that* moment is intended to be given by the ſaid beautiful girl under eighteen, to a rival younger and more attractive than himſelf, he will clearly underſtand on what temptation Doctor Cameron ſlipped a guinea note into the hand of the nurſe, promiſed a locket to Jeſſy, and a chain to Emma, by way of ſtimulus to their attention to the Major, and broke his promiſe, as he would then have done any other promiſe, however ſacred or binding, in order to make ſo grand a diſcovery, by following the feather footed Roſa, as ſhe darted along the paddock in ſight of the chamber window.

If Doctor Cameron did not ſtep quite ſo light as Roſa, he at leaſt kept ſuch an equal pace, that he retained the view of her ſylph-like form till ſhe entered the glen, where the intricacy of the path, and ſudden turnings, rendered his purſuit leſs eaſy, and obliged him to make uſe of more agility than was either pleaſant or natural to him; but the difficulty only increaſed his eagerneſs, and by daſhing through the yet remaining pools of water, which ſhe took a few ſteps to avoid, he kept near enough to the fair object he followed, to obſerve her increaſing eagerneſs and agitation, without being perceived by her.

From the time when Major Buhanun was diſcovered in the unhappy ſituation in which he now lay, to that when firſt Doctor Cameron, and then Mrs. Buhanun, informed her ſhe was to attend him to Edinburgh, her heart had been ſo truly affected, and her attention ſo engroſſed by his calamity, and ſhe ſo well knew the affliction Mrs. Walſingham would ſuffer, while he continued in ſo deplorable a ſtate, that ſhe had put off writing to that amiable woman from hour to hour; firſt from abſolute inability to put her diſtreſs and apprehenſion into language that would not overwhelm her with ſorrow, and after, in hope, (as Doctor Cameron admitted the poſſibility)

ſibility) of a change that might ſoften the afflicting tidings; and thus ſhe had gone on deferring a moſt painful taſk, ſometimes wondering ſhe did not hear from the burn ſide, and at others, hoping the graceful ſolitaire there, was already acquainted with the misfortune ſhe dreaded to communicate; but her affection and gratitude were now equally intereſted in reſpect to Mrs. Walſingham; ſince to leave the country, without ſeeing a friend ſo dear and ſo amiable, without giving and receiving all the conſolation the dreadful ſituation of their mutual friend could admit, would have been not only unfeeling, but cruel.

As ſhe lightly ſeemed to bound before the Doctor, her heart beat with a ſenſation of eager friendſhip, as if it ſought to burſt the mortal confinement of her boſom, and fly to the friend who now engroſſed all her thoughts; her pace quickened; ſhe ran; ſhe flew towards the declivity; while he, more confirmed in the idea, that ſuch eager anxious haſte could only reſult from a ſecret attachment, could with great difficulty, and frequent aid from the drooping branches of the trees he paſſed, keep his feet, as equally eager, and no leſs agitated, he ſtill followed thoſe ſteps which, with a pang as new as undefined, he now poſitively concluded carried her, inſenſible of fatigue, to an appointment with ſome favoured lover.

As the Doctor was careful to keep beyond the angle of each impervious turning, he had not perceived the corner of the precipice which overhung the burn and totally concealed from him the building under it, till he was ſuddenly ſo frightened by a ſhriek from Roſa, that he loſt his balance and fell; a ſecond ſhriek rendered him invulnerable to bodily pain; his knees and face were bruiſed, but he was inſenſible to every thing but the louder and louder ſhrieks that thrilled through his heart, and preſaged ſome horrible event, though of what nature it was impoſſible for him even to gueſs.

Roſa's feet ſcarce touched the craggy declivity, and as wild and precipitate ſhe deſcended,

> In vain oppoſed the craggy mountains ſtood,
> The rapid torrent and perplexing wood;

his eyes, as well as feet, followed her; he looked round with trembling anxiety, but ſaw nothing that could lead to the diſcovery his ſoul panted after.

The

The ravage of the late tempeſt was indeed very viſible; trees torn up by the roots, and ſcattered branches, lay promiſcuouſly by the burn ſide; the waters were not yet returned to their uſual bounds, large fragments of rock, recently brought down by the flood, here ſtopped the diſcoloured torrent, which there guſhed on in foaming cataracts. Here is deſolation, thought the doctor; but it is a deſolation of inanimates, and cannot affect Roſa.

At that inſtant the tottering corner of a cottage caught his eye; it appeared to ſtand on part of a rock which the ſtorm had divided; pieces of broken furniture lay, half covered with water, in the chaſms of ſome large ſtones; looking ſtill more earneſt on another corner of the divided rock, at the very edge of the water, he perceived a female ſitting, and Roſa, who by this time reached the deſolate ſpot, ſink ſenſeleſs by her ſide.

Doctor Cameron was no longer jealous. The ſurface of the rock where Roſa now lay was nearly covered by water; he raiſed her wet and ſenſeleſs, in his arms; no ſhelter but the corner of the hut was near; it was not a moment for conſideration reſpecting its ſafety; thither he carried his inſenſible burthen, and called to the woman for aſſiſtance.

"Ah wae es me!" cried ſhe, regardleſs of his prayer for aſſiſtance, "wae es me! ai caunna greet nae langer; baith mine auld een are dree;—ah wae wae es me! mine ain bonnie cheild, my gude Donald, my bra bairn!—thy pure mither es wat an cauld, ſpeering oot for her winſome laud! ah wae wae! wat an cauld es my Donald; hes nae coomd bauk tull his pure mither; ah wae wae es me!"

While the woman was thus bewailing herſelf, the Doctor finding ſhe would not, or could not aſſiſt him, was uſing every effort to recover Roſa, who, when ſhe opened her eyes, recogniſed a ſpot too full of terrors to give a moment to ſurpriſe at the ſight of him; her head ſunk on his breaſt, and ſhe burſt into tears.

The woman, in a voice broken by ſorrow and age, now ſung,

Mi Donal he coames hame at eve,
An ay ſae wat an weare;

Cauſt

Cauſt aff the wat, put on the dree,
An gang tull bede mi dearie.

" Ah good Janet," cried Roſa, haſtening to her, " explain to me this terrible ſcene ?"

" An gang tull bede mi dearie,"

repeated Janet, ſhaking her venerable head, with a vacant ſtare at Roſa, who anxiouſly endeavoured to cover the long white hairs that gave a druid like appearance to the mourning ſongſtreſs. " Wat wat, mi bonny cheild, es wat an weary ; ken ye not hoo mi winſome bairn ganged awa an left his pure mither ?"

Snaw wheit ſtocking on hes lig,
Wi ſiller buckles glancin ;
A bra blue bonnet on his hede ;
Gude trothe the lad was winſome.

" Ah Donald ! Donald ! mine ane gude cheild, my bonny bairn ; what mun pure Janet do noo ?"

Roſa's faſt falling tears dropped on the wrinkled forehead of poor Janet, as ſhe wrung the water from her venerable treſſes ; but it was in vain ſhe by turns conſoled and queſtioned her ; Janet, the reader will remember, was deaf, and the recent calamity had totally deranged her intellect ; all of reaſon that remained was maternal recollection, and maternal agony.

Roſa, whoſe approach to the wee hooſe ſhe had been uſed to greet with ſmiles and bleſſings, could not obtain one recogniſing glance ; all her tender ſympathy and charitable attentions were loſt on the poor object, whoſe eyes, fixed on the rapid current, ſeemed to ſearch for her " bonny cheild."

Doctor Cameron, who had often ſeen diſaſters like that he now doubted not had happened at the burn ſide, was very ſoon informed by Roſa's mournful geſtures, and broken exclamations, as ſhe caſt her eyes round that ſhe lamented a loſs more dear than the houſe, or houſehold of the poor old Janet ; he ſaw ſeveral remains of furniture caught in chaſms of the large ſtones near, which plainly demonſtrated that an inhabitant of ſuperior rank to Janet or her Donald had reſided there, and he aſked his heart, whether that happy inhabitant,—happy ſince beloved

beloved by Roſa,—was man or woman; but no matter; the heart of Doctor Cameron dwelt not on its own intereſt, while an object like Janet ſpoke to its feelings; he looked round; the corner of the hovel was that where the aged ſufferer had been uſed to ſleep; her bed was ſtill ſtanding uninjured; he removed it to the ſhelter of a few trees, and having placed ſome boughs, which the tempeſt had broken under it, aſſiſted Roſa in removing her thither.

Janet had no power to reſiſt their kindneſs, but her eye, deadened by age, cold, and extreme grief, ſtill fixed on the watery grave of her darling ſon, and her head continued turned towards the burn when it was no longer viſible.

The ſequeſtered and romantic ſituation of Donald Fergufon's wee hooſe, were probably Mrs. Walſingham's chief inducements to reſide there; and the ſtyle in which ſhe had decorated and added to ſo obſcure and inconvenient a cabin, ſpoke at once an elegant and diſturbed mind, ſeeking from local amuſements an antidote againſt internal inquietude. The walks round the fanciful dwelling, which had been ſome dug, others cut, probably looſened the earth round the rocks on which the buildings ſtood, which not being one ſolid maſs, that part on which the cottage had its original foundation, yet remained, while that on which the new apartments were built, were entirely waſhed away, and left a frightful chaſm now filled with water, on the ſurface of which were floating ſeveral elegant bound books, muſic, maps, papers, and other buoyant appendages to the ſuperiority the Doctor had remarked, as totally out of ſuite with the part of the cabin and its furniture yet remaining. A packet of papers particularly attracted his notice for one moment before he flew to the aſſiſtance of the old woman, but was entirely forgotten when he had, at Roſa's earneſt deſire, reaſcended the declivity, and after what might be literally called a two mile heat to him, gained a cottage on the border of the glen, which ſhe had minutely deſcribed, from whence a poor widow and her two ſons, dependants of the Caſtle Gowrand Laird, returned with him, to the aſſiſtance of their old neighbour,

bour, of whoſe diſtreſs and ſituation they were entirely ignorant.

The waters, the body of which ruſhed from the highland ſprings, had indeed been ſo deep and rapid in their current through the glen of Gowrand, that every veſtige of the deſtruction at burn ſide, ſave what has been deſcribed, were carried in the night ſome miles into the ocean; ſo that the more fortunate dwellers, lower by the burn, and the inland neighbours, were ignorant of the cataſtrophe which was no ſooner known than crowds offered their aſſiſtance to Janet, and loudly lamented her winſome Donald, and the gude weef their common benefactreſs.

The Doctor's ears, though he was buſily employed about the old woman, greedily devoured the ſound, "the gude weef."

"Well, but had this gude weef no ſon or brother to cheer her ſolitude, and adore Roſa?"

Having bled old Janet, and left money with the widow who received her at her cottage, not only for neceſſaries but comforts, which he charged her to procure, he put the paſſive arm of his weeping companion under his own, and reminding her of the ſick chamber at Caſtle Gowrand, prevailed on her to turn her reluctant ſteps from the ſad ſound of the aged mourner, who no longer ſeeing any object to which her eyes had been familiar, rent the air with her cries, calling on Donald, her "gude," her "bonny cheild," her "Paggy," her "winſome laſſie," and on "gude Maiſtreſs Walſingham."

It was with difficulty Roſa could drag her weary limbs to the Caſtle, though ſupported, and almoſt carried by Doctor Cameron; in the intervals, when overpowered by grief and fatigue, ſhe reſted on his friendly ſupport, her heart on her lips, ſhe lamented her reſpected friends, in terms that convinced him her viſit, her anxiety, and regrets were all female; if he did not acquire ſtrength from this information, it certainly did not a little contribute to raiſe his ſpirits; and during the laſt half mile, when Roſa, her heart filled with fond regret, contraſting the mere poſſibility, that her loved friend could have eſcaped the inundation which had left

ſuch

ſuch cruel veſtiges, with the univerſal likelihood ſhe muſt have periſhed, loſt all power to ſupport herſelf, he chearfully carried his lovely burthen to the hall of Caſtle Gowrand, where having conſigned her to the care of Peggy, he repaired to the chamber of the grieving Mrs. Buhanun, which, contrary to his expectation, he found vacated by the fair miſtreſs.

Mr. Alexander Frazer, whoſe liking for a death bed ſcene was not more ſtrong than his fair hoſteſs, had prevailed on her to ſuffer him to join her, in a ceſſation of diſmals at the cheſs-table, where, innocent as was their amuſement, the laſt thing expected or deſired by either, was the appearance of Doctor Cameron.

The Doctor, without noticing their amuſement or confuſion, related, with his uſual ſparingneſs of words, the cataſtrophe he had witneſſed, and requeſted Mrs. Buhanun's advice how to remove the wretched remnant of the unfortunate family from the houſe where he had left her, to one *more comfortable*.

Now, as the widow's hovel was clean; as ſhe was a good hearted creature; and as he had left direction and means to ſupply all Janet's wants, no *more comfortable* place could be found in the neighbourhood, except the lady of Caſtle Gowrand's heart had happened to beat ſo far in uniſon with his own, as to receive her under her roof, which perhaps the ſimple Doctor expected,—but he little knew the feelings of his beautiful hoſteſs.

Mrs. Buhanun had immediate recourſe to her ſmelling bottle and bell; the firſt ſhe did not uſe, the ſecond ſhe violently pulled, and demanded of the ſervant, who anſwered it, whether the Major had taken his accuſtomed walk on the morning of his illneſs.

The morning, as well as night, the man replied, had been very tempeſtuous; that none of the ſervants knew of their maſter's having left his room till that minute, when one of widow Janſon's ſons, who had attended the Doctor and Miſs Roſa home, informed them, that looking for the kine, the morning after the ſtorm, he found the Laird in a fit, juſt coming out of the glen; that he aſſiſted to recover and lead him home; that they entered by the ſtable yard unſeen by the domeſtics; that the Laird gave him a ſhilling, and motioning for him

to

to depart, he ſaw him aſcend the back ſtairs, and then returned home.

" So," ſaid Mrs. Buhanun, " this then is the peculiar work of *providence*."

The Doctor ſtared; it did not ſtrike him that providence could peculiarly deſign the deſtruction of an innocent family.

" You have heard my ſad hiſtory, Mr. Frazer."

At the word *ſad*, it was proper Mrs. Buhanun ſhould take out her white handkerchief, and either from the divine effect of ſympathy, or politeneſs, Mr. Frazer's coloured ſilk one alſo appeared.

" The poor creature muſt have periſhed on the ſtone where we found her," ſaid Doctor Cameron, " if ——"

The ſtone, Mrs. Buhanun proteſted, was too ſoft a bed for ſuch wretches.

This was a harſh ſentence to come from the red lip of beauty; but Doctor Cameron having heard from the redder lips of one whoſe beauty ſurpaſſed all beauty, that the old ſufferer was the beſt creature in the world, and having the trembling voice of venerable grief ſtill vibrating on his ear, calling on her " pure Donald,—her gude cheild,—her bonny bairn," he caſt a look of diſguſt on Mrs. Buhanun, and quitted the room with even more haſte than he entered, juſt in the moment when that lady was on the point of unfolding her injuries, and thoſe atrocities that had been ſo peculiarly puniſhed by *providence*.

But though the rude Doctor would not be ſtayed by the ſoft voice of complaining beauty, Mr. Frazer, the ſympathizing Mr. Frazer allowed, that the Major's being deprived of all power to injure ſo excellent, ſo lovely a woman, in the moment when the diſturber of her peace was ſuddenly hurled to her laſt account, was, as ſhe had wiſely ſaid, the peculiar work of Providence.

From concluſions like theſe no increaſe of ſolicitude for the Major could be expected; but that ſame Providence poor mortals are ſo prone to drag into all their petty affairs, and make right or wrong juſt as they think proper to be pleaſed or diſpleaſed, was at this moment working another miracle; for the Major ſuddenly recovered his ſpeech and the uſe of his right ſide.

The

The joyful ſcreams of Emma, who reſolved to earn her locket, had not left his bed head, gave notice of an event ſo unexpected; and Mrs. Buhanun, who with Mr. Frazer, were firſt in the room, threw herſelf on the bed, and embraced her huſband, notwithſtanding all the injuries ſhe had recently enumerated.

Tears rolled down the cold and pallid cheek to which her's was now preſſed; he breathed a ſigh ſo deep and ſad, that it ſeemed the laſt effort of expiring nature; his wife, her two daughters, and his friends, crowded to his pillow. While reaſon holds any ſeat in the mind of man, ſuch a ſight muſt be a ſoul reviving cordial; yet he caſt a ſad enquiring look around, and again deeply ſighing, cloſed his eyes.

The nurſe, who was a good as well as experienced woman, vehemently inſiſted on her right to rule in the abſence of the Doctor.

Such ſtrong emotions, ſhe ſaid, would utterly deſtroy every favourable ſymptom; and inſiſted that quiet, abſolute quiet, was at this criſis more neceſſary than medicine; but finding the joy of Mrs. Buhanun, and from her example, that of her children, more boiſterous than even her grief, ſhe left the room in anxious ſearch after the Doctor.

The conſcience of Major Buhanun had not, from her "ſly corner," noted down any deep ſin, to blacken the hour of departing life; his memory was unclouded by any recollections that could render his dying moments horrible, yet he was awfully ſenſible of the change he knew muſt ſoon take place, and the cheek of his giddy thoughtleſs wife, wet with tears and joined to his own, recalled her image to his mind before he perceived it defaced by vanity: he preſſed his cold lips to her's, bleſſed his children, aſked for Kattie, and again deeply ſighing, enquired of Emma for her friend.

Roſa, though Peggy had been charged to keep her quiet, was informed by the tranſported girl, of the joyful tidings, and now ruſhed to the bed ſide.

"Bleſs me too, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "bleſs your grateful Roſa."

The deep groan which ſeemed to iſſue from the heart of the Major; the tears that rolled from his eyes, as he

extended the hand he could move, renewed in her mind the anguiſh ſhe had for a moment forgotten; ſhe hid her face, and ſobbed aloud; her joy, at the ſudden alteration for the better in her friend, had not power to repreſs an aſſociation of ideas as painful as natural.

"Come near, Roſa," ſaid he, in a faltering voice.

The ſad and grievous expreſſion, which even where death had already fixed his indelible character, was viſible; the tears that continued to roll down his ſunken cheeks, ſad, though ſilent proofs that the deſolation of the burn ſide was known to him, quite overcame Roſa; ſhe ſunk on the floor, and was carried ſenſeleſs to her chamber.

The nurſe having ſearched in vain for Doctor Cameron, returned to her poſt in very ill humour; ſhe adminiſtered ſome drops, which had before, ſhe ſaid, "Done her maiſter meickle gude," which ſeemed to compoſe him, and Mrs. Buhanun's joy having decreaſed in its turbulence ſince the entrance of Roſa, a ſilence reigned, which was broken by the Major, with an exclamation of pleaſure, at ſight of the Doctor, who then entered the room.

Doctor Cameron's advice to remove the Major to Edinburgh, was more the reſult of affectionate ſolicitude for his friend, and the diffidence in his own judgment, which formed ſo ſtrong a trait in his character, than expectation of his recovery. He had foretold a return of reaſon, and a partial amendment, without hope it would be more than tranſient; he was not therefore ſo much ſurpriſed or elated as Mrs. Buhanun or Mr. Frazer; he certainly did rejoice, but his joy had an equivocal appearance; his upper lip trembled, tears rolled down his cheeks, and while Mr. Frazer expreſſed his feelings in a more than uſual flow of words, he could only preſs the hand of his friend.

Beſides the pleaſure the Doctor felt at being again recognized by the man he moſt loved and reſpected, he indulged, with peculiar ſatisfaction, the idea, that whatever temporary affairs remained unſettled, would now be fixed agreeable to the Major's own wiſh. The will had been made ſome years; it was in his poſſeſſion; he had

had brought it to Caſtle Gowrand; and ſhould any alteration be ſuggeſted, there would, he hoped, be time.

Several letters had arrived ſince the Major's illneſs commenced, which he had put in the drawer of his writing table; they might be of importance; and ſuch had been his habitual nicety, in reſpect to his correſpondence, that while a hope remained of the recovery of his mental faculties, Mrs. Buhanun would not venture to break a ſeal; there would now, the Doctor truſted, be time to inſpect theſe; and though the caſe, he feared, was ultimately a loſt one, it would be of infinite ſatisfaction to himſelf, to receive the moſt particular inſtruction relative to all the family concerns, in which his truſt would ſo peculiarly intereſt him.

While his thoughts were thus occupied, he found his hand, which the Major held, and which he had continued to preſs, on a ſudden relinquiſhed; he ſtarted up; he ſpoke to the ſick man, but received no anſwer; the eye, fraught with melancholy expreſſion, was raiſed to his, and proved that memory and recollection ſtill remained, though the organs of ſpeech and all ſtrength of body were again gone.

The Doctor's anguiſh was far from being as ſilent as his joy; he wept aloud, and bitterly lamented he had not ſeized the moment when his friend's faculties had been ſo ſuddenly reſtored, to ſpeak on the ſubject of his will; a faint gleam from the Major's heavy eye proved the mention of the will ſtruck on his own feeling; he made an effort, uttered ſome indiſtinct ſounds, and cloſed his eyes with a deep ſigh, which ſunk into the heart of the good Doctor, who again reproached himſelf for loſing the moments heaven had given.

Mrs. Buhanun regretted the little uſe made of her huſband's reſtored reaſon ſtill more than the Doctor, with ſuch diſpoſitions towards her as he had evinced, who knew but he would have left, as indeed the thought he ought to have done, all his property in her power, without clogging her weeds with ſuch unneceſſary reſtraints as truſts and guardians; vain however were all regrets; they watched every breath that night, and by day break the next morning all traces of ſenſe and memory were gone; the Doctor then with tears declared there was

no hope; for though he might live days, and even weeks, medicine could do nothing for him.

Mrs. Buhanun, who had ſet her mind on going to Edinburgh, inſiſted that the favourable and ſudden turn of her huſband's diſorder might be ſucceeded by others as ſudden and more permanent, if aided by conſultations of the faculty; and Doctor Cameron's modeſty prevented his oppoſing his own hopeleſs opinion againſt a meaſure he had himſelf firſt ſuggeſted.

But though he wanted reſolution to oppoſe Mrs. Buhanun's going to Edinburgh, on the avowed deſign of conſultations with the faculty, he was reſolved to alter the mode of travelling ſhe had ſo cleverly arranged, and therefore inſiſted on reſigning his own carriage to Roſa, and taking the place deſtined for her in the litter with the Major and his nurſe.

Mrs. Buhanun looked ſurpriſed; her propoſal, to give him one of her daughters as a companion in his chaiſe, had been received with great coolneſs; churl, ſhe had contemptuouſly called him, when talking the matter over with her maid. She demurred, but not judging it politic to quarrel with a man to whom it was probable ſhe muſt be obliged, and one whom the world held in high eſtimation, ſhe ungraciouſly acceded to his plan on two conditions, which he as ungraciouſly and poſitively refuſed.

Mrs. Buhanun declared ſhe had private reaſons for inſiſting the jealouſies of the chaiſe ſhould be kept down all the way to Edinburgh, and that her maid ſhould be Roſa's companion.

Doctor Cameron inſiſted the fair traveller ſhould be left to her own choice and diſcretion in reſpect to the jealouſies, and every other part of his carriage; and that not Mrs. Buhanun's maid, but one of her daughters, ſhould be her companion.

Again was Mrs. Buhanun ſurpriſed, and again ſhe was diſpoſed to demur, but the contracted brow of the troubleſome Doctor deterred her, and ſhe haughtily turned away, ſaying, it was not worth her while to conteſt ſo ridiculous a point. To this he made a coinciding bow, and retired to acquaint Roſa with the change of orders,

orders, imputing it to Mrs. Buhanun's own ſenſe of propriety.

Roſa acquieſced, without ſeeming to conſider herſelf at all obliged; ſhe could ſee no impropriety in ſpending every moment of her time by the bedſide of her only friend; "one whoſe ſoul, on its diſſolution, would, ſoaring, mock the broken frame below;" but her heart was too full for utterance, and ſhe haſtily retired to her chamber, to make the laſt preparatory arrangements for the melancholy journey, too much abſorbed in grief for the motive of it, to ſuffer a thought to revert to her own ſituation or future proſpects; and thus the Laird of Caſtle Gowrand and his family were carried to the apartments of Lord Aron Horſemagog, at Holy-Rood-houſe.

Previous to their ſetting out in the morning, Roſa taking Emma with her in the Doctor's chaiſe, paid a laſt viſit to Janet. She entreated the widow Jonſtone to be kind to the poor creature, and out of the little ſtock remaining of the Engliſh money, offered ſome gold for her ſupport.

"The widow Jonſtone was ane couſine tull Caupten Jonſtone, wha wes cheild tull Lady Jonſtone's aunty, and ſcorned an eempoſcetion; the gude Doctor's ſiller wes nae gane when he caw'd on his way frae the burn ſeed an geed her mair."

"Good man!" ſaid Roſa, "but you will take care of poor Janet."

"Aill be ſhoore tull do thaut, Meſs; the gude Doctor ſhanna thra awa hes ſiller. Pure auld Janet! weel, weel, we munna tauk aboot the wull of Gode; for ſhoore tes muckle peetee to luſe ſae bonny a bairn, an ai ſae gude a weef, wha lood the pure; but we mun aw dee; ah pure ſaul! ai canna help greetin, and ai had woorked myne haunds tull the bane tull ha done her ſervice; weel, weel, dinna greet, young Meſs, ye canna caw the dede bauk; pure ſaul, her haunſom bodee es ganged tull the ſaut ſea, and pratty Agnes Farguſon, ah, weel, weel, dinna, dinna, dinna greet."

Janet, who lay with her vacant eye fixed on the top of the bed, now began her ſong, and Roſa ruſhed to the carriage, regretting ſhe could not have one more look at the deſolate burn ſide.

CHAP. XXVI.

" But though the fate which ſnatch'd thee from our eyes,
" Thy earthly ſuccour to our cauſe denies,
" Elected one of heaven's immortal train,
" Thy ſoul can yet celeſtial aids obtain."

THE gloomy entrance into that place where the moſt indulgent of friends had before accompanied her in ſuch different circumſtances, now filled the mind of Roſa with a melancholy preſage of ſomething to come, even more dreadful than the loſs of him whoſe goodneſs and indulgence had been her paternal protection. She followed Mrs. Buhanun and her family up the diſmal ſtairs, once alternately trod by kings and uſurpers, through the long and winding paſſages, into a large ill furniſhed room, where the only chearful thing ſhe ſaw was a blazing fire.

Not ſo Mrs. Buhanun; a table which ſtood in the middle of the room was covered with cards and billets; every body knew the lively, handſome Mrs. Buhanun; every body had heard of her beautiful daughter; every body was delighted at the idea of ſeeing them at Edinburgh, and every body had taken this method of telling them ſo.

" What a comfort," ſaid ſhe, fixing her full eye on Roſa's dejected countenance, " to have ſo many charming friends in this delightful place."

Roſa ſighed; her heart was formed for all the intercourſes of refined friendſhip; many friends ſhe could never boaſt; thoſe ſhe had were in themſelves an hoſt, but, alas! they were one by one to be taken eternally from her.

" No woman in Scotland," continued the exulting Mrs. Buhanun, " can boaſt a more elegant ſelection of friends than myſelf; I have always been admired by every body but my huſband, and well received every where but at home."

At this moment the litter, which they had paſſed at the water of Leith, arrived. The carrying the poor Major to his chamber, which was attended by ſome noiſe and

and difficulty; roufed Roſa from a melancholy ſtupor, and for a few minutes ſuperceded the cards and billets in the attention of Mrs. Buhanun.

Scarce was the dying man laid on his bed before the gentlemen of the faculty, who had ſeen him at Caſtle Gowrand, were ſummoned. Their deciſion was a confirmation of the Doctor's worſt prognoſtic; and when Mr. Frazer brought home the blooming Kattie, her father was paſt all recollection.

Roſa took her old ſtation by her friend's bedſide, and there alſo, drawn by an irreſiſtible magnet, Doctor Cameron paſſed every hour he could ſteal from the buſineſs of his profeſſion.

It was now no longer neceſſary to obſerve a profound ſilence; the patient was paſt help, and could not ſuffer by being diſturbed; nevertheleſs, the ſacred reſpect due to ſo awful a ſtate, the ſtill warm and glowing ſentiments of gratitude and reſpect that animated their hearts, prevented them from raiſing a ſyllable above a whiſper, while his diſſolution was hourly expected.

During this interval it was that Roſa related to Dr. Cameron as much of the hiſtory of the unfortunate Mrs. Walſingham as either ſhe or the Major knew; and then he informed her, that the body of Donald Ferguſon had been found terribly bruiſed, within a mile of the ſea.

Roſa wept, and in return for his continued kindneſs to old Janet, amuſed the heavy hours they paſſed together as well as ſhe could, ſometimes recurring to her former viſit to the palace, repeating the deſcriptive kindneſs of that kind being who now lay ſcarce breathing before them; at others moralizing like a divine on the frail ſtate of mortal man; the Doctor was all ear.

She would take out her pencil, and trace from memory, Lockleven, the priſon of the unfortunate Queen Mary, as it now ſtands, then reverſe it to what her fancy formed it, when the haughty mother of Douglas experienced the danger of expoſing the fidelity of her young ſon to the faſcination of beauty; the Doctor was all eye.

Then again ſhe would moralize on that ſad ample ſtory, having read with avidity all the celebrated hiſtorians

who had drawn their pens for and againſt the unfortunate Mary.

No man could be more national than Dr. Cameron; and to know that the annals of his country had engaged ſo charming, ſo amiable a mind, heavens and earth! it was ecſtacy.

Mrs. Buhanun was ſtill admired; her levees were crowded; Kattie who was really beautiful, and now at that age, when Scotch ladies far leſs fortunate in a faultleſs ſet of features, are in general attractive, ſoon acquired celebrity; ſhe was called bonny Kate of Caſtle Gowrand; the men all toaſted her, and though under their preſent domeſtic calamity, nobody expected them to viſit, they were an hundred deep in engagements.

Mr. Frazer's athletic form was ſupported by very good health; he had never ſuffered under a fit of illneſs in his life, and one of his principal cares was to preſerve himſelf in the happy ſituation, in reſpect to bodily ſtrength, in which this hiſtory finds him,—a ſick chamber was his averſion, and a death bed his terror.

If Doctor Cameron fancied himſelf the kindred ſoul of Roſa, Mr. Frazer might, with equal juſtice, claim the ſame intellectual relationſhip with Mrs. Buhanun, ſince their likings and antipathies were the ſame: to conſole her, to amuſe the heavy moments of expectant widowhood, he was every morning at her breakfaſt table, and every evening filled a loſing corner at tredille with her and Kattie.

With ſuch a kind attentive domeſtic friend for morning and evening; with the howdye cards of all the lords, ladies, belles, and beaux for the middle of the day; and with delightful reveries for her waking hours at night; what time had Mrs. Buhanun to attend to the belle paſſion of Doctor Cameron, or be grateful to Roſa for her undeviating care of, and attention to, her dying huſband?

Roſa thought Doctor Cameron a mighty good, but a mighty eccentric man; ſhe loved his virtues, and admired his ſentiments, while, had her heart been leſs occupied by the ſad object before her, ſhe would have often ſmiled at his manners; her confidence in the integrity of his mind, and her reliance on the friendſhip he profeſſed, increaſed

every

every hour; but as to love,—dear young ladies, amiable ſupporters of that grand fund of literary excellence, the Minerva-Preſs, the editor bluſhes, ſhe dies with confuſion, to confeſs, though in her eighteenth year, her heroine had neither from reading nor feeling acquired experience enough in that divine paſſion, to ſuſpect that the gaze, the ſigh, the conſtant attention of a man old enough to be her father, had a meaning beyond what even *his* few words explained.

The Major having, contrary to the expectation of the faculty, ſurvived ſome weeks after his arrival at Edinburgh, Mrs. Buhanun and her friends, weary of the conſtraint decency impoſed, began to think his was one of thoſe lingering incurable caſes that leave a miſerable object on the feeling and mercy of their relation till the one becomes blunted, and the other exhauſted by the grand leveller, time. Doctor Cameron did not give into ſo convenient a concluſion, but as Mr. Frazer and moſt of Mrs. Buhanun's other friends and acquaintances did, Kattie was introduced at the public party of a lady of high rank by her handſome mother, and from that hour no one day paſſed without ſimilar engagements; and though the Major's deſperate ſituation muſt have rendered any woman who had the honour to be his wife, whoſe heart was not filled with ſelf adulation, and whoſe apathy was not habitual, unfit for company; diſſipation, that effectual reſource againſt feeling, carried Mrs. Buhanun and Miſs Kattie not ſimply from home, but from themſelves; and though that tireſome man, Doctor Cameron, firſt remonſtrated, then cenſured, and at laſt quarrelled with them, while mamma was courted, and Miſs admired, every where and by every body; new engagements, new acquaintance, and new clothes ſucceeded ſo rapidly, that it is not poſſible to gueſs when or where they would have ſtopped, had not a ſervant broke in on a Scotch reel Mrs. Buhanun was dancing with her uſual ſpirits and agility, with the important and unexpected news, that his maſter was dead.

Mr. Cameron had that morning moſt ſtrenuouſly recommended it to Mrs. Buhanun, to decline the invitation to a ball, given in honour of the anniverſary of a wedding day; as he frankly told her he was certain a very ſhort

time would deprive her of her huſband, and her children of their father.

Mrs. Buhanun would do any thing Doctor Cameron adviſed, but give up her engagement at Mrs. Maxwell's ball, where Lord Aaron Horſemagog had engaged Kattie for his partner, and where his friend, a handſome Engliſh nobleman, had alſo engaged her; but to-morrow, yes, to-morrow, ſhe would ſit with the Major all the long day.

That to-morrow, like many others pregnant with all ſort of good things, never came; the Major expired without a groan, after a ſtrong ſpaſm of convulſive hickup, in the arms of his friend Doctor Cameron.

Mr. Frazer being ſent for, arrived juſt in time to hand the mournful relic and her fair daughter from Lord Aaron's carriage.

Mrs. Buhanun wept with infinite grace; Mr. Frazer held a handkerchief to his eyes; but neither party were ſo abſorbed in grief as to forget what was due to each other; the gentleman was all conſolation, the lady all acknowledgment; ſhe walked gracefully to an arm chair, and might poſſibly have fainted, had not Kattie been before hand with her, and ſunk ſenſeleſs on the floor as ſhe was running towards her father's apartment, where on her recovery, ſhe inſiſted on going, in ſpite of all her mother's commands, or Mr. Frazer's entreaties; her perſeverance perhaps reminded them that a viſit to the ſcene of death under all the exiſting circumſtances, would not be quite unnatural in them; ſo the widow was led in by the friend of her deceaſed huſband.

The nurſe, no longer occupied about her honoured maſter, holding volatiles to Roſa, who was kneeling at the feet of the bed, with a face as bloodleſs as the breathleſs corpſe; Emma and Jeſſy weeping in the arms of Doctor Cameron; the Major's man, ſobbing with his face hid in the curtain; and the deceaſed huſband, father, and friend, with all the once admired benignity of countenance triumphant even in death, exhibited a ſcene too ſhocking for Mrs. Buhanun; ſhe gave a loud ſhriek, and was hurried to her own chamber by Mr. Frazer, aſſiſted by her maid.

Kattie

Kattie, trembling and pale, joined the ſad group; ſhe contemplated the face of the beſt of fathers, till again fainting, ſhe was carried, by the Doctor's deſire, out of the room, and followed by Roſa, her two ſiſters, and himſelf.

Over ſcenes like theſe, ſenſibility drops the curtain; the Major's body was carried with much funeral pomp, attended by his two executors, to the mauſoleum of the Buhanun family, while the widow was ſhut up, to weep and arrange her mourning, poſitively refuſing to admit any perſon into her chamber but Kattie, her own maid, and the beſt milliner and mantua-makers in Edinburgh.

As Emma and Jeſſy were included in this prohibition, Roſa had the leſs reaſon to feel herſelf hurt; but on the morning after the return of the executors from the funeral, when Mrs. Buhanun, in all the ſable dignity which the moſt elegant and becoming weeds would admit, deſcended to the drawing-room, to witneſs the opening the will; when our heroine in modeſt black of her own making, entered, with the two younger girls, and was beginning to hope Mrs. Buhanun was well, ſhe was in an inſtant ſilenced by that lady's haughty frown, and confounded, when after a ſhort pauſe, with a ſevere and ſteady voice, ſhe heard herſelf addreſſed.

"Underſtand, Miſs," ſaid Mrs. Buhanun, "once for all, this apartment and the next, are ſacred to *me*: I reſerve them for *my viſitors*; while I ſuffer you to remain in *my* family, you are to keep to the back room; I ſhall not introduce *you* to *my* friends, and expect you will not preſume to enter here without *my* particular orders."

Emma, who was ſcarcely leſs ſhocked than Roſa; and whoſe reſpect for her mother did not ſtrengthen with her improving underſtanding, had the courage to aſk if Jeſſy and herſelf were alſo to be confined to the back room.

"Till you are old enough to viſit, Miſs."

"Ah mamma!"

"Well, Miſs."

"We did not come to Edinburgh to viſit."

Whether the tears that guſhed from the amiable girl, or an inward monitor moved Mrs. Buhanun, we know not,

not, but moved ſhe was, and actually embraced her children.

Roſa, whatever blood ſhe ſprung from, had as much juſt pride as the proudeſt Caledonian; ſhe would not ſuffer a tear to ſtain her burning cheek; Mrs. Buhanun had no merit in the obligations ſhe owed the beloved Major; ſhe felt herſelf little inclined to reſpect, and leſs to love a woman who had embittered all his domeſtic comfort, and had rendered one of the beſt of men miſerable under his own roof; ſhe courtſied with dignity, and was retiring, when the two girls followed her, each paſſing an arm round her waiſt.

"Lord, mamma," ſaid Kattie, who never thought of reſpect in addreſſing her mother, "I wonder you are not aſhamed to treat Miſs Buhanun ſo, when you know how attentive ſhe was to my poor father."

Again Mrs. Buhanun was moved; ſhe requeſted Roſa would ſtill conſider herſelf as entruſted with the care of her daughters, and believe that in preſcribing rules for her appearance, ſhe was entirely actuated by motives of prudence.

Roſa ſlightly courtſied, and retired to the back room.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Jeſſy, "I wiſh we were all at Donald Ferguſon's wee hoos by the burn ſide, with dear Mrs. Walſingham."

The tears which wounded pride had repreſſed in the preſence of Mrs. Buhanun, now flowed from the eyes of Roſa; and the girls were too well taught to purſue a theme that filled their companion and friend with agony; they were ignorant of the calamity that deſolated the little paradiſe at the burn ſide; but ſeeing every alluſion to it, and the mention of Mrs. Walſingham's name had the ſame effect on Roſa's feelings as the recollection of their deceaſed father, they confined their wiſhes to their own little confidential confabs, which always began and ended with, "Oh that we were with dear Mrs. Walſingham, at the burn ſide."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVII.

The handſome widow and bonny Kattie in their glory; the beggar grows older and poorer, but not wiſer; rejects one lover before ſhe is ſure of another, and improves very little from the polite example of the widow Buhanun.

DOCTOR CAMERON and Mr. Frazer were in the mean time punctual to their appointment, and the former produced the will. On opening the envelope, all parties were ſurpriſed to find a third name added to the guardian and executorſhip, and that third the one moſt obnoxious to the fair widow, "Mrs. Maria Walſingham."

Major Buhanun had certainly been more attached to that lady,—more fond of her ſociety,—more guided by her opinion,—and more ſatisfied with her judgment, than could be agreeable to a wife, who wiſhed to retain the firſt place in her huſband's eſteem; but of that ſort of regard which he expreſſed for his female friend, Mrs. Buhanun would not have been jealous, had ſhe not unjuſtly attributed to her influence every ſtep taken by him, to leſſen the expences of his family, and matroniſe his wife.

That the Major himſelf, diſturbed by the roaring tempeſt of the night, when the howling of the wind and beating of the rain every moment reminded him of the ſituation of a friend ſo dear, ſhould, as ſoon as day broke, venture his own life, to walk among broken and breaking branches of trees, where it was with the utmoſt difficulty he could keep his feet, to enquire after her welfare and ſafety, is by no means ſurpriſing; and that he beheld the devaſtation which a few hours had made; that he had explored the laſt tumbling ruin of the houſe; that he returned hopeleſs and ſick at heart may be concluded from the account given by the widow's ſon, and from his look, his tears, and viſible anguiſh as he gazed on Roſa; but whether the agonizing ſenſation ſuch an event may be ſuppoſed to excite, had any effect in bringing on the

the fatal ſtroke that terminated his exiſtence, it is impoſſible to ſay, nor indeed is it of moment to the ſtory.

It was, as Mrs. Buhanun before ſaid, and now repeated, by the peculiar intervention of providence that odious woman was taken out of the world at ſuch a critical period; ſhe devoutly thanked God for the deliverance, and requeſted the Doctor would proceed to read the will, expecting, from the frame of mind the Major was in when he made his favourite, guardian of his children, to find herſelf cramped in her income, and bound down to paſs her life in the comfortleſs ſtate of widowhood.

But how great, and how agreeable was her ſurpriſe, to find the eſtate bound to pay her four hundred pounds per ann. by quarterly payments, during life, unfettered by any conditions, together with Caſtle Gowrand, and a certain proportion of land about it, till her youngeſt daughter came of age, when another hundred pounds per ann. was to be paid her in lieu of it, in caſe either of his daughters or their future huſbands ſhould chuſe to agree with the others to reſide there; this additional hundred however to depend on her not marrying; all right to more than the four hundred per ann. to ceaſe on her entering into a ſecond marriage; for the ſupport and education of his daughters he allotted ſeventy pounds per ann. each; the accumulations of his eſtate, which from the encreaſed value of lands, and his own improvements, he had raiſed from ſix to nine hundred pounds yearly rents, he left to be equally divided between his coheireſſes, at the diſcretion of his executors. Theſe, with legacies to his ſervants, and a few particular friends, were his whole bequeſts.

In this will, which was executed before Roſa was known to the family, her name could not be mentioned, but in his tablets, to which the executors had put their joint ſeals on their firſt arrival at Caſtle Gowrand were written.

"If I ſhould die before I add a codicil to my will, I requeſt Doctor Cameron and Mr. Frazer will conſider this as a part of it: Pay to Miſs Roſa Buhanun five hundred pounds, within ſix months after my deceaſe, and

and at her leaving my family, which I hope and truſt will not ſoon happen, two hundred pounds more, over and above what ſhe may be entitled to, from the aſſets of my late nephew, Wallace Buhanun.

A. BUHANUN."

" 'Tis amazing," ſaid Mrs. Buhanun, frowning, " to what exceſs the poor Major carried his fooliſh fondneſs for that girl; ſurely Colonel Buhanun's bequeſt is quite ſufficient."

" Have any of the Colonel's affets come to hand?" demanded Mr. Frazer.

Not that Mrs. Buhanun knew.

Doctor Cameron was not ſurpriſed at the Colonel's partiality for Miſs Roſa; he thought it was impoſſible to know, and *not* be partial to her; ſhe was in mind and perſon ſo equally amiable.

Mr. Frazer thought her a pretty enough girl, and Mrs. Buhanun put up her lip.

The Major's death was a very ſerious concern in Edinburgh; the very theatre, concert, and balls felt it; not a hundredth couſin could poſſibly appear in public till a decent time had elapſed. The Buhanuns, as has been before obſerved, had married and intermarried into all the firſt families in Scotland, and the mourning was among the ſuperior ſort almoſt general.

At Holy-Rood-Houſe the ſables were a matter of ſuch importance, that even after the firſt habiliments were compleat Mrs. Buhanun and Miſs Kattie were too much engaged to ſee any body, but thoſe concerned in their dreſſes, for a full fortnight after the funeral.

In the mean while Roſa, whoſe taſte was elegant ſimplicity, and who had been in the habit not only of making, but inventing her own dreſſes, had compleatly and moſt becomingly equipt her young friends and herſelf, and returned with them to the taſk which friendſhip and gratitude equally impoſed.

But with every attention to the improving talents and underſtanding of the amiable children of her lamented friend, there ſtill were hours that hung heavy on her mind; ſhe had a foreboding that thoſe dear girls, the ſerene delights of Caſtle Gowrand, and every tie that bound

bound her to the family would ſoon, like the charming cottage on the burn ſide, be loſt to every thing but memory.

Caſtle Gowrand ſtands at the baſe of the Highlands, in the fineſt vale in Scotland, of which indeed it is called the granary. The Major was not more remarkable for exact honour in his dealings with mankind, than for a neat and elegant taſte, which was diſplayed in all the appendages to his eſtabliſhment; and every hedge row on the lands of Caſtle Gowrand ſpoke the care of an attentive owner.

The view, from every aſpect of that venerable building, was enchanting; the ſun, as it roſe in majeſtic ſplendor from behind a riſe on the eſtate, covered with luxuriant corn-fields, ornamented with cluſters of tall firs, and ſet in the boſom of the ocean, which, at the diſtance of twelve miles, was viſible to the naked eye from the gothic window of the apartment Roſa uſually occupied, had been an object of her conſtant admiration.

Into the gloomy apartment where ſhe was now condemned to breathe, to meditate, and to weep, the rays of that bleſſed orb never entered. Of two oppoſite heavy windows one looked to the quadrangle court, the other againſt the Calton hill; an old blind, which ſhe was forbid to move, though it did not prevent her contemplating the long graſs that grew between the ſtones, which in former times were worn bare by crowds of ſervile courtiers, entirely precluded a poſſibility of being ſeen herſelf, and the almoſt perpendicular ſteep of the hill on the other ſide, was the only part of the Calton where the human face divine could not be ſeen.

The Miſs Buhanuns, out of patience at a confinement ſo new and tireſome, would ſometimes, in ſpite of all her entreaties, get among the ſervants for amuſement; her authority, unſupported by their parent, weakened, and ſhe had full leiſure to reflect and to grieve, as with an aching heart ſhe retraced the delightful mornings at Caſtle Gowrand, and the enchanting evenings at the burn ſide; ah! what a contraſt; the manly ſenſe, and as manly urbanity of the worthy Major; the ſtrong, yet feminine mind,—the grace, the accompliſhments of the elegant

elegant Mrs. Walſingham; the friendſhip, the affection, the gratifying commendations of both, which at once excited emulation and rewarded virtue,—alas! where now were they?

The worm-eaten furniture, groteſque tapeſtry figures, the gilded canopies, tattered reliques of miſerable royalty, and old pictures, diſpoſed without taſte or judgment, all aided the melancholy retroſpect,—the

"Was, was moſt bleſſed,"

met her eye in every inſignia of other times; what indeed to her were the happy ſcenes of only two months back, but a tale of other times, never, never to be renewed.

Regret and recollections like theſe, which filled all her waking and ſleeping thoughts, ſoon deprived her fair face of the fine bloom which the clear air of Caſtle Gowrand had given it. "She is too pale to be a beauty," ſaid Miſs Muſhroom, on a former occaſion; had that lady ſeen her before Major Buhanun's illneſs, ſhe would perhaps have denied her claim to beauty from a contrary cauſe; but grief and confinement affected her health as well as her mind; ſhe was always ſubject to faintings, which weakneſs now encreaſed: Doctor Cameron beheld with equal concern and ſurpriſe an alteration ſo marked and alarming. Compaſſion they ſay, is the bond of ſocial intercourſe; but Mrs. Buhanun had not time to make the experiment: ſhe was told by Kattie Miſs Roſa was ill, and ſhe directed her houſe-keeper to let her have any thing ſhe wanted; a great exertion it muſt be allowed for a fine lady, whoſe engagements were infinitely too numerous for time.

Roſa at length reſolved to make Doctor Cameron the confident of her diſtreſs and ill health; ſhe pleaded moſt eloquently the cauſe of virtue and propriety; lamented it would not, under the preſent arrangement of Mrs. Buhanun's family, be in her power to enforce the tenets of either, by precept or example to the young ladies ſtill conſidered to be under her care, and implored the Doctor to obtain Mrs. Buhanun's conſent for them to paſs the approaching ſummer, at Caſtle Gowrand.

Doctor

Doctor Cameron made no anſwer; he did not twice eſſay to ſpeak; he breathed ſhort; his lip quivered; but finding his meaning too big for utterance, he went home, wrote twenty ſheets of paper, burned them all, returned next day to Holy-Rood-Houſe, juſt touched the knocker of Mrs. Buhanun's door, but his heart failing, made a precipitate retreat, ſhut himſelf up, and after four days hard labour, ſent our heroine a tender of his heart and hand.

During this interval the ſituation of our heroine was a little varying, as ſhe thought, for the better.

Emma, it being Sunday, was dreſſed in her beſt black, her fine auburn hair moſt taſtefully diſpoſed, and the tout enſemble of her dreſs and perſon not ſimply pretty, but elegant.

She had, as uſual, been viſiting her friends in the ſervants' hall, when her mother happening to meet her, was ſtruck dumb with admiration, and finding Roſa had been the ſole artiſt and inventor of the very pretty robe that ſo charmingly diſplayed the ſymmetry of her daughter's make, ſent for her, and with an air of kindneſs and civility, requeſted the favour of her to give her maid directions to alter a robe of her own, and one of Kattie's exactly like Emma's.

Roſa's natural diſpoſition was obliging and conciliating, the ſervant carried the robes to her apartment, but having, as ſhe ſaid, a thouſand things to do, and no time to do it in, Roſa diſmiſſed her, and compleated the alteration herſelf ſo ſoon, and ſo much to the ſatisfaction of Mrs. Buhanun, that ſhe was immediately promoted to the office of cap, hat, cloak, and robe maker to the handſome widow and her fair daughter, who ſo fully employed her, that ſhe had no time to grieve or meditate, and the young ladies made their viſits to the ſervants' hall as long and as frequent as they pleaſed.

The entire change of behaviour in Mrs. Buhanun which now often added the "dear" to "Miſs Roſa," rendered her firſt talks eaſy enough; but when ſhe found that one new and becoming thing begat a taſte for more, and that every moment of her time would not compleat all the changes, whim and caprice choſe to invent, her heart again failed, and her pale cheek told a tale of inward

ward debility Mrs. Buhanun could not, or would not underſtand.

Doctor Cameron's letter might have flattered her vanity, had ſuch a ſenſation been the inmate of her mind, but it now ſerved as an accumulation of diſtreſs, which ſhe thought was at the height before.

It ſeemed as if thoſe few beings with whom her heart connected itſelf, who were not for ever torn from her by death, muſt be loſt to her by ſome other means.—Mrs. Harley had indeed punctually anſwered her letters, but the correſpondence of youth and age is in general tinctured too much by wiſdom on one ſide, and reſpect on the other, to retain that open confidence which alone can render the intercourſe of letters deſirable between people who are long ſeparated; and it was now near a year ſince ſhe had heard from her.

But Elinor Croak, who had been conſtant and frequent in her correſpondence, and who profeſſed unabated regard and everlaſting friendſhip, had on a ſudden left off writing; Roſa had not had a line from her during the laſt ſix months, and her regret was accompanied with the moſt anxious ſolicitude for the welfare of the friend of her early youth, the loſs of whoſe correſpondence would have been of ſtill more importance to her peace, had it not been followed by ſuch a ſucceſſion of melancholy events. Thus deprived of every other friend, her heart had reſted on Doctor Cameron as her laſt hope, and he had now deprived her of himſelf, nor was this all.

Her purſe, which was very well ſupplied when ſhe left England, had gradually decreaſed to a very low ebb; ſhe was, like other well diſpoſed young people, very liberal. The Major had bid her apply to him when ſhe wanted money, and had twice forced her to accept a ten pound note; but he was not acquainted with the various drains on the purſe of an open heart there are in a large family of ſervants, and knew no other method by which ſhe could get rid of her money.

But excluſive of liberality to ſervants, and little acts of benevolence, as they happened to fall in her way, Roſa was the actual creditor of the Major's whole family.

Mrs.

Mrs. Buhanun was much too fine a lady to regulate expenditures by receipts, and was of courſe often at a loſs for ways and means; ſhe was fond of cards, without being compleat miſtreſs of any game, and in conſequence a general loſer; and though ſhe ſeldom had condeſcended to honor Roſa with any other mark of confidence, never ſcrupled ſending her maid to borrow a guinea or two when ſhe wanted money, nor ever thought of paying when ſhe did not.

Kattie, wild, good natured, and agreeable, knew how to coax whatever ſhe wanted from Roſa; and little expenditures for her own girls, as ſhe called Emma and Jeſſy, which the Major had bid her carry to account, ſhe could not prevail on herſelf to give in to the executors; in ſhort, there is no concealing the misfortune when or wherever it happens; poverty, with all its ugly concomitants, was beginning to ſtare our heroine in the face.

Theſe evils the Doctor's offer might remedy; but however tranſient all other good things appeared, ſhe had not ceaſed to value her own integrity; Doctor Cameron was a man, whom, as a friend, her heart eſteemed, but againſt whom, as a huſband, it revolted; ſhe anſwered his letter with a delicate frankneſs, *ſo delicate* that even her rejection encreaſed his affection and encouraged his hope; he wrote again; was more explicitly refuſed; and ſenſible that to ceaſe loving, it was abſolutely neceſſary he ſhould ceaſe to ſee her, declined his viſits.

The Major was now as little thought of by Mrs. Buhanun as if he had died at Nootka Sound ſeven years back.—Kattie's beauty brought every male of rank that either lived at, or viſited Edinburgh, to Holy-Rood-Houſe; and where the men are, women will alſo be.

Mrs. Buhanun's parties both at home and abroad, were the moſt brilliant, crowded, frequent, and faſhionable in Scotland; ſhe had already caſt her eye round the heirs of the noble families, to all of whom ſhe had free acceſs, for one worthy to lay his title and fortune at the feet of her beautiful Kattie, and out of about a dozen ſprigs of quality, the only preſent difficulty ſeemed to be on which to fix. In a dilemma ſo delicate, who ſo proper to conſult as her unwearied friend, Mr. Frazer.

This

This gentleman, elated at the conſequence his executorſhip gave him with ſo fine and faſhionable a woman as Mrs. Buhanun, and proud to be guardian to ſo beautiful a girl as her daughter, had lately deliberated on a very important point in his own mind; the ſerious queſtion with him, at the moment the fair widow as ſeriouſly aſked him, which of three Marquiſſes, three Earls, and four Barons, he would adviſe her to think on for Kattie, was the old parody of "To marry, or not to marry."

Mr. Frazer was a batchelor of ſome ſtanding in the world; and notwithſtanding his exceſſive gentility, muſt have found high living and good company rather inconvenient, had it not been for the honeſt hoards of his father. He liked not his profeſſion, and truth to ſay, his profeſſion liked not him; very few of its emoluments paſſed through his hands, becauſe fewer ſtill were ſubmitted to his judgment; he however did all he could towards being a great man, and if he did not ſucceed, it was not his fault.

Having little buſineſs, and much leiſure, he was a patron of ſcience, a paſſionate admirer of muſic, a diſciple of the muſes, a ſubſcriber to the concert, a renter of the theatre, a frequenter of the aſſemblies, and every thing that money, without family or real fortune, could be.

Mrs. Buhanun was ſtill a fine woman, her income handſome, her children provided for; and above all, ſhe was careſſed and admired by that deſcription of people with whom it was his ambition to be well; the only incumbrance about her was the *pretty enough girl* whom he had not ſeen, or given himſelf the trouble to enquire after ſince the Major's death; but there was a way he could find to get rid of her; and ſo as he had little fortune and leſs intereſt, and as Mrs. Buhanun had, comparatively, a great ſhare of both, he determined on offering her his hand, when an opportunity, which he had foreſight enough to expect, ſhould, by putting it in his power to render her ſome acceptable ſervice, ſmooth the way.

Vanity could not be more luxuriantly fed; the widow Buhanun was every thing to every body; did ſhe fail to appear at the George's-ſquare, or New Town aſſembly, her

her abſence was the theme of converſation and regret for the evening. All the faſhionable people at Edinburgh ſubſcribe to a concert; but it is a general obſervation, though the rules are extremely ſtrict to admit none but ſubſcribers, very few of *them* have time to go to it themſelves; ſo that Urbani, unqueſtionably the firſt warbler of their own harmonious ſtrains in the world, and an excellent band, play and ſing, with all the advantage of a lofty ceiling and an empty room; but the preſence of the charming widow and her fair daughter could even make the concerts faſhionable; and the balcony box at the theatre, on Saturday nights, when right or wrong the learned and ſcientific people of Edinburgh will crowd to the play in defiance of the worſt entertainment of the week, was the gazing point of all ranks when Mrs. Buhanun and bonny Kate of Caſtle Gowrand were in it. If a private ball was given, the firſt thing thought of by the gentlemen, was to engage Kattie Buhanun, who, as well as being very beautiful, out danced every body; in ſhort, as Mrs. Buhanun and her daughter could not exiſt without conſtant parties, ſo it appeared no party could exiſt without them; and thus paſſed the ſeaſon at Edinburgh, till the races, which cloſes the world there for the year, were faſt approaching.

The Major's death had been formally announced in the Caledonian Mercury, the Edinburgh Courant, the Herald; this, Mrs. Buhanun had long flattered herſelf, was the only piece of information wanting to bring crowds of adorers to her feet; yet her faſhions had been thrice changed, and no mortal choſe to die, nor, what was more, to live for her; neither were thoſe ſame young lords whom ſhe had the goodneſs to ſelect for the choice of her daughter, leſs tardy in their movements.

Mrs. Buhanun could not be more perfectly convinced that her bonny Kattie was irreſiſtible than by this time the young lady was herſelf; perſuaded of the advantages ſhe had herſelf loſt, by giving her hand to the Major before ſhe had been properly ſhewn to the world, a miſfortune ſhe never ceaſed to lament, no wonder vanity, a weed as prolific as obnoxious, ſhould have already overgrown every avenue to the heart of a beautiful girl, under the tuition of ſuch a mother.

Their

Their mutual taſte for ſhew, expence, and pleaſure, which was pretty remarkable, could not be gratified but by a ſplendid marriage. Mamma was perpetually enjoining Miſs not to liſten to profeſſions of love from any thing under a lord, and a rich lord; which, as theſe commands perfectly accorded with her own wiſhes, ſhe cheerfully promiſed to obey.

But, as we before ſaid, no lord talked of marriage, though every creature, high and low, ſaid and thought bonny Kattie of Caſtle Gowrand a perfect beauty. This appeared to the widow odd enough, and ſhe began to think of changing the ſcene.

The ſweets of Caſtle Gowrand were waſting in the deſert air; the looker and his wife were growing rich in the produce of a garden that had been the Major's pride and delight; there, a fulneſs of every bleſſing awaited her; but there were no lords, no dreſs, no ſhew, and very few balls, that is to ſay, very few in compariſon of Edinburgh.

True, ſhe had invitations all over Scotland; but ſhe was anxious her Kattie ſhould be ſeen at an Engliſh watering place; ſo, as no creature, who is any body, can ſtay in Edinburgh after the races, ſhe ſettled the matter, as far as in her own mind it could be ſettled, that is, ſhe had her own approbation of the tempting ſcheme: there was however one impediment, which, though beneath the conſideration of a handſome widow, ſometimes overturns the moſt brilliant and beſt concerted plans.

The executors finding, though the Major's Weſt India ſavings had gradually decreaſed, there remained a ſmall overplus after paying all demands on his aſſets, advanced Mrs. Lubanan one whole year's income to begin the world.

Four hundred pounds was a ſum ſo ſuperior to any ſhe had before poſſeſſed at one time, that counting on its magnitude by a comparative recollection of the one five and ten pound notes ſhe uſed to get from her huſband for her private purſe, ſhe ſet herſelf down as a rich woman, and ſo managed, that it had ſlid through her fingers in ſuch an odd unaccountable manner, that conſidering the large demands of her tradeſmen, ſhe gravely proteſted her belief it had vaniſhed by enchantment.

Mrs.

Mrs. Buhanun's familiarity with Roſa had encreaſed with ſuch rapidity ſince ſhe became her mantua maker, milliner, and tire woman, that ſhe had not only borrowed the poor remains of her purſe, but actually ſometimes condeſcended to aſk her advice.

The faſhions at Edinburgh are full four hundred miles behind London, except a Campbell, an Abercorn, or a Gordon happen to ſhew themſelves for the benefit of bad imitators.

Roſa, like thoſe lovely women, had an inborn grace, a taſte, a manner, always new and always pleaſing; and Mrs. Buhanun ſhining with borrowed, or rather ſtolen luſtre, being now known not to employ any milliner, had the credit of inventing as well as leading faſhions.

But notwithſtanding the fair widow's good humour, the ſituation of our heroine was far from being enviable; ſhe had, by her natural deſire to oblige, got involved in difficulties from which it was impoſſible to extricate herſelf. Mrs. Buhanun's inſatiable vanity encreaſed by being fed; the moſt attractive and elegant attire could not be put on a ſecond time without alterations; and this tedious diſpoſal of time was no leſs injurious to the health than the mind of the young artiſt. Sometimes, when Mrs. Buhanun dined out, ſhe would ſteal to the Calton, and having gained the flat on the ſummit, where ſeldom any other being paſſed the lone hour; there, in the calm contemplation of the beautiful objects, once ſo kindly pointed to her obſervation by the friend who yet lived in her memory, her mind roſe above its ſorrow. "Yes," ſhe would ſay, "though among the ties that cement ſocial intercourſe, the forlorn Roſa is a wretched unique, here, under the immediate eye of Him who created this grand aſſemblage of majeſtic, ſublime, and beautiful, I feel, I, even *I*, am a part of his wonders; and though this luxuriant landſcape; yon cloud-cap'd Highlands; that white ſail, filling up the Firth of Forth; nor the boundleſs ocean, bearing on its curling boſom the fate and fortune of the buſy multitude, has ought for poor Roſa, he whoſe all-ſeeing eye penetrated the wretched hovel where my infant miſeries were ſheltered, will not now forſake me: I inhale the clear air,—I tread on the green

green ſward, nature's moſt delicious carpet,—I hail the glory of the opening ſpring,—and I feel the God of wonder and of mercy in my ſoul."

From theſe walks, her cheeks glowing with the emanation of true devotion, ſhe returned, if not happy, at leaſt compoſed, to a home from whence ſentiments and ſenſe congenial to her own were baniſhed, and where Mrs. Buhanun had deprived her of the power to give that relief to the ſad heart which always gladdened her own.

Too delicate to open her aching mind to the children of her whom her ſorrows muſt criminate; abandoned by Miſs Croak, and ſelf-deprived of the friendſhip of Doctor Cameron; but for the rambles to the ſummit of the romantic Calton, what would have become of our poor Beggar.

If ſhe left the Buhanuns by her own choice, and the widow was now too ſenſible of her value to let it be with her's, where could ſhe go? to whom apply? She had not means to take her from Scotland, and the clothes ſhe brought from the ſouth had, like her purſe, been ſo convenient to Mrs. and Miſs Buhanun that one was of as little worth as the other; and often would ſhe repeat:

"I ſee nothing to which I can lay claim, except a grave, when the weight of my misfortunes ſhall bring me there."

So entirely indeed was her mind ſubdued to her ſituation, that the concerns of life, as far as they reſpected herſelf, were totally indifferent. She became ſilent and dejected; reſerved in her manners, languid in converſation, careleſs in dreſs; and indeed looked altogether more like the ſhade than the ſubſtance of the late blooming and beautiful Roſa.

CHAP. XXVIII.

A diſcuſſion on ways and means; a widow's policy; a loan; a conqueſt; a new way of making love; and a diſcovery.

MRS. BUHANUN was both too inſenſible and too volatile, to be very clear ſighted in the cauſes or effects of troubles that did not immediately relate to herſelf; ſhe however thought proper to make Roſa the confidant of a few vexations, which about this time rather ruffled the ſweetneſs of her own temper.

The four hundred pounds per annum, which had drawn a tear of gratitude from an heart of adamant, and was at firſt conſidered as ſo generous and liberal a proviſion, had been now ſo long canvaſſed, not as what it was, but what it might have been, that it had diminiſhed to a poor pitiful allowance for a woman of her ſpirit, and happening now to be, as many fine ladies often are, at their wit's end for money, ſhe ſent for Roſa to comfort and adviſe her.

"Never," cried the handſome widow, "never, my dear Roſa, was a woman ſo ſacrificed and ſo uſed; after marrying in the bloom of youth and beauty, when I might have commanded any thing, a man old enough to be my great-grandfather, to be left with an allowance hardly enough to buy pins."

Roſa, who had been uſed to theſe ſort of exclamations, and *dear* Roſa, when Mrs. Buhanun wanted to borrow of her, mildly anſwered ſhe had not a guinea left.

That, Mrs. Buhanun told her, ſhe knew well enough; but proceeded nevertheleſs to ſtate her injuries, her troubles and diſtreſs, complaining and aſking advice in the ſame breath.

Roſa liſtened to one, but could not afford the other.

The widow went on a long ſtring of grievances, and concluded by declaring ſhe was undone, if ſhe could not raiſe three or four hundred pounds.

Roſa was ſilent and aſtoniſhed.

Now

Now Doctor Cameron would do any thing her *dear* Roſa aſked, and if ſhe would only borrow of him, in her *own name*, or aſk him to advance it for her.

Roſa coloured, "Borrow! aſk a pecuniary obligation of Doctor Cameron, impoſſible!" She calmly declined to do either.

Mrs. Buhanun was outrageous.

Roſa aſſured her, if ſhe poſſeſſed that, or a much larger ſum, it would be entirely at her orders; but ſhe would not incur obligation without ability to pay.

Did the proud over-bearing heart of Mrs. Buhanun feel reproof from the juſt ſentiment of the unaſſuming Roſa? or was it diſappointment that ſo deeply tinged her cheek?"

"*Not incur obligation without ability to pay!* but *I* have ability."

"You are happy, and it is therefore for you, not me, to be obliged."

Mrs. Buhanun muſed; Scarborough, gay Scarborough in her head and heart. "*If Roſa had that, or twice the ſum*;" a thought ſtruck her, Roſa had, that is, ſhe might have twice the ſum whenever ſhe pleaſed to demand it.

"Step, my dear Roſa, to my ſecretary, bring me the bundle of papers you will find in the firſt drawer."

Roſa did as ſhe was directed, and was ſtruck dumb with ſorrow and ſurpriſe, when Mrs. Buhanun produced bills to the amount of ſix hundred pounds, which would ruin her paſt redemption, if not paid before ſhe left town, and prevent Kattie from marrying a man of rank and faſhion.

Roſa's viſible ſurpriſe did not ſtop the widow's volubility; ſhe went on to demonſtrate that both her own ruin and her daughter's marriage depended on her raiſing at leaſt the major part of ſix hundred pound.

Roſa could not confute arguments on a ſubject ſo new.

"I ſincerely hope," ſaid ſhe, "your fear magnifies the danger, and that Miſs Kattie's advancement may take place."

"*May*," repeated Mrs. Buhanun, "*may* Miſs! it *will*." But ſoftening her voice, "Dear Roſa, what can I do in the mean time?"

Roſa

Roſa, who even during theſe confidential converſations, was employed, laid down her work, and raiſing her expreſſive eyes, gliſtening through her tears, "Ah Mrs. Buhanun!" ſaid ſhe, "why aſk advice of one ſo little qualified to give it? have you no inward monitor to ſpeak to your heart? look back on the ſcenes that have reduced you to ſo mortifying a dilemma; look ſtill farther back, to that beautiful retreat where prudence invites, and peace awaits you; where your charming girls may attain that perfection which will ennoble them; where their reſpected father delighted to ſee them; where the gravity of the matron, and fondneſs of the mother may be conſolidated; where——"

"Fine ſtuff indeed," interrupted the handſome widow; "yes, yes, I ſee your drift; you would return to your burn ſide; you would live at my expence, while you tremble leſt I ſhould aſk the loan of the ſum left you by my fooliſh huſband; but ſatisfy yourſelf, Miſs; I ſhall do without either that or taking you to Caſtle Gowrand.

The train of ideas which the mention of the burn ſide conjured up, flaſhed like lightning on all Roſa's tender recollections, when again another flaſh taught her to underſtand and to deſpiſe the proud reproacher.

The Major's memorandum, Mr. Frazer contended, when he ſpoke in private on the ſubject to Dr. Cameron, any more than Colonel Buhanun's bequeſt, were not binding on their ſucceſſors; the latter being addreſſed to his uncle, as heir at law, and he dying before any affets had come to hand, or even legal proof arrived of the Colonel's actual death, had no claim on the next heirs; and the former, dated ten months before the Major's death, after which time he was in found health, and diſpoſing memory, and might have made a freſh will, or put a codicil to the preſent one, was of ſuch a queſtionable nature, that he, as an executor, ſhould not think himſelf juſtified in paying it.

Doctor Cameron pretended to no ſkill in the glorious uncertainty of the law, but anſwered a ſpeech which coſt Mr. Frazer much time, both to frame and deliver, in as few words, as a reſolution to pay the legacy at his own riſk could be put into, and as the utmoſt ſtretch of the

the law could not object to that, there the matter for that time ended.

Doctor Cameron's hope, that Roſa would, by accepting his hand, place herſelf above the want of five hundred pounds, prevented his mentioning the Major's bequeſt, when he was in habits of ſeeing her; and ſince hope expired, his health and ſpirits had been ſo much and ſo equally affected, he reſolved to let it ſtand over till the expiration of the year, when he predetermined to have it paid to her by Mr. Frazer, without a hint of the doubt of its legality.

Mr. Frazer had not ſeen Roſa once ſince the Major's death; and Mrs. Buhanun, had ſhe not been cautioned by him, would have been the laſt perſon to inform her ſhe was in any degree independant of her favour.

But inexperienced as Roſa was in all pecuniary matters, ſhe could not now help underſtanding that her beloved friend had given her a laſt proof of his affection. It was a ſubject on which ſhe had never thought, though certainly, as he knew ſo exactly her ſituation, which he had in a great meaſure concealed from his wife, the expectation, that he would take ſome care of her, was natural; Roſa's ignorance of the world, and that only, could preclude ſuch expectation. A flood of grateful tears guſhed from her downcaſt eyes; ſhe was in an inſtant at Caſtle Gowrand, hanging on the Major's arm, looking down the precipice on the paradiſe of ſweets, and hearing "truth come mended from his tongue."

"No, Miſs," repeated Mrs. Buhanun, riſing with the dignity of a tragedy queen, "no, I ſhall not condeſcend to be refuſed by you."

At this propitious moment it was that a letter, ſealed with a barbed heart, and ſigned A. Frazer, was put into the white hand of the charming widow Buhanun.

With the contents of this letter the reader has been fully acquainted, and as it opened to the widow's hope a remedy for the evils that now aſſailed her, and held out a poſſibility of compaſſing the Scarborough ſcheme, her heart palpitated, her cheeks fluſhed, and ſhe ordered Roſa to lay by the bills.

It was not that ſuch a groveling idea could for a moment enter Mrs. Buhanun's head, as that of accept-

ing the hand of Mr. Frazer, the ſon of her huſband's looker, who however, poor man, was, ſhe confeſſed, more to be pitied for the misfortune of loving, than deſpiſed for the preſumption of addreſſing her; ſince his being over head and ears in love, was the natural conſequence of the familiar footing he was on in her houſe: but ſhe had a great opinion of her own management, and a ſtill greater one of her charms; and between one and the other, it would be hard indeed if ſhe could not perſuade an executor, ſo perfectly under the influence of both, to advance her a few hundreds.

This indeed was an hour of triumph every way; for the honourable Mr. Angus, a handſome, accompliſhed young man, in poſſeſſion of a large and clear eſtate, of the beſt blood in Scotland, and heir to a dukedom, had that morning requeſted Doctor Cameron would do him the honour of an introduction to Mrs. Buhanun, and her lovely daughter.

Although in Doctor Cameron's opinion all the beauty of blooming nature was concentered in one face, a face on which he forbad himſelf to look, he could not help allowing Kattie Buhanun was a very fine girl; but admired as ſhe was, he had by no means adopted her mother's ſanguine hopes, nor approved of the methods ſhe took to accompliſh them; he was nevertheleſs ſo intereſted in the welfare of the daughter of his deceaſed friend, that his honeſt heart glowed with pleaſure; he acknowledged the high honour Mr. Angus intended the ladies, and haſtening to appriſe them of it, did not in his zeal wait to be announced, but entered ſans ceremonie.

The Doctor had been ſo unuſed to ſee Roſa in any of the ſitting rooms, and he had indeed lately been ſo unuſed to ſee her at all, that his aſtoniſhment was not more evident than his concern at the alteration he ſaw in her looks.

The Honourable Mr. Angus and his Dukedom were obliged to give place to feelings of a nicer texture; Mrs. Buhanun and her daughter, with all their concerns, were totally abſorbed in the dearer intereſt he felt for the health of the woman he loved; for till he had taken Roſa's hand, felt her pulſe, and aſked a thouſand queſtions

tions about her health, he recollected nothing in the mortal race but herſelf.

He inſiſted ſhe was in very ill health; that ſitting was not good for her; that ſhe muſt inſtantly lay down her work; that ſhe muſt change the air; that he muſt ſee her every day; that nothing in the world, not even herſelf, who was worth all the world, ſhould prevent his viſiting her; and he would not relinquiſh her cold hand till ſhe promiſed to admit him at all times and at all hours, and follow all his preſcriptions; when this was ſettled, he had leiſure to think of the purpoſe of his viſit.

After what has been ſaid reſpecting the rank of ſociety in which the Buhanuns moved, it cannot be ſuppoſed a viſit from a man of quality was any thing extraordinary; no, but the purport of Mr. Angus's viſit could not be miſtaken; he had applied in proper form to the guardian, and all was as it ſhould be.

"There, Miſs," ſaid Mrs. Buhanun, exultingly, as in pulling the bell violently the cord broke, "there, you ſee what *may* be."

The ſervants were now to be diſpatched in ſearch of Miſs Kattie, who was in habit of paying morning viſits from the further end of George-ſtreet to the Links.

At ſeven preciſely Mrs. Buhanun and her fair daughter, armed for conqueſt, and Mrs. and Miſs Maxwell, two plain ill dreſſing women, ſelected for the occaſion, aſſembled in the drawing-room, one heart, at leaſt, palpitating with expectation of the Honourable Mr. Angus.

The young gentleman more than anſwered the expectation of the ladies in every point but one; he had a fine perſon and pleaſing countenance; his manners were eaſy, polite, and dignified, without egotiſm or arrogance, but, but "my uncle's marks were not on him;" and from the manner in which he paid his reſpects to the idol, Doctor Cameron could have ſworn, had he not, as he ſaid, known to the contrary, it was the firſt time of his ever ſeeing her.

There was alſo a reſtleſſneſs in his manner which all the polite attentions of the ladies could not remove: A heſitation of ſpeech, an involuntary ſtart, and an eye

perpetually turned to the door, prepared them in ſome degree for the ſurpriſe he treated them with, when after a ſhort half hour's indifferent chat, during which his watch had been conſulted at leaſt a dozen times, he made his bow, leaving Miſs Kattie humming Moggy Lawther; and her mamma, though charmed with the Honourable Mr. Angus, the great eſtate in poſſeſſion, and dukedom in reverſion, but half pleaſed with his ſhort viſit.

He however came the next morning, and lounged a full hour, and the next, and the next, and to compleat all, attended them to the play on Saturday.

As both the guardians were convinced of the lover's honourable intentions; Mr. Frazer became more deſperately in love every moment, and had the generoſity to advance five hundred pounds out of the Major's aſſets, to prevent his widow from being diſtreſſed, at the period when two ſuch important affairs were in agitation, as the marrying of Mr. A. Frazer, writer to the ſignet, to the handſome widow Buhanun, and the Honourable Mr. Angus, future Duke of Athelane, to her daughter.

Mrs. Buhanun's expences of all ſorts now encreaſed with her great proſpects; the end propoſed by going to an Engliſh watering-place was anſwered, without taking ſo long a journey; but as no doubt the marriage muſt ſoon take place, and in that caſe the bridegroom would invite the family to one or other of his ſeats, there would, thank heaven! be no returning to that ſtupid place Caſtle Gowrand; ſo ſhe requeſted Mr. Frazer would endeavour to let it.

Mr. Frazer made an aſſenting bow; but as he had a tenant in his mind's eye, and, moreover, did not think it ſo very ſtupid a place, he ſuffered that matter to reſt.

Meanwhile Roſa, more willingly buſy than ever, in decorating Kattie, loſt all the benefit of the Doctor's kind attendance, by the ſedentary life ſhe could not now help leading; but Mrs. and Miſs Buhanun being one day gone to a dinner at Queen's Ferry, Mr. Cameron brought his ſiſter in a hired coach to the door, and inſiſted on taking Roſa, Emma, and Jeſſy to dine at Roſlin.

The

The girls who with leſs reſignation to their fate, were as much confined as Roſa, waited not for a ſecond invitation, but with their hats in their hands, ſkipped down the ſtair, ſinging,

" 'Twas in the ſeaſon of the year,"

and proteſting Roſlin was of all others the place they wiſhed to ſee.

The indifference which was every hour encreaſing on Roſa's diſpoſition rendered her paſſive, and the happy Doctor had the felicity to accompany her to a ſcene that defied apathy.

The weather was warm; they dined under a marquee in the garden, on delicacies Doctor Cameron had previouſly ordered from Edinburgh, and devoted the afternoon to rambles, where the eye of taſte would never tire, nor the ſoul of ſenſibility ever ſatiate.

As Roſa looked down from the brow of the hill in deſcending to the Caſtle, ſhe changed colour, an univerſal trembling ſeized her frame, and tears guſhed from her eyes: The romantic woods, the tranſparent ſtream, the white ſtones from ſide to ſide, all ſtruck her as a reſemblance to the dear burn ſide; ſhe rambled with a mixture of anguiſh and delight through the impervious glade, and ſitting down on a rude ſtone at the entrance of one of the caves celebrated by the ancient bards of Lothian, now refreſhed by the ſoft breeze whiſpering through the thick foliage, and now enchanted with the variegated proſpect, which unexpected openings diſplayed, " Ah!" ſaid ſhe, " this is indeed the memory of

" Joys that are gone, pleaſing, yet mournful."

Doctor Cameron could not miſtake her alluſion, he felt it himſelf; he had gone to the burn ſide a ſecond time after the affecting ſcene never to be forgotten, and could eaſily believe the beauties of Roſlin were even exceeded there.

Doctor Cameron's heart was formed to feel, but not to expreſs ſympathetic tenderneſs, while his ſiſter amuſed herſelf with the delighted romping girls, he with a tender attention, in which the friend predominated over the lover, conducted Roſa round by the pretty cottage, up

to the chapel, where the gothic grandeur and natural ſimplicity, which rivalled each other, diverted her thoughts, and fixed them on objects leſs painful, though not leſs ſolemn. She now trod on ſacred ground; the duſt of the Lords of Roſlin, of heroes, and of princes, lay under the range of pillars that yet tell poſterity what Scotland was, even in the ages of barbariſm.

Returning from the front entrance of the chapel, by the road to the inn where the coach was waiting, to carry them back to Edinburgh, a trampling of horſes cauſed them to ſtop; a party of gentlemen, who had been dining at Penycuke, paſſed; one of whom, on turning his head, happened to meet the eye of Roſa, whoſe crimſoned cheek was out-crimſoned by the gentleman's; he inſtantly threw himſelf off his horſe, and approaching the party, accoſted Doctor Cameron with a reproachful, "Ah Doctor!" The Doctor made a paſſing bow, and handed the ladies to the coach.

"Doctor Cameron," ſaid the gentleman, laying his hand on the coach door, "won't you have the goodneſs to introduce me to theſe ladies?"

The Doctor was embarraſſed; he thought he perceived the clue to a myſtery that had a good deal puzzled him; he had no hope of Roſa himſelf, that is, not a hope he dared indulge, but though

"None without hope ere loved the brighteſt fair,
"Yet love will hope, where reaſon would deſpair;"

and ſo Doctor Cameron certainly did; elſe why was he ſo anxious for the coach to proceed when the gentleman ſtood with his hand on the door? Why at the ſame inſtant that he anſwered, "Certainly, Sir," did he pull out his watch, and exclaim, he had not a moment to loſe? and when the perſeverance of the unwelcome intruder put it out of his power to avoid announcing him, did he name "Mr. Angus" in ſo hurried and indiſtinct a manner, that had not the name been familiar to all the ladies, it would have been impoſſible to underſtand him?

Mr. Angus's bow to Roſa was ſo particular, that it again called the blood into her cheek.

"Good night, Doctor Cameron," ſaid he, gravely; "I am obliged to you; I thank ye for the *children*."

Doctor

Doctor Cameron with a half bow bid the coachman go on.

" Pray," ſaid he, after a ſilence of ſome minutes, " have you ever ſeen Mr. Angus before ?"

" I think," anſwered Roſa, with her uſual frankneſs, " I have; I met him once on the Calton hill; he was there with ſome gentlemen, at an hour and place when I had been uſed to take my ſolitary ramble, quite free from obſervation or interruption; he was rather rude I thought, ſo much ſo that he prevented my again taking my uſual walk; I have ſince ſeen him from my window once or twice; but did not know he was the gentleman who addreſſed Miſs Kattie."

The Doctor groaned in ſpirit; he had aſſured Roſa, and flattered himſelf that he was no longer her lover, but the pang he felt at this moment was as little like friendſhip as that which impelled him to follow her to the burn ſide.

The reader will by this time ſuſpect, with Doctor Cameron, that it was not of bonny Kattie of Caſtle Gowrand, whom every body adored; but of modeſt Roſa, *whom no body knew*, that Mr. Angus was enamoured.

A party of young men, who had dined together at Baillies, not knowing what better to do with themſelves, agreed to kill an hour at Golf in the evening; their carriages were not in waiting, and there happened to be no hacks on the bridge, they were too indolent to walk to Leith or the Links; ſo adjourned to the flat on the top of the Calton, which Roſa had hitherto concluded was, to the diſcredit of taſte, reſorted to only by herſelf, or ſome ſad recluſe like her.

Mr. Angus ſeeing a lady advance in the direction of the Golf, ſo loſt in meditation as neither to hear nor ſee the players, ran forward to warn her of her danger, and the wind at that inſtant diſcompoſing her black veil, he was ſtruck by the full view of a face, which, when the long eye laſhes, which ſeemed to reſt on her fine formed cheeks, were raiſed, and her brilliant eyes darted their bright beams full upon him, he thought the moſt beautiful the hand of nature ever formed.

Roſa courtſied, and turning back, took the neareſt path homeward. Mr. Angus remained rivetted to the

ſpot till ſhe was almoſt out of ſight, when ſeized with an irreſiſtible deſire again to behold a face ſo uncommonly attractive, he darted after her, and endeavoured to draw her into converſation by a profuſion of the common place compliments with which young men, whoſe rank is a licence for impertinence, abound; he deified her a thouſand times over, and entreated her to allow him to pay her his adoration at her own home, wherever that might be.

Roſa was offended at the freedom of his manner, and embarraſſed at his perſeverance; the propriety of her conduct, and the delicacy of her ſentiments, were equally outraged, and her face was crimſoned deeper with anger than it had been with modeſty at his firſt accoſting her; after having twice requeſted he would not be troubleſome, ſhe deigned not to anſwer any thing he ſaid, but,

"Frowning ſevere in youthful beauty,"

quickened her pace, followed quite to the palace by the enchanted Mr. Angus, who, having houſed her, returned to his companions, to deſcribe with rapture and admiration the moſt lovely creature in exiſtence.

After a hearty laugh at his expence, he was aſked, if the goddeſs wore mourning?"

"Yes."

"And you followed her to the palace?"

"Yes."

"Hoot! have you never before ſeen bonny Kattie of Caſtle Gowrand, the prettieſt girl in Scotland, the handſome widow Buhanun's eldeſt daughter? every body knows her."

Mr. Angus was that ſort of man, that did not admire a woman the more for *every body's knowing her*; but the face of the lady whom he ſuppoſed to be the Edinburgh toaſt, made a deep impreſſion on his mind, and he was exactly at the ſame hour on the Calton the next day, in hope to meet her, from whence he purſued the path ſhe had taken.

Out of humour at his diſappointment, he loitered round the palace, and at length ſaw the form that had floated

floated on his mind, ſeated at a window, too intent on her work to be ſenſible of the ſentiments ſhe inſpired.

Mr. Angus now almoſt lived on the Calton; for there and there only could he ſee the object who, ſpite of himſelf, retained an intereſt in his heart.

He was obliged to ſhorten his ſtay in Edinburgh, on account of the Duke to whom he was heir paſſing through to the Highlands, and whom reſpect and good manners obliged him to accompany; but change of ſcene could not expel the lovely viſion that had taken hold of his mind, and he returned determined to be introduced in a proper manner to Mrs. Buhanun.

The firſt glance of Kattie proved a miſtake ſome where. It was impoſſible he ſhould not perceive the ideas Mrs. Buhanun and her daughter entertained of the nature of his viſit; nor with what avidity they ſtrove to improve the impreſſions they were allowed to ſuppoſe he had received; under theſe circumſtances he felt embarraſſed; he knew enough of the palace to be certain theſe were the apartments his incognita inhabited; and he ſat in conſtant expectation of ſeeing her enter who, though he could not deny the beauty of the toaſt *every body knew*, was in his opinion every way her ſuperior.

After a reſtleſs expectation of half an hour, feeling it irkſome either to become a party in the ſelf-deception of Mrs. Buhanun, her daughter, and their friends, or to give up all hope of a proper introduction to the object of his paſſion, he took the abrupt leave that at once aſtoniſhed the Doctor, and mortified the ladies.

Doctor Cameron could not help obſerving an embarraſſment ſo new in one of the beſt bred men in Scotland; the whole of the ſhort viſit, though free from the frivolity of a common dangler, was alſo equally free from any of the ſymptoms of a ſerious attachment; and although the compliments he paid the handſome mother, and her beautiful daughter, were neatly pointed, and delicately appropriate, the expreſſion in his countenance proved, that, like moſt other compliments, they meant ——nothing.

Paſſing from the palace, over the South-Bridge, towards the college, where, as he had previouſly informed Mr. Angus, he had an engagement; he perceived that gentleman

gentleman lounging up Nicholſon-ſtreet, and was immediately joined by him.

The Doctor expreſſed his ſurpriſe both at the brevity of his viſit at the palace, and at the rencounter in Nicholſon-ſtreet. Mr. Angus excuſed the firſt, by pleading an indiſpenſible pre-engagement, and accounted for the laſt by acknowledging a curioſity to know every particular of the widow Buhanun and her family.

The Doctor dryly replied, there was very little to know, but even that little could not be well told or underſtood, in the croſſing from the ſpot where they now were, to the college, and between two indiſpenſible pre-engagements.

Well, but Mr. Angus had only three words to ſay, and he ſeized the Doctor by the button.

"Very well," ſaid the Doctor, "I will certainly hear you; I was apprehenſive you wiſhed to *receive* information, not to give it; and in that caſe it would not now have been in my power to oblige you."

"Will you ſup with me at Drumbeck's?" "You forget your *indiſpenſable* engagement; but I cannot forget mine."

Well, then, would the Doctor take one turn round St. George's-Square?

As the intereſt of his ward was ſo materially concerned, and as he really wiſhed for the explanation of a conduct which, if not myſterious, muſt be capricious, he conſented, and arm in arm they walked to St. George's-ſquare.

But the Doctor waited in vain for the expected explanation. Mr. Angus wanted to know firſt whether Mrs. Buhanun had not more daughters? ſecond, whether they were handſome? and laſt, when and where they were to be ſeen?

The Doctor anſwered, there were two younger Miſs Buhanun's, one of whom in his opinion, would be ſtill more beautiful than the eldeſt; that indeed ſhe promiſed ſo very much, he thought it politic in Mrs. Buhanun, to keep her back till her elder ſiſter was married.

With this account the Honorable Mr. Angus appeared ſo ſatisfied that he took a ſecond abrupt departure, and left the Doctor to his engagement at the new college, and

and to aſk himſelf whether the elegant, ſenſible, Honorable Mr. Angus was not a little crazy.

His continued viſits however appeared to pleaſe Mrs. Buhanun; for though he did not exactly betray the tender confuſion of a timid lover in his addreſs to her daughter, nothing could be more animated than his reſpectful attention to herſelf; ſo that though the affair did not advance with all the rapidity ſhe wiſhed, it at leaſt kept its ſtation with dignity.

Mean while rumour's hundred tongues were in motion, and nothing talked of in the ſuperior circles, but the ſplendid ſettlement of the beauty of Caſtle Gowrand.

Mr. Angus had the peculiar felicity of being reſpected and beloved by all his own family; he was only ſon to Mr. Angus of Caithneſs, and Lady Louiſa Athelane, ſiſter to the Duke of that name and title; his grace's age, his fondneſs of his nephew, and above all, his fine ſenſe were ſufficient ſureties of the certainty of Mr. Angus's ſucceſſion to the titles and eſtates of his uncle, who had nothing ſo much at heart as to ſee his ſucceſſor married, and in a proſpect of giving heirs to the ancient houſe of Athelane. Theſe being his well known ſentiments, the bonne fortune of Miſs Kattie engroſſed the converſation, excited the envy, or commanded the reſpect of all the grown miſſes and maſters in or near Auld Reekie.

Among the parties moſt intereſted in the important event, was a tall, plump-looking, looſe formed damſel, with a flat round red face, and a pair of tremendous grey eyes, which rolled in their orbits after every paſſing object; though happily for the beholders, they were perfectly harmleſs; for not even the malignant, vain, and envious ſenſation of her own little mind could animate them into the ſmalleſt degree of expreſſion.

Haughty as her who had moſt virtue, and tenacious as her who had leaſt, Miſs Bruce was a moſt inveterate foe to the backſliders of her own ſex, and never forgave a poor female who had the misfortune to attract a handſome ſeducer. She affected fine accompliſhments, caricatured the human face divine with bad pencils on dirty paper, wrote epigrams without wit, ſongs without rhyme,

rhyme, and eſſays without reaſon, for the amuſement of people who never looked at any of them; ſhe talked like a parrot, walked like a gooſe, and dreſſed like a peacock. Such was the lady who was moſt outrageous at the good fortune of bonnie Kattie of Caſtle Gowrand.

Miſs Bruce was indeed juſt now in a moſt lamentable condition; for without a ſingle attraction, except her large unmeaning eyes, without fortune, family, or connexions; without ſenſe, education, or good nature, this poor girl had actually pre-ordained herſelf a ducheſs. She had happened to be introduced at a race ball to the Honourable Miſs Angus, who was the counterpart of her brother, liberal minded, handſome, lively, and agreeable: Having arranged a coroneted reward for all her labours, nothing was too ſervile for her undertaking, in order to compaſs the end ſhe had in view, by dint of perſevering cunning, ſhe got an invitation to viſit Miſs Angus at her brother's caſtle, and having once ſo far ſucceeded, Angus Caſtle was never without the honour of her preſence, while the owner was in it; no ſooner did Mr. and Miſs Angus ſet out from London, for the north, than away gallopped the tall damſel to Angus Caſtle, and their return to the ſouth was generally her ſymptom of that ſtate of health which required a change of air.

Miſs Angus had within the laſt two years choſen to reſide more in England, and her brother more in Scotland. Miſs Bruce's health therefore accommodated itſelf to the climate, where her ſecret views were moſt likely to ſucceed; and though the Scotch are particularly tenacious of etiquette, ſhe even ventured to wave all reſpect to appearances; her viſitations were not indeed actually at the caſtle, but ſhe contrived to be within an hour's ride backwards and forwards, and from ſome houſe in the neighbourhood, to borrow and return books from, and to, dear Miſs Angus's library, and out of pure regard too for that dear friend, often ſtay unaſked, to dine with her charming brother.

At Edinburgh, if Mr. Angus walked, Miſs Bruce did the ſame; if he rode out, ſhe knew his circuit, and was ſure to meet him. By continually being at Angus Caſtle, ſhe was familiar with all his particular acquaintance;

ance; if he made new connexions, they were alſo ſoon her's; ſhe borrowed his books, horſes, and carriage; ſat in his box at the play; went with his tickets to the concert; inſiſted on his dancing with her at the aſſembly; ſat in the ſame pew at church; and, in ſhort, affected ſuch an intereſt in all his movements, that ſhe actually perſuaded herſelf and ſome few of her friends into a certainty of her being the choice of the ducal heir apparent; ſhe had indeed talked ſo long and loud on the ſubject, that he was almoſt the only perſon in the circle of their common acquaintance, who was not informed of his happineſs; for as no body had yet ſuggeſted to him the probability of ſuch an event, one of the laſt things that would have occurred to him, was the cauſe or effect of Miſs Bruce's preſent uneaſineſs; he rather bore with her officious profeſſions of friendſhip on his ſiſter's account than accepted them on his own; and while he laughed at the unamiable traits in her character, as oddities which hurt only herſelf, gave her full credit for the extreme ſenſibility and goodneſs of heart ſhe proteſted ſhe poſſeſſed.

Mr. Angus, with more ſenſe than moſt young men of rank, had alſo a few of their weakneſſes; he was extremely indolent, and having been long in habits of intimacy with Miſs Bruce, would not take the trouble to refuſe any thing ſhe aſked, any more than to reflect whether he did right or wrong in complying; ſo that by imperceptible degree he was in ſome points governed by a woman he neither loved nor reſpected.

Miſs Bruce, it may be ſuppoſed, was an enemy to ſilent grief, for ſhe wearied every body who would do her the favour of liſtening to her complaints. It was, ſhe declared, the moſt horrible diſgraceful thing in nature for a man of Mr. Angus's rank and expectations, to throw himſelf away on ſuch a ſilly chit, ſo utterly unworthy of him, and ſo unfit to ſupport his dignity; but as Miſs Bruce was ſo unfortunate in her choice of phraſes as to blend her own diſappointment with the demerits of the young beauty, ſhe failed to excite either intereſt or compaſſion; on the contrary, as it was allowed, if Mr. Angus was reſolved to play the fool, he was right to do it with ſome ſort of apology; ſhe was rallied even by her

belt

beſt friends on the evaniſhment of her ducal viſion; overpowered with confuſion and mortification, ſhe took to her chamber; and as ſhe was too much enraged to ſend to Mr. Angus, ſo he was too much occupied to think of aſking after her.

But while the forſaken damſel was thus outrageous about the loſs of a lover ſhe never had, he was far from being the happy wooer ſhe ſuppoſed him; he ſtill continued to gaze from the Calton, and viſit at the palace, in hope, by ſome happy chance, ſome ſelect party might be allowed to ſee Mrs. Buhanun's younger daughters, for ſuch he ſuppoſed his charmer to be; but at length finding the miſconſtruction on his viſits would involve him in difficulties from which he would not probably eaſily extricate himſelf, he had juſt made up his mind to come to a full explanation with the Doctor, and ſolicit his intereſt with the ſecluded charmer, whom he had himſelf acknowledged to be more beautiful than bonnie Kattie, when he met Roſa, as we have related at Roſlin.

When Doctor Cameron returned to his houſe, after ſetting Roſa and her young companions down at the palace, he found a ſhort laconic note from Mr. Angus, requeſting an immediate interview either at Drumbeck's hotel, or his own houſe. The Doctor was not quite ſo impatient; he declined either that night, but ſaid he would be at home at nine next morning, and immediately retired to his chamber, to paſs a long agitated and ſleepleſs night.

After revolving every part of Mr. Angus's behaviour, however prone the human mind to deceive itſelf into falſe concluſions, the truth was too evident; it flaſhed on his mind with a conviction from which he could not eſcape; and at once deprived him of the painful privilege of "dragging to the grave a long chain of deceitful hopes."

From the knowledge he had acquired of Mrs. Buhanun's temper, he had no doubt but her rage and diſappointment would be equal; nor would the utmoſt exceſs of indignation be either very blameable or unnatural; the publicity of both mother and daughter; the vanity of one, and the beauty of the other, had rendered them ſo very conſpicuous, that the expected match was a general theme

theme of converſation; and the going off of ſo advantageous a ſettlement, without the aſſignment of any reaſon but prepoſſeſſion in favour of a rival, would be adding inſult to injury, in the opinion of people unacquainted with the miſtake, and muſt infallibly mortify the pride, and wound the feelings of the child of his deceaſed friend, as well as tear from his ſoul's hope the woman he adored.

True, the anger of Mrs. Buhanun was moſt likely to vent itſelf on the object leaſt able to brave her rage; it would fall heavy on Roſa, who, unprotected as ſhe was, and apparently without better reſource than his friendſhip, might perhaps, it was ſurely not impoſſible, accept his honourable protection; if he knew any thing of her diſpoſition, ſhe would not accept a hand once offered and unhandſomely withdrawn from the daughter of her friend, without great and clear explanations; theſe Mrs. Buhanun would exert herſelf to prevent; and if ſo, what might not be the reſult?

Roſa had indeed declared that ſhe could not feel thoſe ſentiments for him, which ſhould be the indiſpenſible inmates of the heart of a woman of principle, when ſhe gave her hand to a man of honour, and reaſon forbad him to perſecute where he meant to ſolicit; but opinions ſometimes altered as circumſtances changed, and might not theſe vary in his favor.

Theſe hopes, for ſuch they really were, though almoſt concealed from himſelf, were not wholly againſt poſſibility, conſidering the very private and ſedentary life Roſa led.

But Doctor Cameron was not, like Will Honeycomb, a man of honour only where women were not concerned; his honour, his integrity, his diſintereſted generoſity were alike the rule of his actions towards man, woman, and child; in ſpite of all the deluſions of hope, reaſon would have its reign. Mr. Angus was young, handſome, proſperous, and rich, with every agrément of perſon to captivate the eye, and with all thoſe, of circumſtances to gratify, nay to ſatiate ambition, this happy man loved Roſa, and all with reſpect to himſelf was over.

"Yes,"

"Yes," ſaid he, with quivering lips, while hot tears burſt from his eye "all is indeed over; mine ſhe will not, cannot be; and can I, knowing how ſhe will adorn the higheſt rank, how ſhe will ornament any ſtation, can I prefer my own ſelfiſh wiſh to the advancement and honour of a woman I adore? no, no, I was her lover, but I have ſworn to be her friend" And though he paſſed a ſleepleſs night, writhing under the agony of fond regret, and all the varying ſenſations of hopeleſs paſſion, the reſolution with which he vowed to keep that oath inviolate, was not to be ſhaken.

At nine preciſely Mr. Angus was announced; he entered with a ſtern countenance; anger and reproach viſibly blended on his clouded brow.

The Doctor's brow was alſo clouded.

Mr. Angus accuſed him of duplicity; of introducing him to a girl who had been ſhewed about till her face, lovely as he allowed it, was ſtale; and when it was evident, both by his conduct and enquiries, ſhe was not the object his heart ſought; that he had amuſed him with a falſe account of Mrs. Buhanun's family, deſcribing as a child the loveliеſt woman in the creation.

Doctor Cameron's was the placid ſpirit of true benevolence; he pitied paſſion's error, and ſympathiſed in all the feelings of the human heart; he calmly anſwered, That the charges of falſehood and duplicity were perfectly new to him; he believed the common mode of reſenting ſuch charges, particularly when they happened *to be juſt*, was by calling on the accuſer for ſanguinary reparation; but true courage, as well as true honour, had ſo little to do with paſſion, that the ſtrongeſt ſuſpicions againſt either lay where anger is moſt violent; that *his* mode of reſentment on this occaſion ſhould be to prove *himſelf* injured; a proof that muſt wound an honourable adverſary deeper than the ſword. He had *not* deceived Mr. Angus; the inquiry was after the daughters of Mrs. Buhanun; of them he had ſpoken juſtly; the young lady whom he now preſumed to be the motive for this viſit, was not Mrs. Buhanun's daughter."

"Not her daughter! you ſurpriſe me! what relation then?"

"None."

None!

None! how then? in what? Doctor Cameron, I aſk your pardon, I entreat your forbearance; I am agitated; you will gueſs what I would aſk, and I tremble at what may be your anſwer; I admire—I—I—I am aſhamed to own, on ſuch a ſlight knowledge,—I love her; ſhe is always preſent to my mind, all charming as I have ſeen, and all amiable as I fancy her; but my family,—you know it—its dignity is in my keeping; it has deſcended to me pure and unſullied,—I would not—I hardly know what I would ſay; yet tell me candidly, what is the ſituation of this lady in Mrs. Buhanun's family? ſhe ſurely cannot, with all that elegance of form and manner be in a ſervile line.

The Doctor anſwered a ſlow and ſolemn negative, and after a moment's endeavour at fortitude, added, "That however amiable fancy might, from her faſcinating appearance, paint her, he would pledge his honour, his life, no fancy could exceed the reality; that charming as ſhe was in perſon, her beauty was happily adorned with all the fine accompliſhments, which give a poliſh to the moſt diſtinguiſhed female characters; that her form, her temper, and her manners were at once attractive and repelling, dignified and humble; their effect was ſuch, that even he, at his time of life, had found it impoſſible to reſiſt the ſentiments ſhe was formed to inſpire; that he had made her an offer of his hand, which was not more natural in him to do, than in her to decline; which however ſhe had done in a way that while it deprived him of hope, ſerved to render the bleſſing of which he knew himſelf unworthy more dear, and bound him and all his humble means to her intereſt.

Mr. Angus was in raptures; good Doctor, dear Doctor, his beſt friend he called him, and then followed two prayers, one for pardon of his impetuoſity, the other for a ſecond introduction.

The Doctor anſwered, as to the firſt he had not been offended, he could eaſily comprehend how a paſſion to Miſs Buhanun might deprive a man of his reaſon, but—

"No buts, my dear Cameron. Miſs Buhanun, you ſaid, ſhe *is* then of that family,—come, we loſe time." And Mr. Angus roſe with impatience.

Doctor

Doctor Cameron's ſerious and repelling look alarmed him; he again ſat down and heard, to his great mortification, that nothing would be more difficult than the introduction he aſked; that Mrs. Buhanun would never forgive the breaking off a match ſo advantageous, and ſo much talked of; her pride, as well as intereſt, were ſo nearly connected with his addreſs to her daughter, that it was in vain to hope it; the reports of the intended union were now indeed ſo univerſally received, he feared the ſerious injury the explanation might be of to his ward.

Mr. Angus felt the juſtice of this remark; and entreated he would adviſe what was to be done.

Doctor Cameron was embarraſſed; certain now of Mr. Angus's ſerious attachment, which he would not have dared to diſcloſe to him, had it not been alſo honourable; he felt hurt for bonnie Kattie, and pitied her mother; he inſiſted on the utmoſt delicacy being obſerved in the affair, which he thought Mr. Angus, as a man of honour, would hold himſelf bound to obſerve, and promiſed to meet him in the evening at Drumbeck's hotel, where he lodged, to confer further on the buſineſs; they then parted; the Doctor to meaſure his penſive way, where attention to his patients called him; and Mr. Angus, with his boſom's lord ſitting lightly on his throne, to the Calton, to feaſt his eyes on the treaſure of his heart.

CHAP. XXIX.

" Celeſtial Happineſs, whene'er ſhe ſtoops,
" To viſit earth, one ſhrine the goddeſs finds,
" And one alone, to make her ſweet amends
" For abſent heaven—the boſom of a friend."

WE ſlightly mentioned ſome packets that had been left at Caſtle Gowrand, after the Major loſt his mental faculties, and that theſe were, in kind care of the afflicted man, locked up by Doctor Cameron in the Major's writing drawer.

The

The Doctor's mind was at that period too much engroſſed by the new and delightful ſenſations which the firſt emotions of love and hope inſpire, to act in any one thing like that ſober rational being he was always conſidered to be; he knew profeſſionally, how neceſſary it was to keep his dying friend's mind quiet, and never forgot a ſingle precaution; but as to common affairs, and future contingencies, he had no heart, and conſequently no head for them at that time; and after underſtanding that Roſa was to accompany him to Edinburgh, no wonder writing tables, letters, and every ſcene where ſhe was not, vaniſhed from his memory,

The Major's affairs, as far as it was then neceſſary to examine them, lay in a ſmall compaſs; his caſh accounts were at the Royal Bank, and the executors had mutually agreed to poſtpone their examinations at Caſtle Gowrand, till Mrs. Buhanun returned there, not expecting ſhe would make Edinburgh her reſidence.

Of this matter Mr. Frazer, who was in great haſte to bring his treaty with the widow to a concluſion before that of her daughter with the Honourable Mr. Angus, reminded the Doctor, and propoſed to make an excurſion a few days, to complete the ſettlement of the executorſhip.

This, as matters ſtood, was an object of great importance to Mr. Frazer, whoſe buſineſs would eaſily admit of his abſence; but as Dr. Cameron's preſence was at that time of particular conſequence to a number of patients, ſo partial to his ſkill, that they would accept no ſubſtitute, he gave the proper authority to his colleague, who after ſaying a great number of very ſoft things to the widow, accompanied with warm embraces, both which began to have effect, ſet out to take proper inventories, and ſettle the Buhanun affairs; not without however the Doctor's remembering to give him the key of the writing table, where he had depoſited the before mentioned packets.

In the evening, the Doctor, with his mind fortified by a conſciouſneſs of right acting, met Mr. Angus, who had forborne to call at the palace that day.

Doctor Cameron adviſed his going there next morning, and his leaving town immediately after.

"What,

"What, without ſeeing and ſpeaking to my charmer, Doctor? impoſſible!"

The Doctor inſiſted he was right, and declared, if Mr. Angus did not exactly follow every letter of the rule he laid down for him, he would no longer be a party in the buſineſs.

"You ſhall do what you will with me," replied the lover, "after one interview."

The Doctor aroſe, and took his hat.

Mr. Angus qualified, and the Doctor went on.

"You muſt then leave Edinburgh; your being abſent at the races, when all the world are here, will occaſion ſurmiſes; I am glad to ſee Kattie will not break her heart; but ſhe muſt have the credit of refuſing you; I ſhall, with the help of her incorrigible pride, prevail on the mother to favour that preſumption, and when we are let down eaſy, you may return."

Mr. Angus thanked the Doctor for his care of the Buhanuns and their feelings, which were with ſo little ceremony to be gratified at his expence, but would only accede to the ſcheme, on condition of being permitted to ſee the lady before he left Edinburgh.

This was a point more adverſe to the poor Doctor's private feelings, than difficult to compaſs, as his ſiſter had already obtained Roſa's promiſe to bring Emma and Jeſſy to viſit her. But notwithſtanding the ſecret pangs it coſt him, he had made up his mind to ſee his favorite a ducheſs, and reſolved, however painful to himſelf, to contribute all in his power to her advancement. After a moment's conſideration he appointed Mr. Angus to drop in perchance next evening, when on condition he conducted himſelf agreeable to the ſalvo planned for the feeling of Miſs Kattie, and the pride of her mother, he promiſed to gratify him with an interview with his fair idol.

Mrs. Cameron was accordingly diſpatched next day, to ſolicit the performance of Roſa's promiſe, and invite her and the young ladies to St. Andrew's-ſquare.

Mrs. Buhanun was gone to Drumſhew, to dine, no objection could therefore be made by her, and Mrs. Cameron returned to let her brother know ſhe had ſucceeded.

At

As this was the firſt viſit Roſa had made in Scotland, excepting thoſe at the burn ſide, ſhe was longer at her toilette than uſual; but her dreſs, though neat, was perfectly plain; her fine hair, without any kind of ornament, was ſet off by the ſnow white of her robe, as her fair complexion was by the black jet ear-rings and necklace, which ſhe had worn for Colonel Buhanun.

When Mr. Angus was announced, ſhe bluſhed at the ſecond accidental rencounter, and her beauty was heightened by the tranſient glow on her cheeks.

The lover's tranſports were with great difficulty repreſſed; he ſaw the image which had been deeply impreſſed on his heart more beautiful than even fancy could paint her, and more accompliſhed, more elegant, and more graceful than an intercourſe with the rank in life he deſigned her to fill, could have made her.

Mrs. Cameron, whoſe heart was in every reſpect the kindred one of her worthy brother, felt her own pride gratified in leading to thoſe ſubjects of converſation that diſplayed the fine underſtanding, and juſt ſentiments of her fair viſitor; and Roſa, unconſcious of the power of her own charms, as well as conſidering Mr. Angus as the future huſband of the child of her paternal friend, was eaſy, unembarraſſed, and faſcinating; the pleaſed and eager approbation which ſat on the attentive countenance of the enamoured ſwain, could not wholly eſcape her; nor was it, conſidering her ſituation, an object of indifference, ſince it muſt be to her intereſt and advantage to be honoured with the eſteem of one whom both Mrs. Buhanun and her family looked up to as its future head.

After two hours paſſed in this agreeable viſit, Roſa reminded her young companions of the time, and roſe to go.

Mr. Angus, who, all eye, all ear, and all ſoul, had ſeized every poſſible opportunity to thank the Doctor, and to expreſs both his rapture and hope, was obliged to conceal the reluctance with which he ſaw her depart, without his daring to make uſe of one of the thouſand efforts which fond invention ſuggeſted to detain her, or preſuming to offer his attendance, even down the ſtairs.

Mrs. Buhanun having that evening, contrary to her uſual cuſtom, returned home before ſupper, was ſurpriſed and diſpleaſed to find Roſa had preſumed to go out, without aſking her permiſſion or having finiſhed the alterations ſhe was making in one of Kattie's dreſſes; but what were the effects of her firſt ſurpriſe and diſpleaſure, to that which ſucceeded, when Roſa, in a careleſs unapprehenſive way, explained where ſhe had been, how invited, and whom ſhe had ſeen, adding, ſhe was happy to obſerve, that however eligible a match Mr. Angus might be for Miſs Buhanun in point of rank and fortune, he was no leſs ſo in perſon, manners, and underſtanding.

Mrs. Buhanun was out of breath with paſſion; ſhe turned from pale to red, and from red to pale; ſhe had been kept on the rack of expectation by the unaccountable conduct of her Kattie's honourable lover; he had abſented himſelf two whole days, and his announcing his intention to leave Edinburgh juſt on the eve of the races, together with the manner of his taking leave, without firſt making the declaration ſo anxiouſly expected, and ſo unreaſonably delayed, without hinting the time of his return, and without making the, as ſhe thought, natural arrangements for an epiſtolatory correſpondence, were a combination of ſuch ſtrange and unpleaſant circumſtances, as had wounded her pride, diſappointed her hopes, and indeed made her ſuch poor company, that notwithſtanding Mr. Frazer was out of town, and Kattie engaged as ſhe had lately often been, in a different party, ſhe had left her friends on pretence of a head ach, and returned home in a humour not very likely to be mended by the communication of the undeſigning Roſa.

A certainty, that the charms ſhe had, from that conſciouſneſs of ſuperiority which even *her* vanity could not prevent her feeling, been ſo anxious to conceal, had been diſplayed, to a man of Mr. Angus's underſtanding and diſcernment, with all the graces of her own elegant ſimplicity, and all the advantages of Doctor Cameron's partial friendſhip, was a circumſtance ſo extremely mortifying as rendered the innocent offender the object of her hatred and reſentment, and expoſed her to the whole weight

weight of the baneful paſſions which now raged in her mind.

Roſa's attempts to mollify her anger, and juſtify herſelf, by pleading Mrs. Cameron's obliging invitation, was adding fuel to fire. Idle, ungrateful, preſuming, impertinent, artful, mean creature, ſhe called her; aſked how ſhe dared neglect the work ſhe had given her, or leave the houſe without her permiſſion? Doctor Cameron, ſhe thought, ought to know better, he was old enough, than to entice other people's ſervants to leave their buſineſs.

"Servants!" repeated Roſa.

"Yes, ſervants; what are you elſe, madam? but poſſibly Mr. Angus may have appointed a ſuperior ſtation for you in his houſehold; he is not the firſt man of faſhion whoſe miſtreſs has been conſidered in the arrangements for a wife."

A chairman's rap announcing the return of Kattie, ſtopped the torrent of acrimonious invective which had overpowered our heroine, and ſhe gladly made her eſcape.

Miſs Buhanun had made ſome new acquaintances, with whom Mrs. Buhanun was offended, becauſe they did not always include her in their cards of invitation, and in the preſent irritated ſtate of her mind every unpleaſant recollection was likely to recur. It was now near twelve o'clock, and ſhe peeviſhly demanded of Kattie where ſhe had been, and why ſhe ſtayed ſo late?

Kattie's anſwer was an improvement on her mother's ill humour, as ſhe added pertneſs to peeviſhneſs in her "What does it ſignify?" all the anſwer ſhe deigned to make.

It very rarely happens that a child who receives inſtructions of an oppoſite tendency from its different parents can profit by either.

Major Buhanun had taken early and inceſſant pains to inſtill into his daughter's mind, ſentiments and principles in ſome points different, in others contradictory, to thoſe ſhe received from her mother; theſe her young heart approved, from thoſe it revolted with wearineſs and diſguſt.

Cold indeed, prolix, and unintereſting are the leſſons of reaſon, wiſdom, and experience, when oppoſed to the warm colourings of fancy,—to the ſeductive triumph of univerſal conqueſt, and to the deſire of admiration, in a heart whoſe avocation is amuſement, and whoſe purſuit is pleaſure.

But however tedious and unwelcome the Major's inſtructions and advice to his daughter were, it was abſolutely neceſſary to be ſometimes on good terms with him, or loſe many of the little ornaments to ſet off her beauty, of which her glaſs taught her the early value; and Kattie became, under the inſtruction and example of her mamma, an adept in that ſcience, which, of all others, is the moſt dangerous and deſtructive to the *authority* of a parent, and the *honour* of a child, *deceit*.

Unhappy Mrs. Buhanun! while in the thoughtleſs gaiety of her heart, ſhe ſmiled at and applauded the dexterity and eaſe with which, when her daughter choſe to take the trouble, ſhe could deceive her good and honourable father; how little did ſhe apprehend the moment of retribution that was now approaching; alas! ſhe did not foreſee the pangs ſhe would herſelf feel, when in her turn ſhe became the dupe of that artful ſyſtem of conduct ſhe had not only approved, but taught.

Out of temper, ſpirits, and patience, her mind before irritated ſolely on her daughter's account, Mrs. Buhanun in her extreme agitation forgot for a moment the original cauſe of her vexation, and inſtead of entering on the ſubject on which ſhe had been impatient to ſpeak to her daughter, began a lecture on the obedience, reſpect, and attention due to ſo kind a mother, from ſo indulged a child; in the midſt of which bonnie Kattie flung away, and having reached her chamber before her mother recollected the event of the evening, locked the door, and refuſed again to open it, though ſhe was entreated for her own ſake to return for five minutes.

Thus mutually vexed at each other, we leave the handſome widow and her beautiful daughter, to reſt or reflection, as it happened, and return to Roſa, who having no body to conſole or comfort her, ſat at her ſolitary window, with her eyes fixed on the top of the Calton, where the

the moon beams reſted, revolving over many paſt occurrences, and arranging plans for her future conduct.

It had never before ſtruck her, that the cloſe confinement which had prejudiced her health, and the invariable rule of keeping her with the younger girls to her chamber, when viſitors were at the houſe, was a preconcerted plan; but many of the expreſſions which paſſion, unguarded, and many of the enraged invectives Mrs. Buhanun had beſtowed on her in the inſtant ſhe heard of the interview with Mr. Angus, explained not only that, but ſeveral other things which had appeared myſterious.—To be kept, as ſhe had been, conſtantly working for the pleaſure and advantage of Mrs. Buhanun and her daughter; to have worn out her neceſſary cloathing in their ſervice; to have ſeen all the little elegancies of her wardrobe rendered unfit for her own uſe by their conſtant wear, under plea of borrowing; to have had her purſe alſo drained to the bottom on the ſame pretence; to conſider that in the beſt days of her life ſhe was an abſolute priſoner; neither thanked, eſteemed, nor even pretended to be beloved for all theſe ſacrifices, were reflections which both roufed and juſtified her indignation, and ſhe reſolved on quitting a ſituation ſo painful, humiliating, and unprofitable, whatever might be the conſequence; even though it ſhould draw on her thoſe cenſures of ingratitude from the world, with which Mrs. Buhanun had ſo liberally loaded her.

The legacy, of which ſhe had an imperfect idea, ſhe determined not to claim; but there was a juſtice due to herſelf, without which ſhe could neither leave Mrs. Buhanun's family, nor remain with credit in it; this was the payment of the ſeveral ſmall ſums of money ſhe had from time to time advanced to that lady, and for her uſe; of which ſhe immediately wrote a brief ſtatement from her pocket memorandums, and having incloſed it in a cover, gave it to Mrs. Buhanun's maid the next morning, to deliver to her miſtreſs as ſoon as ſhe was up.

Her miſtreſs, the girl replied, was already up, and gone out for the day in a poſt chaiſe.

The only extraordinary part of that circumſtance was, Miſs Kattie's not being of her mother's party, ſhe having

taken her breakfaſt in her own room, where ſhe ſtill remained alone and out of humour.

Roſa's reſolution had however not been weakened by her pillow reflection; but on the contrary, ſo many inſtances of art, unkindneſs, and tyranny, from Mrs. Buhanun ſince the death of the Major, recurred to her recollection, as added to her fortitude, and ſhe proceeded with an alacrity nothing but keen reſentment could inſpire, to pack and arrange her cloaths for her departure.

Mrs. Buhanun did not return till late, or rather early; for it was day break when her chaiſe entered the palace gates.

At noon, when ſhe aroſe, her maid preſented Roſa's letter; ſhe ſlightly looked it over, but having to make up with Kattie, to dine out, to dreſs for an evening party, and ſome other affairs equally important, it was not likely ſhe ſhould attend to ſuch a trifle as paying debts; nor could ſhe indeed ſpare one half hour to ſee Doctor Cameron, though he ſent a card, to requeſt it on *particular buſineſs*.

Roſa however calmly perſiſted in her deſign, which, to avoid the tears of the two girls, ſhe did not ſpeak of to them; neither for obvious reaſons, did ſhe diſcloſe it to Doctor Cameron.

Mr. Frazer returned that evening to Edinburgh, and his return was an event of conſequence to our heroine, for he brought her a franked packet from one whom her heart lamented, as its loſt or eſtranged partner, Miſs Elinor Bawſky; and at the ſame time Mrs. Buhanun's maid delivered her a ſealed paper from her miſtreſs; but had Roſa been ſure it contained a bank note, for all the little debts of which ſhe ſtood in ſo much need, it had been at this moment diſregarded. She held in her trembling hand proof ſhe was ſtill remembered and ſtill loved by the friend of her early years; ſhe kiſſed the well known ſeal, and tearing off the cover, began to peruſe the welcome characters of her dear Elinor's writing. The firſt lines were of an import that induced her to retire to her own chamber, and we truſt the reader will ſhare her ſurpriſe, when they read,

" *My*

" *My dearest Rosa,*

"'If you conclude your Elinor has, or ever can forget and cease to love you, you are not just; though I have not wrote to you a long while, I think of you every moment. Very strange things have happened to me, which I have no patience to write about, so *your* Betty must do it for me, who is now my maid, and you must forgive me. After all, as I often thought, old Croak is not my uncle, nor Mrs. Bawsky my aunt. I am taken to a fine castle, where I can never feel myself at ease; but I can't write about that; two secrets I can't trust Betty with, is all I think of. This opens the first secret; poor Jack is not now my cousin or my brother, but I feel, I pity, and love him as much as if he was both; and here I am, taken home by a lady who tells every body I am her niece, but in private cries and embraces me, and says, I am her own; so that I cannot help understanding I really am her daughter; and this is the first secret. This " lady mother," as poor Juliet in the play says, is the very same lady you and I, or at least I, saw hugging your old Major so, the night before you left town; and the remembrance of that scene is always in my head when she talks, which she does, as well as governess Harley, on virtue and honour; and it really does so let her down in my opinion, that I am afraid of my life, to give her a hint of it; so, though she is very indulgent, I dare not mention you, for fear it should lead to a discovery; for to be sure it must be a shocking thing for a mother to believe her child knows of her ill actions; and to tell you the truth, from what I then saw, if she did not a hundred times a day cry about my father, who she always says has been long dead, I should fancy your ugly old Major was him; however, if I am, as I suspect, her *daughter*, and not her *niece*, I must be to her what every body said I was to Mrs. Bawsky; for she has but just buried her husband, who was a lord. All this is very odd, but 'tis too true.

" And now Rosa, dear Rosa, I am come to the second secret, which I hope you will never disclose to friend nor foe; I need not give you a charge indeed that I know,

but I am really afraid to tell it myſelf: oh dear! what ſignifies having a heap of ſervants more than one can employ, or living in gilt chambers, or riding about in coroneted coaches? we touch nothing here but what has a coronet on it; but they may talk of crowns as they will, I am ſure there is no enchantment in them; they cure no heart achs; but this is not the ſecret, and indeed I bluſh to ſay what is. Oh Roſa! if you were with me, you would not only tell me what I myſelf know is right, but you would ſo encourage me by your example, and ſo awe me by your goodneſs, that I ſhould be able to do right as well as to know it. This is then the caſe:

"Poor Jacky Croak, who was, poor fellow, always beat about by the old Doctor. I am glad I owe *him* no duty however,—you know all about his uncle's taking him, and what a good lad he was. Well, when I found old Croak was ſo unnatural, and did not care what became of poor Jackey, after you was gone, I perſuaded him to run away from the farmer Doctor, and gave him all the money I could ſave, to put himſelf to ſchool; and then, when he came to Penry I uſed to ſee his copies, and you can't think how well he learned, and it was ſuch a pleaſure to me. Well, Roſa, this is over, and ſo it is needleſs to repeat it; but in the midſt of all comes a fine coach, with this ſame lady in it, and put Croak to his wit's end; for he had received, I don't know how many thouſand pound for me, which he had all taken himſelf, building and buying houſes, and purchaſing the buſineſs in Walbrook, which you know was very bad; for, as my lady ſaid, the intereſt was enough; and if ſhe had died before her lord, I muſt have been as poor as poor Jacky. If indeed he had taken care of his own ſon, and made a gentleman of him, that would have been but natural. Well, my dear, dear Roſa, I had no time to ſend a note to Jack, and indeed was ſo confounded I did not think of it. My lady, after ſaying a great deal to Croak, who looked like a ghoſt, took me away to a fine houſe, where the greens in the ſquare was all that could be familiar to my ideas; for though I uſed to viſit the Muſhrooms, and our houſe in Walbrook was very large, I never ſaw any thing compared to it.

The

The moment I ſaw my lady, I knew her; but thinking ſhe came to ſay ſomething of you, I did not ſpeak; and after I found how it really was, I dared not. Ah! Roſa, you are happy,—you can't conceive half what I feel. I really fretted all my colour away, and my lady begged me to walk in the ſquare.

"I had ſeen a ſhabby ſort of a labourer, with a flapped hat, very often looking up at our houſe, but I ſuſpected nothing for all that; but as I was walking in this ſquare, two tall footmen waiting for me at the gate, I ſaw the ſame young man, and if you'll believe me, going quite cloſe, I perceived it was Jackey Croak.—Well, I thought I ſhould have fainted; Betty had gone with my leave, to buy her a new hat, and nobody was near, ſo I could not help ſtopping to ſpeak to the poor lad; and he cried very much, and ſaid he had no friend but me; and we both cried; and in a minute or two I happened to look at my fine watch, and behold I had ſtood talking above three hours, and the misfortune was, my lady looking out, wondering what detained me, ſaw I was ſpeaking to a poor man; and ſhe talked a great deal, and I believe very well, on the regard I ought to have to my high blood; but my heart was ready to break, and has been ever ſince; but the worſt is to come; for we went from town to Bath, and there two or three times I ſaw poor Jack; and then we travelled, I believe, the whole kingdom over, till we came here; and the firſt day we dined in the eating room, for my lady, who has not ſtrong health or ſpirits, dined in her dreſſing room a week; but the firſt perſon I ſaw among the footmen was Jack, in a new livery, and really you can't think how well he looked; well, I don't know how I got to my ſeat, but I felt my face like on fire. Betty, by great good luck, never goes into the ſervant's hall, ſo ſhe has not yet found him out; but I am ſo frightened for fear of diſcovery, and ſo diſtreſſed I can't take notice of poor Jackey, when I often ſee his eyes, like my own, red with weeping, that I can neither eat nor ſleep. You ſee, my dear good Roſa, what a hard taſk I have. Sure it looks proud and ungrateful not to ſpeak to a poor lad who was my play fellow, and ſo ill-uſed by his odious father; but then ſure it would be

wicked in me to bring a diſgrace on my lady, who is very kind to me. Ah! Roſa, if you were here, you would point to the happy medium you ſo often talked of, for want of which I believe I ſhall die; however that I will do, before I take a ſingle ſtep without your advice. My mind was ſo unſettled when I was in London, I could not write to you, and ſince we left it I was afraid of your addreſs being ſeen; for my lady muſt not know all we know; but Betty is going to viſit ſome people ſhe knows at a neighbouring lord's, and will ſend this letter from thence.

"Poor Betty is in her old way, full of nonſenſe; but I have bid her write you all the particulars I cannot; for to tell you the real truth, though I hate Doctor Croak, and can't bear Mrs. Bawſky, I wiſh for nothing ſo much as to ſee you, and return to Penry, which I think would do me more good than the aſſes milk poor Jackey brings to my anti-chamber door every day. Adieu, my own Roſa; don't fail to write to me, and love your poor unhappy

ELINOR."

With this letter came the following from Mrs. Betty Brown.

"*Mi der mis roſa,*

"bot i ſopos you er now miſtris roſa, for i ard at mi lord gantlet your maſtur his ded, an you wets on is ledy an er dowter, wi niver a fardin to bles yourſelf; bot ouſiver i wad nat tel mis eliner ſo, becaws pore ledy ſhe frets enow aredy. we dunt abof haf lik this cer grut Kaſel; for mi part i ham friten to deth a nit, thof tis deſunt enuf a dais, an a waſt ſin perſpec we haf out of the owſkipers rome vinder hal over the parc han gardins quit hum to the gunter ows, for you be to no we har to move to gunter ouſe, which es kald the litel Kaſel has mi ledes ſun in la muſt hev the grut Kaſel hal to is ſelf, bot lord elp you ow ſhud you no ani thing abut lords, an gunter, and Kaſels, but ouſiver liv han larn ſai hi, an to be ſhor i av ad mi ſher of ſorrer, ater kipen a ows of mi one to be foſed to go to ſarwiſe, vel wus luk now better nither tim, ſo mis eliner bid me rite becaws ſhe nos I kan andle a pin werv deſunt: for ater

you

you vent to ſkotlun witch the ſai his a develdidch ples has ever god mad, not ſo much as a buſh or a bramble to dri cloth hon, I went to han efnen ſkole an ſo kep hup my larnin.

" wen land han munni his gon han ſpent then larnin his muſt hekſellent, mis elener his in a pore ſickly wai pore der, ſhe frets ater penri, han ſartanly that his the gardin of heden; bot then you no mis, heden ſignefes nothin, if belſebob gits ther, ſo mutch hen wy han ſlender, to think hof my karaktor to be deſpurſed by a paſel of rif raf, as kant red nor rite, wen i vas has hinoſunt has the baby unborn, han nobodi noſe wat i lede hunder, and hal for wat, bot becaws my art was not ard, han thats vel non, for i niver grutched heny think to ples no bodi, not i, heven to waſhen a pore bagar gurl, has you no miſtres roſa; han has to that por hingrant man John Brown mi uſben, wy god noſe i ad enuf of im, han i ſhant wete more then ſefen eer, for then hour ſtuart ſes hi ma mary, han ſo ples god hi ſhal wen the rit man cums, has our ſtuart ſes, han ſo i tel mis elener; pore ſole, ſhe kant laf like me, for i av gut mi color agen has freſh has a ros, but her wee cee nuthen wuth luken hat; for has to lords han ledes, han them ſort hof kattel, wi god ee noſe thai ar nuthen in this bleſſed wurld bot a paſel of ſhabroon gilt to luk at; nuthen bot lung ſhambling legs athout a bit of naturalneſs in em, thin bodies, yeller faces, han crup poles, then has to the ledes wi thai ar nobode; then has to them ther penri foke tauken of mi pore maſtur, the blackamur kurnel; wat wuld thai ſai ef thai ard our ſtuart, han Wallet, han owſkeper, han ledis woman, tauk hof duches han conteſes, han ledis has thai noſe, wi lord tood mak ther air ſtan an ind; ouſever i alwes olds my tung becaws i gut nuthen to ſai; not bot the ſitee ledis noſe a think or two, bot then has hour ſtuart ſes, wat be thai bot blebens; bot hal this his gibreeſh to you, han ſarten bad enuf to parſons who dun no lif, ouſever mis elener, por ſole, was burn a parſon of kality, mors the peete, han ſpilld him the maken, ſo you be to no wun dai a koch han fore cum to penry, jiſt as my rumy tricks was kured, an mis elener tuk me to wet on her; ſo a ledy, a veri anſum ledy too haxed to ſpek to hour

hour dokter, ould Croak, god forgive me for lafen, wen i ſeed him ater the ledy cum hout of hes rome, he luked for all the wurld lik ould Madam Bawſkys flannin gelli-bag, ouſiver we inſpected nuthen; wel, han ſo the ledy cried fit to brek her art, and luked at por mis elener gift the ſame as ef ſhe was gwain to eet er, ſo then the Doctor was hal over of a tremblaſhon, han he fetched a bit of an owld bed quilt, abot as beg as mi and, then the ledy cried agen han kiſt mis elener, han ſed ſhe was er brother's child, han er mama dide in child burth han er papa was killed by the ſalfages, han Dokter Croak was only er nus, han ſartan hal the foks hat penri ſes has hes an ould woman, to be ſhor i aikened, gift to eer what i kud of my ledy, bot ſhor enuf if ould Croak was to lus hal the fethers that his not his on i belef he wuld be bar enuf han not huf han ding farwants that has kep a ows of ther one, ouſiver ef mis elener noſe eny think abot et i never tould er, the lady gred monſtres angerd with the Dokter han ſo he ſneveled, a pore ſneken feller, han Madam Bauſky pretended as ſhe nocd nuthen o the matter; ſo we pakd hup hour hals han gumpd hinto the koch han fore, han hal the ſarwants beafed moſt perſpective to me, i kant ſai bot wat they did han do, for tho mis elener tould me not to ſai a wurd abot fo mal times, hit kud be no arm gift to let em no as i ad been a owſekeper myſelf, bot has to the blackmur kurnel, or John Brown being a ſowger, wi that for ſarten would not be credibility to er nor me, ſo i never did, and has to Dr. Croak cheten my ledy thats nuthen hat hal, ſo we dos that all dai lung han hal nit too,—mi ledis ſarwants har hal very credibility piple bot than wun ſarvant muſt do lik anuther has i ſopus you no, ſo we bin to lunun, not a bit lik walbruk, nor wer maſtur han we ladged, bot ſitch a ples you wud bles yourſelf, than we went to Bath, my ledy han mis in the koch, han us ledis mades in a puſt chay ater, han ſitch a trane of ſarwants hal in blaek lik a berrin; por ledy ſhe waked up to her ers in ot bilin water, has i did be-fore her, ſo then we komd ere. So this is the ole ſtory as mis elener orderd me to rite, ſo no more from your ould feller ſarwant, tel deth

E. BROWN."

N. B.

N. B. " Ples when you rite anſer to mis elener to tak no notis as i ſes eni think about eni think bot er gwain to the kaſſel."

P. S. " i forgot that ſkapgraſs warlet Jack Croak will ſartenli cum to the galles ater hal for i ſartenli ſeed im wagabundin at Bath, i ſopus has is unkel as torned im out of dors has is father dun before han madam Bawſky ded ſhur enuf ſai has good has he wuld cum to be anged."

Mrs. Buhanun and all Scotland was at the finiſhing of the two letters as much out of Roſa's recollection as if they had not been in exiſtence. Betty was, as Elinor ſaid, unchangeable, her reſpect ever varying with local circumſtance; but the conceit and pertneſs of her letter would have been more amuſing than offenſive, had not Roſa's heart been pre-occupied by the ſimple goodneſs, the paſſion, the diſtreſs, and the intereſting ſituation of her young friend.

The part of her letter reſpecting the lady ſhe on ſuch juſt ground ſuſpected to be her mother, aſtoniſhed and confounded Roſa. Elinor's caution was certainly a prudent one; a letter addreſſed to Caſtle Gowrand, at Major Buhanun's, muſt alarm her, be the myſtery of her conduct, on the evening when ſhe paid him ſo affecting a viſit what it would, a myſtery there certainly was, and except developed by herſelf, every alluſion to it from Elinor muſt be painful.

Roſa well knew the ſtrong affection ſubſiſting between young Croak and Elinor, but as her being the Doctor's natural daughter, was a received opinion, and as his indifference, not to ſay hatred of his ſon, was univerſally known, ſhe had always encouraged it as a fortunate biaſs in favour of a youth whom every body pitied; but an affection ſo firmly rooted in two young minds, ſubſiſting after the diſcovery of their not being related, was a matter of the utmoſt importance to them and to their friends.

She felt for the peace and honour of her friend, and for that of the newly diſcovered relations, who muſt exceedingly regret an attachment ſo much beneath them, although ſo nearly approximating to the early impreſſions of both the young people.

" Ah!"

"Ah!" ſaid Roſa, "it was ſurely my Elinor's good genius that warned me to leave Scotland; yes, I will inſtantly and finally fix my return; my poor Elinor ſtands in need of advice and conſolation; heaven grant it may be in my humble power to adminiſter both."

And then Mrs. Buhanun's debt, her own empty purſe, and two or three diſcouraging et ceteras recurring to her memory, ſhe opened the letter left by that lady's ſervant. It was a blank envelope, containing incloſures of ſufficient importance to begin a freſh chapter.

CHAP. XXX.

In which the Beggar begins to look like what ſhe is, "The heroine of a novel," as her diſtreſſes encreaſe, and her lovers multiply.

MRS. BUHANUN's firſt incloſure was a bill for board and lodging, from the time of Roſa's firſt arrival at Caſtle Gowrand, to that of the Major's death, written in a lawyer like hand, with the expences of the journey from London, and the carriage of her baggage by ſea to Dundee, and by land from thence to Caſtle Gowrand, to which was alſo added the expence of her carriage to Edinburgh, in the joint name of the executors.

Secondly, another bill for board, lodging, and all incidental expences from the time of the Major's death to the preſent day; this in Mrs. Buhanun's name; making the balance againſt her, after allowing her memorandum of caſh advanced to and for the family, forty-nine pounds to the aſſets, and ſeventeen pounds to Mrs. Buhanun.

Roſa dropped the papers, and ſat down a living ſtatue; but after ſome time, having read and re-read the account, ſhe at once comprehended the predicament in which it placed her.

The Major had often explained to her, that knowing as he did the littleneſs of Mrs. Buhanun's mind, and the force

force of prejudice in that country—he choſe to conceal her real circumſtance—which indeed he had put it out of the poſſibility of any event to diſcloſe without her concurrence.

As governeſs to his daughters, Mrs. Buhanun could and would be her tyrant. As an independent inmate of his houſe, with claims on his protection, ſhe would be ſaid be at leaſt treated with civility. This conduct, which perhaps did not owe its origin more to kindneſs, than the obſtinate idea he would indulge, in ſpite even of Roſa's poſitive declarations to the contrary, that the meanneſs of her ſtate when taken under his nephew's protection, was the effect of a combination of myſteries which time would develope, and that ſooner or later her blood would be proved to be as ſuperior as her perſon, mind, and manners.

As Roſa *would* not, *could* not doubt the voice of truth, what was her amazement, when again recurring to the accounts, ſhe ſaw, inſtead of "Miſs Roſa Buhanun," the name ſhe had been known by ſo many years, "Roſa Wilkins."

How her real name, to the diſcovery of which muſt have been annexed the diſgraceful anecdotes of her hiſtory, came thus known to people who wanted not inclination to mortify and humble her, to the full extent of their abilities, was a myſtery which equally grieved and amazed her.

Had they opened Elinor's letter? She looked for the cover, but recollected ſhe had in the firſt tranſports of her joy dropped it in the fitting room;—again ſhe ran over the letter; it did not contain a ſyllable that could lead to a diſcovery of her origin—nor could the low hints of former tranſactions, ſcattered through Betty's ſcrawl, be underſtood by any one, not before acquainted with the events to which they alluded.

Every reading of the debts which had been charged to her, was accompanied by freſh matter of ſurpriſe and vexation—ſhe had rode in Dr. Cameron's chaiſe from Caſtle Gowrand to Edinburgh—yet here was the chaiſe hire charged againſt her—could this be? could Dr. Cameron be a party in ſo mean a tranſaction? he whoſe reluctant lips never ſevered but to utter ſentiments of candour

candour and generoſity—could a man who ſpoke ſo little and ſo well, be an impoſtor?—Yet would they dare fix his name on record to an act he did not approve, or would not avow.

Giddy with conjectures, each more confuſed than the laſt, ſick at heart, and her temples beating with the head-ach, ſhe ſought in the open air a relief from oppreſſion both of mind and body, and almoſt inſenſible of the path ſhe took, found herſelf alone on the ſummit of the Calton.

The bright canopy of heaven, with its aſpect undiſturbed by the movement of a ſingle cloud; the beautiful landſcape in the higheſt perfection of luxuriant beauty; the ſmooth Forth gliding in ſilent majeſty along, between the ſhires of Fife and Lothian, bearing on its tranſparent boſom innumerable barks of commerce and of pleaſure; the brown highlands rearing their ſtately tops above the clouds, and the wide expanſe of ocean, on which the diſtant ſail ſcarce ſeemed to move, were objects which though often ſeen, and often admired, never failed to inſpire her with that humble admiration of all the wonders of created nature; that awful gratitude to the divine mechaniſt; that confidence in his mercy who amid myriads of wonders, and boundleſs power, held in his even hand the fate of millions and millions; who with equal facility can raiſe the duſt to regal greatneſs, and level regal greatneſs with duſt; who, with all nature under his piercing eye, ſupplies the wants of the meaneſt reptile, which only can raiſe the ſoul above the reach of mortal events.

The ſerenity, preſence of mind, and fortitude, which were characteriſtic traits in her diſpoſition, returned—"Well," ſaid ſhe, "they have diſcovered my misfortunes, how, he who inflicted them only knows; but no art, no penetration, no accident, nor the beſt concerted ſcheme the wiſdom of man could invent, can attach intentional guilt to my inherent poverty.

"I am poor—I am miſerable—if I return to the wretched ſtate from which my patron took me, yet is my mind unfettered by baſe or grovelling ſentiments; it is uncontaminated by the vicious propenſities of the miſerable parent who abandoned me.—I cannot convey the

conſciouſneſs

conſciouſneſs of my rectitude into the boſoms of others, but I may dare appeal to that azure ſky, from whence even now the beatified eye of my protector may watch my forlorn unfriended ſteps; the good Major too; Ah! if to the everlaſting bleſſings reſerved for the righteous, be added the power of recognition; if they are permitted to commune; and if they ſee into every wiſh, purport, and ſentiment of the ſoul, which learned under their pure example, to do juſtice and love virtue, will not, Oh! will not, their united prayers prevail!

This was a ſudden enthuſiaſm, but it cheered and re-aſſured her it was not only the ſpirits of the Colonel and the Major that ſhe perſuaded herſelf ſtill protected her, Mrs. Walſingham made a third, who in her glowing imagination looked down with a complacence on her innocence, and compaſſion on her ſituation.

"The world," ſaid ſhe, "is to me like the ſpot on which I now tread; the heavens my only certain covering, and ſome little ſpot from which I may at a diſtance view the buſy haunts of men, my reſting place; for how ſhall I dare to mix in a world where even ſuch men as Doctor Cameron prove mere copies of what they profeſs to be."

Theſe were her reflections as ſhe traverſed the heart-enlivening ſummit of the Calton; but the ſun, which ſet in all its glory, whoſe azure tints, no longer reflected a bright refulgence on the vivid green of the landſcape, and the gentle lavings of the receding ocean, warned her of the danger of a too late ſtay in a place ſo unfrequented; her heart again ſickened, and as ſhe turned back her reluctant ſteps, all the unenviables of her ſituation recurred to her mind.

Doctor Cameron! ah! that he ſhould be ſo cruel as to rob himſelf of her eſteem, of her confidence! to whom, in a country where, though ſhe had reſided two years, ſhe was an abſolute ſtranger, could ſhe now apply for advice, for aſſiſtance, for the ſhelter only of one night?

Mrs. Buhanun could not be ſuppoſed to have taken pains to diſcover her misfortunes without ſome end in view; nor would ſhe have adopted ſuch a method of making

making thoſe diſcoveries known to her, had ſhe meant to conceal it from others.

She had it in her power to charge her with duplicity; with entering her houſe in a character to which ſhe had no right; yes, Mrs. Buhanun *might*, and no doubt ſhe *would*, repreſent her as an impoſtor; her report would be heard and believed when all a poor ſtranger could urge, in defence of truth, againſt probability, would be diſregarded or treated with contempt. The heart that would have warmed in her behalf, the tongue that only could have explained her motives, and juſtified her act, or rather his own, were for ever cold and ſilent.

She was literally pennyleſs; *ſhe* therefore wanted *power* to fly from that odium ſure to fall on the character of a *poor* impoſtor which ſhe ſtill more wanted *confidence* to meet.

On her return to the palace, her involuntary ſteps led to the room where ſhe had laboured ſo many weary hours; dull as it had hitherto appeared, it was now a frightful deſert; here was no romping Emma nor noiſy Jeſſy; the children were removed from contamination; a ſingle light was brought in and ſet on a table near the unfiniſhed dreſs, by a wench from the Orkneys, who drudged under the cook, and whoſe barbarous language it was impoſſible for her to underſtand, had ſhe not immediately left the dreary apartment.

Roſa looked round; her heart ſwelled; tears happily relieved her; to bear this treatment was dreadful, to forbear it almoſt impoſſible.

No plan appeared to her ſo feaſible as to ſolicit an interview with Mrs. Buhanun; to explain every circumſtance antecedent to the Major's death, and requeſt, ſince ſhe was already ſo deep in debt, a further advance, ſufficient to carry her to London, for which and her account, her grand piano, which coſt one hundred pounds, and her French harp, which coſt ninety, beſides a great deal of muſic, and the principal part of her wardrobe, all of which were at Caſtle Gowrand, ſhould be ſecurity.

Yet how hard to ſubmit to ſuch humiliation, to ſuch a woman; had Mrs. Buhanun been as poor and deſolate as the old creature whoſe white hairs were drenched in

rain

rain on the ſtone by the burn ſide, Roſa could have ſtooped to the earth, becauſe ſimple poverty was not in her coupled with vain glorious pride, and local vanity; but a ſecond thought rejected this application for favour to Mrs. Buhanun; ſhe would not dreſs her features in ſervile ſadneſs; nor teach her tongue to ſpeak a language her heart did not ſanction; ſhe would not aſk to ſee a woman ſhe never loved, and could not reſpect; ſhe would *write* a mere letter of buſineſs.

Mrs. Buhanun was not at home, therefore having ſcratched a few lines, and given it to the Orkney wench, for her miſtreſs, ſhe implored the protection of heaven, and laying down on the lap of innocence, ſlept an hour later than her uſual time.

On her riſing ſhe found an open card on the table.

"Mrs. Buhanun had nothing to ſay on a ſubject which principally concerned the executors; with reſpect to her own debt, had not the whole tranſaction been attended with ſo many aggravating circumſtances, ſhe would not have objected to the propoſed accommodation."

The executors! well then, to the executor ſhe would apply, not to Dr. Cameron, him ſhe deſpiſed too much, to hold a moment's converſation with; but to Mr. Frazer, a man, in her opinion, ſo totally inſignificant, ſhe hardly knew his perſon, and as to his mind, he might be a Solomon, or an idiot, for any thing ſhe had known or cared.

Her card requeſting the favour of ſeeing Mr. Frazer, was anſwered from Mrs. Buhanun's drawing room, "he waited her commands," and with an impenetrable ſettled countenance, and after ſetting a chair for her with great ceremony, he ſeated himſelf in an attitude of grave attention, which had the effect, no doubt intended; for Roſa, with all the ſtrength of mind, conſcious honor and unprovoked injury could inſpire, was embarraſſed; after a moment's recollection however, ſhe recovered, and while Mr. Frazer played with his ſnuff-box with a moſt provoking non-chalence, ſubmitted to him the propoſals for liquidating the debt demanded of her, which ſhe neither denied nor acknowledged, ſhe had before offered to Mrs. Buhanun.

Mr.

Mr. Frazer was amazed; *her* inſtruments! *her* muſic! ſurely he muſt miſunderſtand her; if he knew any thing of his deceaſed friend, he would not have burthened the property of a perſon, (ſhe muſt pardon him) in her ſituation, for the uſe of his children; he humbly conceived the inſtruments to be the abſolute property of the Major, and under that claim the protempore right of his amiable widow; as ſuch he had inventoried them, which ſhe would obſerve he was authoriſed to do, not only by his worthy brother executor, but by the Major's will, which expreſsly bequeathed to his wife, till his youngeſt daughter came of age, *all* the property and furniture of Caſtle Gowrand, as it ſtood at the time of his deceaſe.

Roſa, previous to her leaving Caſtle Gowrand, having, with a preſentiment ſhe ſhould return there no more, ſeen her inſtruments and muſic replaced in the packing caſes, and the direction altered, by putting London where Dundee had been, in the face of the whole houſe, and in the preſence of Mrs. Buhanun herſelf, well knew that lady had then no idea they were not her abſolute right.

"Will Mrs. Buhanun ſay before—," ſaid the now indignant Roſa, "thoſe things are not mine?"

Mr. Frazer's eye fell. "Mrs. Buhanun's injuries had been ſuch, and ſhe was ſo much affected by them, he could not think of ſpeaking to her on the ſubject."

"Injuries! Mr. Frazer; Mrs. Buhanun's injuries! who has injured her? but what is that to me? her injuries, if indeed ſhe has any to complain of, can have no reference to me, or my affairs?"

"Perhaps Mrs. a—a Wilkins, the introducing an adventreſs of your deſcription (you muſt pardon me) under the roof of a woman of character, as a companion to her daughter, may not ſtrike you, as I confeſs it does me. Ah, my poor friend! how did one dark trait over ſhadow his fair character!"

Roſa's heart ſprung to her eyes at the apoſtrophe to the Major; ſhe could not but hold ſo mean a conſpiracy not only to defraud but to diſtreſs her in contempt, and never before did a little proud beggar throw ſo much ſcorn into a beautiful countenance.

"You

"You will do well, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "to leave a name and character you dare not openly impeach, and cannot even covertly injure, out of this converſation."

"And why ſo, Mrs a—a Wilkins?"

"Why, Mr. Frazer, becauſe it may provoke compariſons too humiliating both to the dead, and to the living."

Roſa was unconſcious of all the ſeverity of her irony. Mr. Frazer opened the box he had been twirling round with extreme velocity, and applying a large portion of its contents to his noſtrils, aſked if ſhe had any thing more to ſay?

"Only this," replied ſhe; "you have made me a debtor to a large amount,—*large* to *me*, who am *poor*; you have deprived me of all the reſources I had to pay; you muſt have ſome end to anſwer; have the goodneſs now to inform me what is the next ſtep you will chuſe, or I ſhall be obliged to take."

"Mrs. Buhanun will, I dare ſay."

"I will not treat with Mrs. Buhanun."

Mr. Frazer bowed. "Doctor Cameron;"

"Or with him either."

It was ſome ſuch an expreſſion of gloomy malignant joy as now animated Mr. Frazer's countenance, that Milton had before his mind's eye, when his

"Death
"Grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile."

His ſatisfaction was with great difficulty repreſſed; he applied another large portion of ſnuff to his noſtrils; and fearful leſt the unſuſpecting Roſa ſhould perceive the importance of her ſpirited rejection of the interference of his colleague, affected a fit of coughing, after which, "Not treat with Doctor Cameron!" ſaid he, "why, really Mrs. Wilkins, that is ſtrange, very ſtrange, and I am ſorry, I thought the Doctor had been your *particular* friend."

Roſa had *thought* ſo too; but ſhe was painfully undeceived, and repeated her reſolution not to trouble him.

"Why, certainly, Miſs Wilkins," ſaid Mr. Frazer, in a ſmooth accent, "you cannot expect to remain here."

"Indeed!"

"No,

" No, indeed, Miſs Wilkins; and you will be obliged to find ſecurity for the debt due to Major Buhanun's eſtate before you will be permitted to leave this country, Miſs Wilkins."

Roſa's heart was growing too big for her boſom; ſhe ruſhed from the callous ſpeaker towards her old priſon; it was ſhut, and the packages ſhe had made up all on the outſide.

Mr. Frazer followed, but let her enjoy all the effect of her ſurpriſe without interruption; ſhe would again have paſſed him, but he begged to ſay ſix words.

" I have been conſidering, *Miſs Wilkins*," ſaid the good Mr. Frazer, " how it will expoſe the folly, and what a diſgrace it will be to the family of my deceaſed friend to have this matter made public, and therefore, as you ſay you wiſh to go ſouth,—if I could be certain you were in earneſt, rather than be obliged to proſecute you for an impoſtor, I would, out of my own pocket, pay your carriage to York or Carliſle."

Mr. Frazer had over-ſhot his mark; over cunning was, as uſual, under cunning; Roſa's ſoul was in tumults; with inflamed eye, burning cheeks, and burſting heart, ſhe dropped a deep ironical courtſy, and puſhed by him along the paſſage, down the ſtairs, hardly ſenſible where, or why ſhe was going, and was proceeding in the ſame abſent haſty way acroſs the quadrangle, when Doctor Cameron ſtopped her, and with a mixture of pleaſure and ſurpriſe on his brow, " My dear Miſs Buhanun," ſaid he, " how rejoiced——"

It was not merely anger, it was rage, indignation, nay more, if a beautiful countenance can expreſs more, that darted from Roſa's eyes, as ſhe tore her hand from Doctor Cameron's graſp and ſhot out of the gates.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

" My lord comes forward,—forward let him come!
" Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room;
" He ſtands for fame on his foreſather's feet,
" By heraldry prov'd valiant and diſcreet;
" With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
" Above the man, by three deſcents leſs wiſe!
" If virtues at his noble hand you crave,
" You bid him raiſe his father's from his grave:
" Men ſhould preſs forwards in fame's glorious chace,
" Nobles look backwards, and ſo loſe the race."

DOCTOR CAMERON, who had never before ſeen the harmony of Roſa's features diſturbed by any angry paſſion, was not more amazed than hurt; conſcious of the ſacrifice he was making of every dear and tender wiſh of his heart, to her honour and intereſt, which he was at that inſtant purſuing; he felt himſelf poorly requited, and returned piqued to his own houſe, while the agitated Roſa purſued her way, where ſhe had never before been, up the Cannongate to the High-ſtreet, and over the North-bridge toward Princeſs-ſtreet, totally unconſcious that her hurrying ſtep, elegant form, fine hair, and the part of her face, which was expoſed by the diſorder of her veil, attracted general obſervation, and actually drew a crowd after her.

It now wanted but two days of the races, and Edinburgh never looks ſo gay, nor is it at any part of the year ſo full of genteel company as at that ſeaſon; the ſhops are well ſet off, the houſes new painted, and the ſtreets thronged with faces full of expectancy and good humour; but nothing had power to divert Roſa's thoughts from what was paſſing inwards, till finding herſelf on a bridge, ſhe ſtopped, and looking round, was covered with confuſion to ſee herſelf in a crowd, the object of curioſity, and even purſued by a number of the ſort of young men who ſwarm in every populous place, and ſeem to be created for no other purpoſe than to fill up

up a vacant ſpace in the world, and annoy thoſe who add ſoul to the body's exiſtence.

The high wind, of which Roſa was not aware, as ſhe turned her head, blew off her bonnet, which being pinned to her bandeau, all went over the balluſtrades together, and left her face, now ſhaded, and now expoſed, by a profuſion of long hair, which blew about at the ſport of the wind.

One gentleman flew after the bonnet; another offered his aſſiſtance to ſmooth the cheſnut treſſes; ſome aſſailed her with compliments, others with jokes; and a third party, by many the more numerous, obſerved her with that kind of under gaze, and whiſpering remarks, which is more embarraſſing than either.

Out of breath with terror and confuſion, in vain ſhe endeavoured to defend her hair and cloaths from the wind, and to eſcape the people gathering from every avenue, thoſe near, preſſing to ſee ſo beautiful a face, thoſe at a diſtance enquiring what was to be ſeen.

A young woman, whoſe dreſs was only remarkable for its ſimplicity, on whoſe face was blended the peculiar expreſſions of good ſenſe and good humour, had followed Roſa up the Cannongate.

The abſent precipitancy of her ſteps had firſt attracted this lady's obſervation, and the peculiar grace of her perſon, with the ſide glance of her charming face, excited an involuntary curioſity, which however muſt have remained ungratified, had it not been for the ſtoppage on the bridge; for Mrs. Steward being "in the way women wiſh to be who love their lords," ſhe had not been able to keep pace with Roſa, and had quite loſt ſight of her, till approaching the bridge, ſhe again beheld her in the midſt of the crowd, with a countenance, in which confuſion, diſtreſs, and agony were blended.

Roſa, ſcarce knowing what ſhe did, and totally ignorant of where ſhe was, waited while a perſon in the habit of a gentleman, ran down Shakeſpeare-ſquare ſteps under the bridge, * where the wind had carried her bonnet, which having recovered, he received from the

* It may be proper to inform the readers, who have not been at Edinburgh, there is not water under this bridge.

bluſhing

bluſhing girl an acknowledging courtſy, while ſhe haſtily tied it on.

Preſuming on the ſervice he had rendered her, and encouraged by the confuſion in which ſhe now ſtood, the wind blowing her hair and cloaths about in all directions, the ſame gentleman offered to attend her home; the crowd, as he truly obſerved, were exceſſively impertinent, and as it would be very wrong in her to expoſe herſelf further to its annoyance; ſo, on the contrary, it would be very right in her to accept his protection home.

Roſa was perfectly well diſpoſed to get rid of the crowd, and relying on the gentleman-like appearance of the perſon who ſo readily recovered her bonnet, and ſo frankly offered his protection, would in her then ſituation not perhaps have rejected it, had ſhe not at that inſtant recollected that ſhe literally had *no home.*

"Come, my angel," ſaid the gentleman, with increaſing familiarity, "allow me to ſupport you."

The pregnant lady was a ſort of Lavatarion; ſhe had ſtood at a ſmall diſtance, watching every turn of Roſa's countenance, and thought if ſhe was not the moſt innocent it was the greateſt counterfeit in the world. She happened to know the obliging gentleman, whoſe familiar officiouſneſs began to be very diſtreſſing to our heroine, which obſerving, "I cannot," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "be deceived; it is modeſt terror that ſo expreſſively mark thoſe fine features; ſhe heard an involuntary ſigh; ſhe ſaw a tear on her cheek; there needed no more; Mrs. Steward advanced, and ſpeaking low, ſaid, "If you wiſh to get rid of your company, come with me."

Roſa looked up; the mild regards of the ſtranger were fixed on her face; Mrs. Steward's countenance, far inferior to our heroine in beauty, was not leſs intereſting or expreſſive; and let Cynics ſettle it how they will, there are kindred minds. Roſa put her arm under Mrs. Steward's.

Moſt of the gazers of the meddling claſs knew Mrs. Steward, and to know was to reſpect her, and they dropped civilly off; the ſuperior Scotſmen are every

way ſo; they did not affect to ceaſe admiring, but could not be troubleſome.

Lord Lowder, the perſon who was thus prevented from making acquaintance with a beautiful woman, was one of thoſe few, very few, Scotſmen who are above or below character; he was a plain, ill made man, but was nevertheleſs as well with himſelf as if he had been a perfect Adonis; he had made ſome noiſe in the female world, that is, he had ruined the peace of a few families, and caſt a few ignorant girls on the town for improvement; he was a member of all the gaming clubs in London; had very faſhionably diſſipated a large perſonal fortune, and mortgaged his paternal acres, but had within the laſt two years made all up by marrying a fine woman, for love of——ſixty thouſand pounds, got together ſome how or other by a rich father, to buy a title for his daughter.

The Counteſs hated Lowder Houſe, ſo did the Earl, when ſhe was in it; yet though he had a fine ſeat in right of his mother in the ſouth, and another in the north of England, at Lowder, ſhe muſt paſs a month every ſummer; not that his lordſhip troubled her, nor that her ladyſhip deſired much of his agreeable company, but to keep up the paternal eſtabliſhment was decent; ſo as my lord liked to be decent, and as he only required my lady ſhould be *decent* one little month in the year, one little month ſhe obliged him.

"How much am I obliged to you, my dear madam," ſaid Roſa, as they were quietly walking on.

"Don't mention it, my dear, I am very happy I was able to render you any ſervice; you are not, I ſuppoſe, uſed to our high winds. Bleſs me! (ſeeing Lord Lowder had planted himſelf at the regiſter office, watching them) "there's that bad man, Lord Lowder; I am afraid he will be troubleſome to you; walk home with me, and Mr. Steward will afterwards take care of you."

Roſa could not ſpeak her thanks, and they entered a neat houſe on the Leith road, where a troop of fine children welcomed their mother, who having divided ſome fruit between them, introduced her huſband.

Mr.

Mr. Steward was a good natured friendly man, younger in manners than years; blunt, ſincere, and open hearted: He was the only ſon of a gentleman of large fortune, in the north of England, without whoſe conſent he had married his amiable wife. Old Mr. Steward and his wife loved their ſon a little, and themſelves a great deal; they allowed him an income to maintain his family, very inadequate to the fortune he was born to inherit, and to the encreaſing demands of his young family; but his amiable wife ſupplied every deficiency by ſtrict economy and excellent management; while ſhe was a ſlave to her family, it was her pride and pleaſure, by dint of induſtry and ſtrict attention to every minutiæ of her domeſtic arrangement, to keep up ſuch connexions as ſhould prevent a young man, who had nothing to do, from doing nothing; and by falling into idle company, become idle himſelf; ſhe was the beſt of wives, the moſt dutiful of daughters, the fondeſt of mothers, and in every reſpect an honour to her ſex.

When Roſa was ſeated, Mrs. Steward related the adventure of the morning to her huſband, with proper comments on the rudeneſs of the men who had crowded round for no other purpoſe than to ſtare a modeſt woman out of countenance.

Mr. Steward bluntly ſaid, he did not at all wonder at what had happened; if he had met that face, he ſhould have done exactly the ſame.

Mrs. Steward ſmiled, and with a fascinating ſoftneſs qualified her huſband's blunt compliment.

Roſa was little intereſted in the converſation; all her thoughts naturally reverted to her own ſituation; providence had in a very critical moment thrown her on good people; that was a grand advantage which ſhe determined ſhe would not, if ſhe could any way help it, forego; a great part of the difficulty of applying to ſtrangers for protection was done away by the benignity of Mrs. Steward's manner; ſhe heſitated, wiped the chryſtal drop from her cheek; heſitated again, and again wiped her eyes.

The good folks looked at each other, and Mr. Steward was twice on the point of ſpeaking, but a glance from his oracle ſtopped him.

Roſa at length, in a low and tremulous voice, aſked if Mrs. Steward could recommend her to the houſe of an honeſt perſon, no matter how mean, where ſhe might be received for two or three days.

Mrs. Steward looked at her with aſtoniſhment.

"I perceive," ſaid ſhe, "by your accent, you are not of this country; but a young perſon of your appearance to be walking out alone, unprotected and deſtitute of lodging, forgive me, madam, it is really ſo very ſtrange——"

"Yes," replied Roſa, "it is indeed ſtrange, and yet ſo true, that had I not been encouraged by your truly feminine goodneſs, God knows what I might have endured before I could dare to aſk a ſtranger to believe me againſt ſuch unfavourable appearances; but you, madam, have already proved yourſelf above prejudice; your own children are not, I am bold to ſay, more void of offence, and bleſſed be heaven, I may alſo ſay of guilt, than the miſerable being who——"

Roſa had made a great effort; ſhe could not proceed; ſhe wept in agony.

Mrs. Steward was humane to exceſs; but there was ſuch a thing as ſtrict propriety, and that in high eſtimation in the circle where ſhe moved; ſhe dared not receive a young perſon into her own houſe, nor recommend her to another, with whoſe character and connexions ſhe was unacquainted.

Mr. Steward, with all his wife's benevolence, wanted her prudence; he wiped his eye, hummed a tune in very bad time, longed to ſay ſomething, but feared to do wrong, and walked to the window.

"Is not that Lord Lowder?" ſaid he.

Mrs. Steward ſaw it was.

"I am diſtreſſed for you, madam," ſaid ſhe, "that libertine is on the watch for you; if you are innocent, you—"

"For me! on the watch for me!"

And Roſa ran to the window, where ſhe encountered the gaze and bow of the perſon who had offered her his protection out of the crowd.

"Good God!" ſhe exclaimed, "for what unknown, inſcrutable fate is my miſerable exiſtence reſerved? what

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is there about me ſo dreadful, that every era of my life ſhould be marked by ſome new diſtreſs? Oh, unhappy wretched mother! at laſt, at laſt, I am again ſunk even below thy level; what hovel ſo wretched that would not at this moment be an aſylum to me, if it protected me from the diſtreſs that purſues my miſerable ſteps; oh, madam! let me conjure you, give me ſhelter, ſave me from inſult, only till I can ſell my clothes, till I can leave this country, and return to that where misfortune, though it may level me with the duſt, cannot brand me with infamy; as you hope for female ſympathy, ſhould your own daughters need it, do not deny me."

"Where are your clothes?" aſked Mr. Steward.

"Here! here!" and ſhe eagerly gave him one of Mrs. Buhanun's viſiting cards.

"Mrs. Buhanun! my God!" exclaimed Mrs. Steward; "you are her daughter; you are the beautiful Miſs Buhanun; why have you left your mother? how fortunate it was I met with you; I am your relation; my father is a Buhanun."

Roſa retreated from Mrs. Steward's offered embrace, and having briefly explained her late ſituation in the family, added, ſhe had left it in ſo unpleaſant a manner it was impoſſible for her to return.

Mrs. Steward, though as ſhe ſaid, a Buhanun, and acknowledged as a relation by the family, was in too humble a ſphere of life to be noticed by the widow; but the conſequence of the ſtyle of extravagance and diſſipation in which that lady lived, and about which the ſet with whom ſhe aſſorted little knew or cared, was not only ſpoke of, but its effects foreſeen; tradeſmen would talk to writers, and writers to their friends, of people who contracted debts without ever thinking of payment; and ſo Mrs. Steward knew perhaps more of the widow's derangements than ſhe did herſelf, and admired as ſhe was in general, the Major's clan were alſo too much his partizans to *reſpect* her.

Mrs. Steward was very clanniſh; ſhe knew the domeſtic arrangements of every part of the family, and had heard of an accompliſhed young woman, who was ſuppoſed to be a natural daughter of ſome branch of it, living at Caſtle Gowrand with the Major's daughters.

As ready to receive any impreſſions to the diſadvantage of a woman, whom, having been always reported to be inſenſible of the honour of marrying into the Buhanun family, ſhe deſpiſed; as to imbibe contrary ones, in favour of a perſon ſhe felt much inclined to love; it was no hard matter to convince her, Mrs. Buhanun was always wrong; and Mr. Steward, by her deſire, ordered a couple of chairmen to follow him to Holy-Rood-Houſe, whither he carried an order from Roſa for her trunks.

Doctor Cameron had twice ſolicited an audience of Mrs. Buhanun, but the meeting of Roſa with Mr. Angus, at his houſe, had effectually barred his admittance; and beſides her indignation at Roſa's preſuming to go out without her leave, and talking ſo much like a free agent as to propoſe quitting her family, ſhe had now in her poſſeſſion ſuch proofs of the trivial light in which ſhe was held by her huſband and the woman at the burn ſide, and ſuch a clear and ſuccinct account of the hiſtory of the Beggar, together with the reaſons for concealing it from her, that ſhe ſet herſelf down for the moſt injured of women; and Roſa being now the only perſon on whom ſhe could wreak her vengeance, ſhe was angry even with Mr. Frazer for wiſhing to ſend her away, without the puniſhment ſhe inſiſted the law would inflict.

Mr. Frazer, if not more merciful, was at leaſt more moderate; he was perfectly ſatisfied to veſt the property of Roſa's few valuables in the widow, and to evade the payment of her legacy; and the way to compaſs two ends ſo deſirable was, in the firſt inſtance to inſult, in the next to terrify, and in the laſt to ſend her from Scotland.

He had out-herod'd Herod at his laſt interview with her; but as he had read Elinor's letter through before it arrived at Holy-Rood-Houſe, and concluded ſhe would wiſh to join her friend, as well as eſcape the ignominy of the diſcovery of her origin, he had the moſt ſanguine hope of getting quite rid of her even before ſhe ſaw Doctor Cameron, on whoſe credit he had acted without troubling him with particulars; ſo that when Roſa's note was delivered, Mr. Frazer and Mrs. Buhanun were of very different opinions; *ſhe* inſiſted

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the trunk ſhould not go; *he* bowed, ſmiled, and left the room, as *ſhe ſuppoſed* to carry her refuſal, but as *he deſigned* to get Roſa's preſent addreſs, and deliver the trunks.

Mr. Steward was better known to Mr. Frazer, than Mr. Frazer was to him; but as the latter was polite, the former could not be leſs than civil, and the trunks were carried by the chairmen to the right owner.

Scarce had Mr. Steward given an account of his miſſion, before Mr. Frazer, having been admitted by the ſervant, entered unannounced.

He knew Mrs. Steward ſtill better than her huſband, and feared, from her acknowledged ſenſe and ſpirit, the advice ſhe was very well diſpoſed to give.

Roſa drew up, but there was no time for reflections, as he entered immediately on buſineſs: he again ſaid it was in his opinion for the credit of all parties to drop diſagreeable retroſpects; that therefore he came to offer her money, to carry her not only to Carliſle, but to London, provided ſhe ſigned a releaſe, with which he came provided, of all future claims on the executors of Major Buhanun.

Mrs. Steward took on her to anſwer.

"It was not proper," ſhe warmly ſaid, "for the young lady to ſign any thing propoſed by a man of buſineſs (the Scotch phraſe for a lawyer) without the approbation of her own man of buſineſs, whom ſhe engaged ſhould meet Mr. Frazer when and where he would appoint.

Mr. Frazer was prepared for this, but as he knew Mrs. Steward was a Buhanun, and, as we have ſaid, a proud one; her vulnerable part was family conſequence; that once properly alarmed, would, he thought, throw her like wax into his power, to receive what impreſſions he pleaſed.

"He could have no objection to meet any body on the buſineſs;" but he added, with apparent reluctance, if the matter was publicly explained, it would leave a ſtain on the character of Major Buhanun, in which his whole family, and indeed all of the name would be involved.

Roſa's

Roſa's eyes ſtruck fire; Mrs. Steward's were ready to burſt from their ſockets. "She did not believe it."

"She might," Mr. Frazer ſaid, "do as ſhe pleaſed in that reſpect; but if Mr. Steward were to eſtrange himſelf from her, and give his confidence and affection to any other woman, and were he, in conjunction with ſuch woman, to introduce a beggar, a *common beggar* into his houſe, under the character and name of a relation of his family, poſſibly and indeed moſt likely the daughter of a female favorite, he preſumed ſhe would not have reſted more eaſy in ſuch circumſtance than the widow of Major Buhanun had done."

"It is impoſſible any thing of this ſort can have happened," ſaid Mrs. Steward.

"It is nevertheleſs true," anſwered Mr. Frazer.

Mrs. Steward looked at Roſa.

Roſa's countenance, though bathed with tears, contradicted nothing ſhe heard advanced.

"How can you know all this?" Mrs. Steward aſked, with an equal proportion of mortification and impatience.

Mr. Frazer had proofs in his pocket, from whence he drew two packets, with the ſeals broken, addreſſed to Major Buhanun, which he thus accounted for having in his poſſeſſion.

When Mr. Frazer left Edinburgh on the executorſhip buſineſs to Caſtle Gowrand, Dr. Cameron had commiſſioned him to viſit his old penſioner Janet; that poor creature had paid the debt of nature three days before his arrival there, and the good widow Jonſtone preſerved two packets which Janet had, even in the height of her wanderings kept ſafe in her boſom, intending to give them to Doctor Cameron, but "Maiſter Frazer being a gude mon, wha gied her the ſiller for pure Janet's burrying, an wha wad be ſhoore tul gie ilka thing aw tul Doctor Cameron," ſhe entruſted them to him for that purpoſe.

Roſa, who had wearied herſelf with conjectures about the manner in which her unfortunate ſtory was revealed, now raiſed her eyes, and though a whiſper might be heard from the ſeat whereon Mr. Frazer ſat, to where ſhe had liſtened in tearful indignation to the implied reflection on the

the Major, the ſpace was too great for her impatient curioſity.

" I know you, Mrs. Steward, and therefore dare leave theſe papers in your poſſeſſion. You ſee, Mrs. Wilkins, theſe are all in the Major's own hand writing, and this is—"

Roſa's recollection having now recurred to the cataſtrophe on the burn ſide, ſhe concluded the papers, which were indeed the Major's writing, had been found in ſome part of the ruins; and advancing on tip-toed breathleſs curioſity, reached the back of Mr. Frazer's chair, juſt as he had unfolded the ſecond paper, and had began his explanation, " and this is."

Roſa, looking over his ſhoulder, ſhrieked, tore the paper out of his hand, and ran ſobbing and trembling with it acroſs the room.

Mr. Frazer concluding ſhe was going to deſtroy a document of ſuch conſequence, and ſo formally introduced, followed her, and Mrs. Steward, in doubt whether her extraordinary emotion proceeded from pride of conſcious innocence, or the confuſion of detected guilt, aroſe alſo.

Roſa, her face crimſoning with the emanation of tranſport and joy, threw herſelf on her knees, and after a few hyſterical ſobs, articulated,

" She lives! ſhe lives! the angelic, the firſt of women,—ſhe has eſcaped the ſtorm—but the Major—Oh great God! he thought—but let me read the bleſſed characters—yes, they are hers—dear woman! but where, where is ſhe now—London—oh let me fly!—I accept your terms, Sir, be they what they may, ſo that I can breathe the ſame atmoſphere with her,—ſo that I can meet her benignant eye, and be guided by her advice, it is all I aſk."

While Mr. Frazer was unfolding the releaſe, and counting ten Engliſh guineas, which he aſſured Roſa were ſufficient to carry her to London, he whiſpered Mrs. Steward, " As I ſuſpected, the woman of the burn ſide is certainly her mother; you ſee what ſtrong affection."

" Strong indeed!" returned Mrs. Steward, with a look that little accorded with his; but ſurely, Miſs, you will not ſign this releaſe," and ſhe kindly held the hand that had already taken up the pen.

" Why

"Why not, madam?" ſaid Mr. Frazer, reddening.

"I cannot conſent to it in *my* preſence; under *my* roof; ſhe knows not what ſhe ſigns; the Major may have left her a legacy."

"A legacy!" repeated Roſa, "Mrs. Buhanun did ſay——"

"You would wiſh then," Mr Frazer now addreſſed Mrs. Steward with a mixture of remonſtrance and reproach; "you would wiſh then the fortune of your relation ſhould be ſhared by a woman of at leaſt an equivocal character, to the prejudice of his children."

"The prejudice of his children,—Major Buhanun's children!" repeated Roſa; "*I* prejudice Major Buhanun's children."

"To their injury," continued Mr. Frazer.

"Ah! give me the pen," cried Roſa, eagerly, and ſhe ſigned the releaſe, in ſpite of the continued remonſtrances of Mrs. Steward.

Mr. Frazer, with a pleaſure he could ill conceal, paid the ten guineas, and took his leave, anſwering the ſevere glances that followed him to the door from Mrs. Steward, with a candid expanſion of both hands, and proteſtations that he was no further intereſted in the affair, than as bound to ſee juſtice done the children of his late friend.

"If," ſaid Mr. Steward to Roſa, when he was gone, "you are not certain of finding not only ſincere, but rich friends in the ſouth, you have, whom or whatever you are, in my opinion, ſigned your own ruin."

Roſa was too proudly conſcious of the rectitude of her motive, for an act worldly wiſdom might condemn, to repent it; and while Mrs. Steward, little leſs eager, though not ſo much intereſted, ſat down to read the papers Frazer left with her, ſhe again and again peruſed that, which ſeemed an inexhauſtible ſource of comfort and pleaſure, which the reader is here preſented with, from an envelope addreſſed to Major Buhanun.

"When I parted with you, my valued friend, this evening, you was too much elated, too high in friendly exhilaration, to be ſenſible of that foreboding inſtinct you have on many occaſions inſiſted was a prelude to grief. That you *will* be grieved, my dear Major, at receipt

receipt of this perhaps laſt letter from your friend, I will not, cannot doubt. If it ſhould ſo happen, that the weather ſhould prevent your viſiting the quiet retreat on the burn ſide to-morrow, I leave directions to have this packet delivered at your houſe, into your *own hands*; by that time, I ſhall have proceeded many miles on my long journey.

" By what fatality was I rendered incapable of giving you, as I this evening intended, the outlines of my ſad ſtory? Shall I confeſs, a ſtrong pre-ſentiment, that I ſhould ſee you no more, pervaded my mind? what of miſery have I not endured; what may not ſtill await me! a dreadful myſtery hangs over, it may yet cruſh me: and could I reſolve to part with a virtuous friend for ever, with a doubt on his mind of——.

" Ah Major! when you range through the woods; when you enter the apartments, Donald will always keep in order for your reception; when you contemplate through the tranſparent ſtream the white pebbles, ſo often waſhed with my tears, will you not remember your friend? alas! I know you will. If I dared by this conveyance, to open to you my full heart; if I dared to ſay whither my deſtiny may bear me from London, where I am now going; if I could myſelf form an idea of the corner of the world to which I may be next obliged to retire, you ſhould know it,—I would reſerve a reſting place for my ſorrows on your correſpondence and advice: well may I ſay with the Lady Randolph of your admired Home,

" Had ſome good angel op'd to me the book
" Of providence, and let me read my life,
" My heart had broke when I beheld the ſum
" Of ill, which one by one I have endured!"

" So uncertain, ſo unequal, ſo ambiguous are the events of my life, I dare not venture to carry any thing of conſequence about me. The ſtory of the amiable creature you have taken under your protection, which I have ſealed in one packet may, ſhould your prognoſtic be verified, ſave you ſome trouble at your deſk, as you have removed her ſo far from thoſe who were more immediately acquainted with the early ſcenes of her life; that is,

is, if it ſhould be neceſſary to retrace the circumſtances you ſuſpect.

" The other packet contains your letters on a more near, and intereſting ſubject; may the cauſe, my dear Major, ceaſe, that you may not regret the abſence of her who has ever received the ſacred depoſit of confidential friendſhip, with grief and ſympathy.

" Your friendſhip, Major, has been the ſolace of many ſad years of my wearied pilgrimage; I trace your noble mind in every line you have addreſſed to me. I dare not deſtroy the characters of a friendſhip ſo pure, ſo honourable, and ſo valued, but I have not power to retain them in my own poſſeſſion; receive them then as a depoſit dear to my ſoul, as a proof of my confidence, of my eſteem; if ever I find a reſting place, I ſhall expect to have them reſtored; yes! if infinite power ſhould ceaſe to cruſh a worm, you ſhall *know* me. Roſa, amiable girl! conſole your friend; tell him, if, as I preſage, we meet no more, " the termination of miſery is in itſelf a happineſs," and the moment that frees my ſuffering ſoul from the perſecuted priſon where it is confined, will be a releaſe from agony; if he be my friend indeed let him not mourn. The period that will re-unite us in his preſence to whom *we are known*, cannot be far diſtant; let *us* look to *that*.

" If I once more ſee him, and fold thee, my good Roſa, to my heart, it will be in circumſtances that will enable me to prove how ſurpaſſing words I eſteem ye. My pretty Emma, my ſmiling, romping Jeſſy, how dear are ye to me at this moment; will ye, no you cannot, forget the unhappy tenant of the burn ſide,—ſo remember, ſo diſtinguiſh her, who will no longer be known by the name of

M. WALSINGHAM."

Far from feeling the intereſt our heroine had made in her affections decreaſe, from a peruſal of the Major's letters, Mrs. Steward ſhared in the honour of his ſentiments and the humanity of his conduct; his ideas indeed, that his protegée would turn out ſome myſterious heroine, was ſo contrary to probability, after the clear evidence of her mother's abandoned indigence, ſhe could by no means

adopt them ; but poverty was not in this lady's opinion a crime of the deepeſt dye ; ſhe looked compaſſionately at Roſa, as ſhe folded up the papers, and again regretted the ſignature which Frazer had obtained.

Roſa remembered his hint of the injury ſhe might do the children of her friend, and begged Mrs. Steward would not again mention what was an act of duty ; ſhe then proceeded with alacrity to arrange her trunks, and ſeparate a few neceſſaries for travelling from thoſe ſhe was adviſed to ſend by the waggon.

Mr. Steward, to her great diſappointment, could not get a place in either of the London coaches for the next morning ; but both him and his amiable wife growing more pleaſed with their gueſt every moment, ſhe was ſoon reconciled to a delay which was attended with no other inconvenience than accepting the hoſpitable favours of perſons to whom ſhe was ſo much obliged.

" Well," ſaid Mrs. Steward, " as you muſt ſtay over to-morrow, you ſhall ſee the races."

Roſa, in the happy aſſurance of being ſoon in London, where Mrs. Walſingham was gone, and where, if ſhe did not find Elinor, ſhe was at leaſt ſure of hearing of her, had no objection to be ſhewn what Mrs. Steward declared was the fineſt ſight in the world ; but in the mean time ſhe wrote a long letter to Elinor, full of expreſſions of joy at the proſpect of a ſpeedy meeting ; but when ſhe came to addreſs it, found neither Elinor's letter nor Betty's were dated ; and the frank in which they were incloſed being loſt at Mrs. Buhanun's, there was no remedy for this evil but to incloſe it in a cover to Doctor Croak.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.